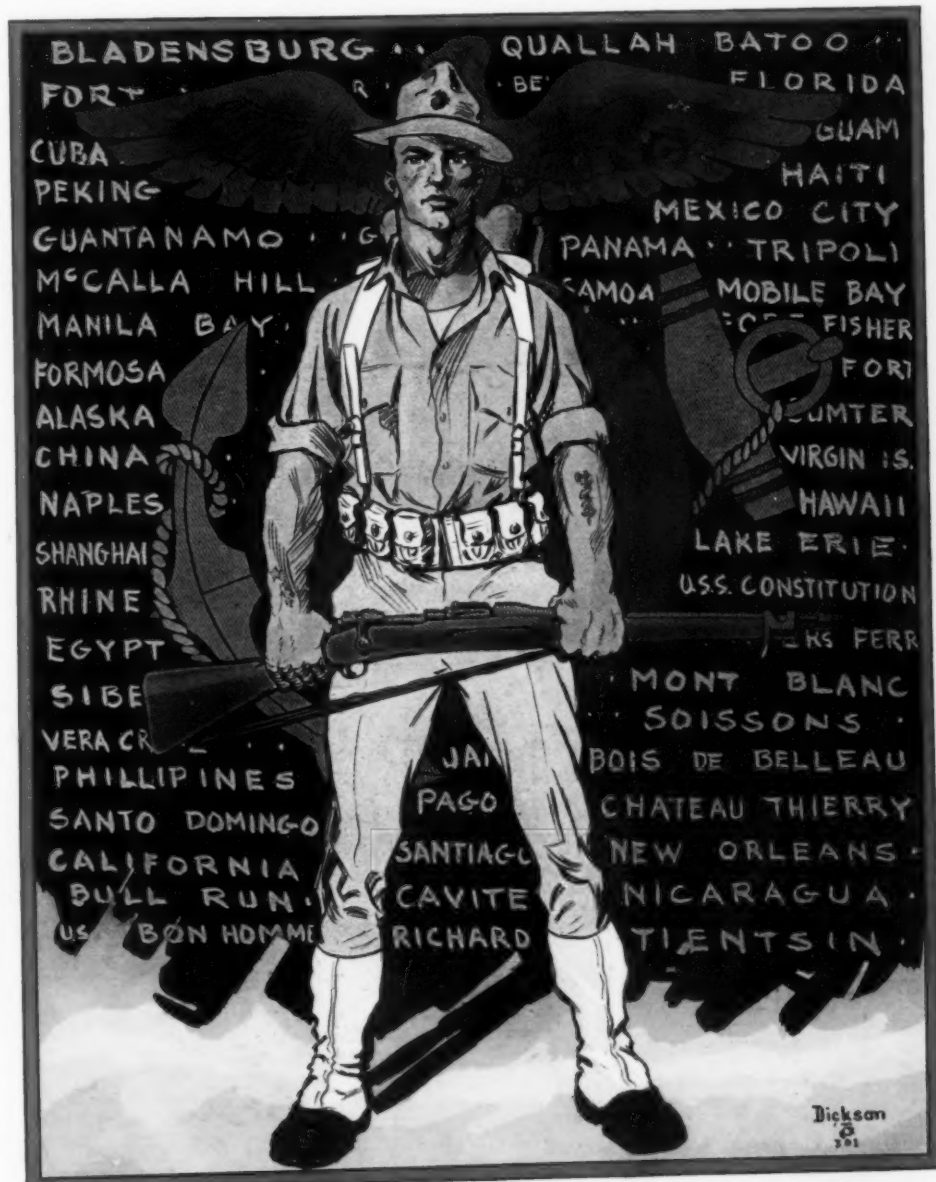


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September, 1930

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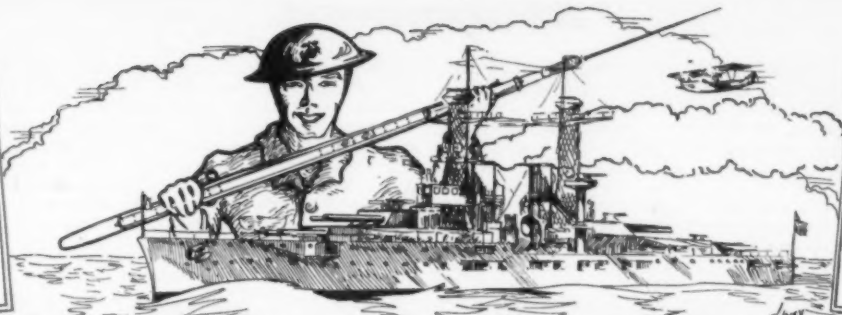
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## TRAPPING A LEATHERNECK



LEUTENANT HOLT and his pal, Lieutenant Gorman, both on leave from the San Diego Marine Air Service, gazed downward from the open cockpits of the Mary Ann with curious eyes. The Mary Ann was a handsome amphibian monoplane, with blue body and white wings, with a dash of red on her tail, and some more on her pontoons. Equipped with a powerful Wasp motor, and all modern fixings including individual brakes for the forward landing wheels, the plane was the pride of her new owner, Shorty Holt.

For hours the two Leathernecks had been hedge-hopping the tallest trees of the Amazon Valley. Oceans of forest, tangled jungle and steaming swamps glided from under them and turned into a gray blur. Now and then they spied little clearings, with thatch-roofed huts, and naked brown-skinned natives staring upward with startled eyes, or scuttling away into the brush screen like frightened animals.

Shorty suddenly glanced toward his fuel gauge. His right foot kicked a rudder pedal, and the stick went sideways all with one quick motion. The fleet plane swerved abruptly toward the river only a half mile distant.

As the pontoons settled gracefully into the water, Holt cut the power and turned disgustedly to his companion in the rear cockpit. "Better dig out that map, Big Boy," he suggested. "We gotta hit a settlement pronto, and get some gas, or we're out of luck; th' main tank's nearly empty."

Lieutenant Gorman settled his six-feet two back in his seat, and sprawled his long legs comfortably. "That oughtta be easy," he drawled as he reached a khaki covered arm toward a side-wall locker. In a moment he had a wrinkled chart spread over his knees, while the grimy finger followed a red line that indicated the Amazon River.

During the past week the two Marines had explored considerable territory seldom if ever seen before by white men. It had been Lieutenant Holt's idea; this coming to the land where the natives knew nothing of civilization, and where a bead trinket meant more than gold or silver.

Recently left a legacy by an uncle, Shorty had immediately invested part of his newly acquired wealth in the Mary Ann, and as usual proceeded to share his good luck with his inseparable companion, Gorman.

Lieutenant Gorman was a woman hater; he had been hard hit by a certain dark-eyed damsel of Spanish descent a few months previous. He still had an unpleasant taste in his mouth, and a bitter feeling in the region of his heart. Holt felt sorry for his chum, but couldn't resist the temptation to tease him.

Shorty watched his silent companion as he studied the finger-marked map. "You found some flapper's picture, or something?" he asked mischievously. "Better hurry. Looks like a storm coming up-river."

Lieutenant Gorman scowled. "Cut th' flapper stuff. If you'll tell me where we are just now, maybe I might be able to pick a happy landing. . . . This damn river all looks alike to me."

By Alzo Wynn

Shorty shrugged his shoulder. "If you'd ask me to pick a good looker amongst those natives on th' bank, I might accommodate you. I'm no judge of rivers—"

Gorman muttered an oath. Furtively he glanced toward the river bank. Already, a bunch of half-naked Indians were peering from a bush-screen. Two brown-skinned women with babies at their breasts came boldly to the edge of the stream. The Lieutenant's eyes snapped back to the map.

"Aw, there you go again," he growled. "I thought when I got down in this wilderness I'd be rid of that kind of poison. . . . Here's a place marked on th' chart—see, it's one of those rubber camps. . . . On the opposite side of the river."

Already, Shorty had the power cut in. Soon the pontoons were slashing deep furrows through the lazy current of the broad river. The wind was rising, and in a few moments the surface of the stream was agitated, while a dash of raindrops struck the pilot's face.

As the storm became rapidly worse, Holt found himself between two evils. With only gasoline enough to last a few minutes, he dared not fly high for fear of missing the Rubber Camp, yet if he kept close to the river, there was the danger of being crashed by the storm. A hateful gust of wind nearly overturned the plane on its pontoons, and Shorty suddenly decided to get into the air. He pulled back on the stick, and pushed on full gun.

The Mary Ann was perhaps 500 feet from the water, when a crash of thunder deafened the two airmen, followed by a bolt of lightning. The big amphibian was picked up as by unseen hands, and sent whirling over and over. Shorty knew they were doomed unless he could pull her out of it quickly. Using all the skill acquired in ten years experience with various kinds of aircraft, he frantically played with the controls, only to realize that the ship was going downward and bottom-side up!

Rain was surging about the plane in blinding sheets, and Shorty could see nothing but a gray blanket. With a last desperate effort, he slammed the stick over to one side, and the Mary Ann clutched at the thick murk with snarling propeller blades, went into a half roll, then splashed like a frightened duck into black water. A flash of lightning gave the two bewildered men a glimpse of their surroundings. Safe!

Shorty caught his breath then turned to speak to his companion in misery. "Pretty slick landing, eh, Big Boy?" he remarked with a sickish grin.

Lieutenant Gorman brushed some raindrops from his helmet. "If you'd land near a fire where we could dry off some of these cussed wet clothes, it'd be more to th' point. Gosh, what a devil of a climate this is!"

Just then, the tropical storm let up as suddenly as it had begun, and Holt glanced toward the right bank of the river. Tied to an overhanging tree, he spied a half dozen native dug-outs, while a little farther up the river he saw a large flat-bottomed boat; apparently a power-craft, with an awning covering the stern. Shorty pointed exultantly.



"See!" he cried. "It's the Rubber Camp. Of course that rain made it a trifle difficult to see objects at a distance, but I thought that was the place——"

Gorman grinned. "Yeah, oh yes . . . you durned four-flusher. You've sure got searchlights for eyes if you saw this. . . . But here comes somebody. . . . Looks like a white man——"

Shorty put on the power, and maneuvered the Mary Ann close up to the shore. A tall, lean man, in flannel shirt, and corduroy trousers tucked into high-top boots pushed through the brush screen and peered curiously at the seaplane. Shorty climbed out onto a wing and accosted him.

"Got any gasoline you'd care to sell?" he asked anxiously.

The camp boss—for he it proved to be—narrowed his dark eyes calculatingly. "Not particularly anxious to sell," he drawled. "What yuh doin' down this way?"

Holt told him. The boss spat absently toward the projecting wing of the plane. "I might spare yuh a few gallons, if yuh'd agree to take a passenger up th' Negro River fer me; will yuh?"

Holt hesitated. He knew this fellow might be planning treachery. This was a tough locality down here in the jungle. Every man was for himself. . . . "Who is th' fellow you wish to ship, and where does he expect to go?" he demanded suspiciously.

Just then, a brown-skinned, dried-up little man, naked except for a loin cloth, and with black hair and glittering black eyes glided out of the underbrush. He made a bow toward the men on the seaplane, then much to Shorty's surprise spoke in broken English.

"White men fly in heap big bird. You take me to chief Oolshu. He geeve you much rabbit to eat, and many soft skins to sit on."

Shorty sized up the scrawny little fellow. He certainly wouldn't add much to the weight of the Mary Ann, and as he could talk English, he'd come in handy as an interpreter. So far, the two airmen had dreaded to land amongst the native tribes, on account of not being able to speak their language.

"Sure, we'll take you along. How far is it, and where does Chief Oolshu hang out?" he queried curiously.

The little brown man eagerly described the locality of the jungle tribe.

Briefly he told how he had been captured by an enemy tribe, carried miles from home in a canoe, then had finally escaped and joined this Rubber Camp. Shorty consulted his map, and soon calculated the trip would only take a couple of hours by plane. He beckoned to the Rubber Camp boss.

"All right," he agreed. "If you'll put us next to that gasoline, we'll get started at once. Ought to make it easy before dark."

In a half-hour's time, they had the fuel tank filled, and with a wave of the hand to the boss, Shorty pushed on the power and lifted the Mary Ann into the air. A backward glance showed him that the little interpreter was gamely crouching beside Gorman, his beady little eyes rolling apprehensively, while both hands clutched at a seat strut.

Barely two hours later the big plane settled its pontoons to the inky water of the River Negro, and guided by the pointing finger of the interpreter, glided up to a shadowed overhanging bank. With a grunt which might have expressed almost anything, the little brown man grasped a dangling branch of a vine-covered tree and nimbly swung himself to the shore. The next moment he had disappeared.

Gorman met his companion's eyes. "What do you know about that!" he muttered. "Grateful cuss, isn't he? Never even said thank you, or good-bye."

Shorty shrugged his shoulder. "Never mind, we're here.

Let's get somethin' to eat and turn in. I'm tired as blazes." He yawned.

"For God's sake, Shorty, wake up!"

Lieutenant Holt felt something tugging at his arm. He opened his eyes and dimly realized it was daylight. The sun was shining after the previous night's storm, the air was warm, and everything seemed quiet and peaceful.

"Yeah, what's th' rush?" he demanded crossly. "I was just having a nice dream about them Amazon flappers that live behind high walls an' don't allow any men to visit them——"

"Aw, come out of it," Gorman groaned. "Look out here on th' river!"

Shorty lazily raised up, pushed the mosquito netting aside, and focused his sleepy eyes upon the river. He didn't need to look far. The Mary Ann was surrounded by a warlike fleet of dugouts. Some of the canoes contained several naked brown-skinned men, others had only one. All were armed with bows and arrows, and some carried spears.

"For Pete's sake!" Shorty breathed. "Where did they drop from?"

Apparently mystified by the new kind of river craft, the curious natives hadn't molested the plane so far, but were each moment drawing nearer to it. Some, more bold than the rest, reached out trembling fingers and gingerly touched the wing-tips.

Gorman already had his automatic from his holster.

"Th' point is," he gasped, "how in blazes are we going to get rid of them. If we start anything they'll shower us with poisoned arrows. But thunder, we can't sit here and let th' devils smash this plane!"

Shorty reached for his own gun. "Wonder where that brown-skinned rat is that promised us so much; he could help us out of this jam. Damn his yellow hide!"

Gorman scowled. "Looks like a put-up job to me," he sputtered. "Probably that camp boss an' this little runt of an Indian are in cahoots; they're planning to get this seaplane——"

A gleam came to Shorty's blue eyes. "They're goin' to eat some cold lead first, if they try that game!"

Just then came a murmur of voices from the direction of the river bank, and the two Marines cautiously poked their heads above the coaming of the cockpits. It proved to be the little brown man who could talk English. He swung out to a dangling branch, then dropped lightly to the broad wing of the Mary Ann.

"Chief Oolshu sends greetings," he explained with a flash of white teeth. "He sent these canoe-men to escort you up the river. It is only a short way. Shall we start?"

With a sigh of relief, Shorty pushed on the power. When the engine roared, the natives were badly frightened. Most of them veered away, and drove their clumsy log canoes with frantic paddles.

But the interpreter slid into the rear cockpit beside Gorman. Shorty throttled the power and kept the plane close behind the fleet of canoes. Finally they stopped, and everybody scrambled up the river bank.

Gorman and Holt wonderingly followed their grinning guide. A narrow trail wound in and out amongst trees, vines and thick tropical vegetation. Flies and other winged insects filled the air, but the naked natives seemed to ignore all such pests.

At last they came to a clearing. A tall fence made of reeds, bark, and poles closely interwoven formed a barricade for the little hamlet. The interpreter pushed through a gateway, and motioned for the white men to follow. As the last man passed through, the gate was closed, and two armed natives lingered to guard it.

Holt edged up closer to his grim-lipped companion. "You s'pose it's a trap, Big Boy?" he asked in an undertone.



Gorman beckoned, then coaxed some more.



Gorman let his worried eyes roam over a cluster of thatched-roofed huts. A crowd of brown-skinned men, their black hair gleaming with oil, their naked shoulders and arms rippling with muscles, were gathered in a clearing at the center of the village, while girls and women with bare breasts and scant grass skirts began a weird dance.

"We are showing homage to our Sun God," the little brown interpreter explained. "It is our regular feast day today. You come at opportune time—"

Lieutenant Gorman mopped the sweat from his face. "Gosh, I dunno what we're getting into, but I do know it's hot. Wish I could dress like those Indians do—"

Holt grinned. "Why not, Big Boy? Take 'em off. These women wouldn't look twice at your long white legs."

Just then, the natives began beating tom-toms, made from hollow logs, and a young maiden glided out from the chief's hut. For a jungle woman she was a beautiful creature. Of medium height, good form, lissome, graceful with the kind of beauty that fascinates like a snake. She weaved about in various contortions, whirled, then flashed a white-toothed smile at the two Americans.

"Jove, she's got class!" Holt muttered.

The big Lieutenant blinked as he sized her up with cool, calculating eyes. "Yeah, class enough, and not much else on her, I'd say. But she needn't try to hypnotize me with those black searchlights of her's—"

Holt threw himself lazily upon the brown grass and watched the weird dancers. "Gosh, I wish they'd serve the eats before we go any further. . . . But, say, Big Boy, you've sure got all th' symptoms. Do you know, you're falling hard for that chief's daughter—"

Gorman jerked his eyes away from the graceful dancer. He gave his companion a frigid glance. "You gone nutty, or something?" he asked icily. "That why you talk so queer?"

Lieutenant Holt's blue eyes danced mischievously. "Sorry, Big Boy," he replied evenly, "but you are a hopeless case now; too bad you had to fall so hard, an' way down in this jungle—"

Gorman turned sharply upon his grinning pal. "You are so sure of this; what do you want to bet?" he demanded gruffly.

Shorty glanced appraisingly toward the chief's daughter. She had just twirled her grass skirt in her most tantalizing manner, as she once more glided in front of her white audience. "I'll bet my airplane against your next month's wages, that you are married before we go back home," he ventured confidently.

A gleam flashed to Gorman's eyes. "I can use that bus, kid, and seein' you don't mind the price of a better one, I'll take you up on that little bet."

A silence suddenly came over the natives, as the chief came to view. Tall, black-haired, with a gaudy fiber shawl over his shoulders, he spoke a few dignified words to the assemblage, then looked meaningfully at his daughter, and pointed toward the river. As everybody started along the jungle path, Gorman quizzed the interpreter.

"Any chance to get a bite to eat?" he asked moodily.

The little interpreter grinned. "This is part of our Sun Dance," he explained. "You watch girl swim river; then we eat much, all day, and maybe all night."

Soon they reached the river, and hardly hesitating, the chief's daughter hurled herself into the sluggish stream. The interpreter spoke to Holt. "You see those young men chasing her? She swim like duck. If any man overtake her before she reach opposite bank, she marry him. No use, she too quick. . . .

Course she might get tired." The little brown-skinned man winked as he narrowly watched the contestants.

Suddenly a shout went up from the huddled natives on the bank. From the opposite side of the river, which was about a half-mile wide at this point, a long bark canoe shot out. It was manned by six dusky, bare-backed Indians. Already the frightened chief's daughter had turned and was frantically swimming back toward her friends. With fierce, terror stricken strokes she forced her muscular young body through the water, but the two Americans realized it was an unequal race. The straining oarsmen rapidly gained on the frenzied girl swimmer.

Gorman turned in bewilderment to the interpreter. "What's happened?" he demanded. "Is that part of the game?"

"No, it's the Hillsos!" the interpreter groaned. "Our worst enemies. . . . They'll get her . . . they are vile moon worshipers . . . they will take her away!"

As though frozen, the two Americans stood and stared. "See!" the interpreter cried, "they've got her, and we can't do a thing!"

It was true. The big canoe had easily overtaken the struggling swimmer. Muscular brown hands seized and lifted her from the water.

Ignoring her scratching fingers, and ugly teeth, they hurled her to the bottom of the craft. In a moment the swift canoe was darting up the river.

Of all the jungle tribe, Chief Oolshu was the coolest. He despatched five of his fastest dugouts manned with armed men in pursuit. But he knew it was useless. Each stroke of the larger men in their light bark canoe made a wider gap between the kidnapped girl and her handicapped pursuers.

Suddenly Gorman sprang to life. At first he had been numbed as he realized that his Colt automatic was useless at that distance, and the rifles had been left in the Mary Ann a half mile down-stream.

"Come on, Holt," he cried. "Let's get the plane after them. Jove, they can't get away with that stuff!"

Both men plunged through the jungle to a little bay where they had left the amphibian anchor.

While Gorman loosed the rope, Holt threw in the switches, and pushed on the starter. In a moment the propeller was whirring. Gorman excitedly climbed out on a wing and helped turn the craft toward the middle of the stream by pulling on an over-hanging limb of a tree. Roaring at half throttle, Holt kicked a rudder bar, and headed up the river.

With a reassuring wave of the hand, the two adventurers swept by the crowd on the river bank, and headed toward the bark canoe now a mile or more distant.

Creamy lines of foam trailed behind the Mary Ann. As Holt gave the machine more gas. Soon they had passed the five dug-outs, and rapidly gained upon the straining oarsmen of the bark canoe.

A volley of arrows slithered against the metal fuselage of the plane. Gorman gingerly stuck his head over the coaming and leveled his rifle. Suddenly he slouched and looked at a rent in his shirt sleeve. "Damn his impudent hide!" he sputtered. "That shirt set me back seven bucks!"

Holt had cut the power. He heard his companion's remark and turned with a grin. "Do you think she's worth it?" he asked meaningfully.



The two white men crouched and edged toward the door, guns in hand.



# THE MAN in the WHITE SLICKER

By Leonard Nason

**T**HE three machine gunners lay back against the trench wall and closed their eyes. Gordon was cold, every bone in him ached, his brain cried out for sleep, for just one hour of rest, but his tired muscles would give him no peace. His legs and arms twitched, his head ached, he shivered.

A few feet away the colonel and the lieutenant muttered to each other, discussing their situation. It was perilous in the extreme. This trench was but the jagged rock to which the drowning man clings for an instant, to be torn away by the next sea that washes over him. Were the Germans pressing their attack? If they were there would be news of them shortly. Where was the rest of the American army? That was the disturbing thing. Supposing the offensive had collapsed and that the Americans were everywhere in retreat?

"I don't believe so," said the lieutenant after this last supposition had been advanced, "and I'll tell you why. The Boche aren't energetic enough. They're still fumbling. If they were really on the offensive we'd have been all daisy shovers by now. Hang on! That's my advice. I'm positive that we'll have help up here before long."

The enemy, however, arrived first. Some men at the lower end of the trench suddenly found themselves in a game of trench tennis with a party of German bombers. The Germans were surprised to discover the trench, and more so when the bombs began to drop around them. They withdrew, for the Americans could throw farther than they. The garrison of the trench opened rifle fire in the direction that the enemy had last been seen, but whether with any result or not could not be told.

"Eh, eh," said the colonel, when the panting soldiers had told him of the bombing attack, "they'll be back. They'll go get their gang and rally round the flag again with those dam' potato mashers. Here, goldbrick, where's that machine gun you had a little while ago?"

"We had it on the cart," said Gordon, "and the Boche grabbed it on us."

"An' the mule, too, the curse of Cromwell on thatch and wall to every mother's son of them!" cried Droghan.

"Yes, I remember," said the colonel hastily. "You couldn't run a Chauchat rifle, could you?"

"No," said the three machine gunners.

"For one thing," said the lieutenant, "we've got a fairly decent supply of ammunition—"

Tatatatat! The sharp metallic bark of the light Spandau! The colonel groaned aloud, and the lieutenant's face drew itself into a hard gray mask. That machine gun had opened on the left flank and had the trench in enfilade—that is, it could fire down the length of it. There were hysterical cries from the upper end of the trench, shouts of "Hey, hey, here they come! Here, you guys, give us a hand. Here's the Boche!"

"It's only one gun!" shouted the lieutenant. "Don't let 'em scare you! It's only one gun!"

There was a sputter of rifle fire from the trench and a crash of grenades. The smoke of them, heavy, wooly, smothering, rolled back into the trench and further obscured the sight of the Americans. The Spandau continued to fire.

There must have been more than one, for the sound was deafening. Then out of the fog, deep, ominous, threatening, came a triple shout, "Yay!" "Yay!" "Yay!" It had a foreign sound to it. No one dreamed for a second that it came from American throats.

"Grab a rifle, everybody!" shouted the colonel, "they'll be in on us now!"

Gordon had run hurriedly up the trench toward the sound of the firing. Men had been hit here, others blazed away over the parapet into the fog as fast as they could pull the trigger. Gordon grabbed up a rifle, wiped the blood from the stock on his sleeve, and opened the breech to see if it was loaded.

"Hey, Jack! Here's some ammunition!"

A man on the trench wall above stretched out a belt with canteen and bayonet dangling, and this Gordon hurriedly put on. "Come

The tank lumbered away through the trees, wiggling a little flag from its turret.

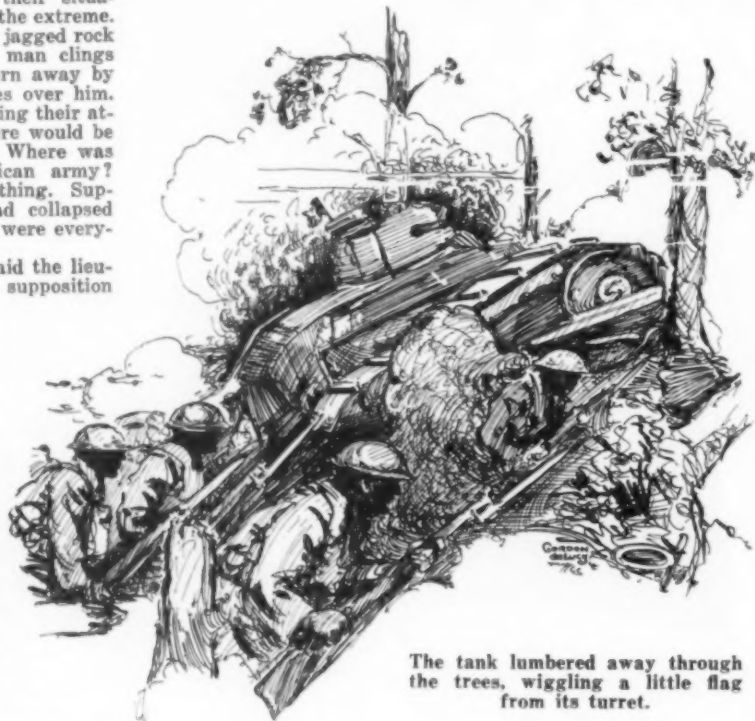
up here," said the man hurriedly, "yuh can see better!"

Gordon clambered up. He was in the woods here, young trees and thick brush that had masked the trench from the enemy aircraft in the days when the Germans had occupied it.

The other man had been right. Not only could Gordon see better from here, but he was out of the field of fire that was being poured into the trench. He remembered that the trench was not a fire trench, that is, with traverses, fire step, and bays, but had been dug for some anti-aircraft battery or searchlight crew to take shelter in, in case of bombardment. Taken in enfilade as it was, it was a death trap for its occupants.

Then the threatened attack took place. It crashed down upon the trench like a great comber upon a beach, and Gordon lost all idea or recollection of passing events as completely as though that mythical comber had seized on him, and was rolling him up the sands, head up, head down, in its smothering embrace.

He saw some of the enemy, two men here, three there, flitting



figures in the fog. There appeared suddenly before him a machine gun crew into which he fired at point-blank range. This gun crew paid him not the slightest attention; they were trying to find some place to put down their gun where they could take the trench with a cross fire.

Gordon heard someone yelling, and as he emptied the magazine and hurriedly reloaded he discovered that it was he that yelled. He sent the second clip at the gun crew. Not a man dropped, not a head turned in his direction. Somebody threw a bomb at the Germans, and they ran hastily away. Gordon thought they left a man behind, but his attention was drawn to a new tumult farther down the hill, and when he looked back again the man on the ground was gone, but there were other men to be seen among the trees, just a helmet, or an upraised arm that threw a grenade. He fired a third clip at these, and moving to the right to get a better aim discovered that the trench was empty.

He was alone. There were dead men there, both inside and outside the trench, a wounded man who coughed gaspingly. Were they all dead, O'Neil, Droghan, the two officers? Gordon felt that sense of helplessness that comes to the tired swimmer as he battles the tide, to the long-distance runner, to all those who struggle against powerful forces. He was exhausted. The Boche were too much for him. More noise, more rattling, the steady crash! crash! crash! of explosions that hurt the ears. He must have run then, although he had no recollection of it, but he penetrated farther into the woods and found himself suddenly among Americans once more. There were O'Neil and Cat-Pie Droghan. Their serious faces lightened as they saw him.

"Are ye hurted?" cried Droghan. "The Boche didn't get ye? I thought ye was killed an' dead a dozen times!"

"Where'd you get the canteen?" demanded O'Neil. "Any water in it? God, my throat is full of ashes! I haven't had a drink since last night!"

"Let me get my wind," panted Gordon.

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost," said O'Neil. "Here, let's have a look."

He unhooked the flaps of the canteen carrier on Gordon's new belt and took out the canteen. "Full," he said.

He unscrewed the cap and, as though pulled by a string, both his and Droghan's noses came suddenly forward.

"Huh?" they both gasped.

O'Neil raised the canteen to his lips and sipped, then took a long drink. "Umm!" he said and smacked his lips.

"Give us!" cried Droghan, and drank likewise.

"Ummm!" said O'Neil again. He reached out for the canteen and, wiping the top of it with a circular motion of his palm, he raised the canteen again.

"Hey! Who the hell's canteen is that?" cried Gordon, having recovered his breath. "Gimme it! You two birds are enjoying it too much!"

He snatched it from O'Neil's reluctant hand. "You'd gurgle it all down, wouldn't you, and never say a word to me?" He smelled of it himself. "Likker!" he gasped, then sampled the canteen. He took too big a gulp and nearly strangled to death, for it was raw eau de vie, cheap sour stuff, but with a very high alcoholic content.

"Cough," advised Droghan, "but don't let any of it get in your nose. You'll know the feel of hell fire if you do. Sure, it tastes like poteen, so it does. Have another drink, it'll make a man of ye. Have another one an' pass the canteen."

They sheltered themselves behind a clump of brush to drink with the same idea of protection that makes an ostrich thrust its head in the sand or a soldier cover his with a blanket during an air raid. In the space of a minute or two the canteen was empty. It had been almost full, that is to say, these three men had put down in a few minutes nearly a quart of fire water, enough to make them, under ordinary circumstances, gloriously and unbelievably drunk. This it did not do. It

warmed them to their very toes, it stimulated them, it washed away their fatigue. That was all.

"We'd better take some part in this war again," advised Gordon, throwing down the empty canteen. "I had a rifle, but I lost it. What's going on here, anyway?"

"The Boche are drivin' us," said Droghan. "I've a mind to let them. They took the heart of me when they took my mule. Sure, I'm a mule driver; what worth has a mule driver with no mule?"

"They're raising hell all right. Listen to it!" agreed Gordon. "What's all the yelling about now?" interrupted O'Neil apprehensively. "They've run us out of the trench; now they'll chase us out of the woods! Man, that drink fixed me up! I can run like a rabbit now! Well, let's go. You'll see those goddam big helmets and long overcoats flapping in another minute. Let's fade before they throw a lily at us!"

The firing had swelled in volume to double what it had been, and the sound of machine guns had turned into a snarling grind, now loud and fast, now slower, as some of the guns ceased firing to reload or change position.

The three machine gunners crept from behind their bush and surveyed the woods for an instant before making up their minds in which direction they should go. The colonel and the lieutenant must be there somewhere in a hollow or behind a tree, ready to leap out and forbid them to run. They weren't going to run, thought Gordon, they were just going to find a place that was a

little safer than where they were. Also Gordon wanted to find himself another rifle. If all that fire was having any effect there would be plenty of them around.

"Look out!" cried O'Neil suddenly. "Here they come!"

The bushes seemed to part, and something loomed through the fog. Gordon stopped so suddenly that he slipped on the carpet of wet leaves and fell. He was up again almost instantly, the flesh on his back crawling in anticipation of being jabbed by a bayonet. However, he did not run once more, but remained on one knee, transfixed. The blackness in the fog had taken shape.

It was not the irregular, undulating palisade of an advancing line, it was much too high, too regular in shape. The mass seemed to split apart, and then Gordon saw what it was. It was two tanks, the type known as light Renaults.

"Hey!" yelled Gordon. "Droghan! O'Neil! Hey, here's some tanks!"

The two tanks had separated, and to Gordon's horror one of them came growlingly toward him like a watchdog welcoming a tramp. He leaped up and made for a tree, but at that instant the doors in the tank's turret opened and a man called out to him.

"Hey, soldier, who's in command of this outfit?"

"A guy named Colonel Phillips!" cried Gordon.

The tank approached and came to a throbbing halt beside him. It stunk of oil and burned gasoline. It was high, yellow, with an ace of spades on a white square painted on its turret. Mud and long grass clung to the sides of it and were caught in the great springs behind its driving wheels. There were bright new scars on it where glancing bullets had struck.

"Here's a tank, Lieutenant!" cried an excited voice, and at that the colonel and lieutenant came running, followed by a crowd of ten or twelve doughboys.

"Don't let 'em gang up around the tank!" shouted the man in the turret. He made as if to close the door. "We're in a field of fire here, keep 'em back! Keep 'em back! Get the hell away from here or I'll go on!" The motor roared, and the tank moved forward a yard or so.

"Back to your places, men!" ordered the colonel. He and the lieutenant turned about and with some difficulty got the excited soldiery back. They were assisted in this by the enemy, who, opening a hot fire on the tank, got one or two bursts into the



"The devil welcome the soul of the next German I meet!"



# "WE ARE PROUD TO CLAIM THE TITLE OF UNITED STATES MARINE"



HE Marine Corps Reserve has made good. Not that this statement is intended to surprise anyone, for Marines fail not to accomplish their purpose. But even the most optimistic observer could hardly anticipate the thorough rejuvenation and resultant smoothly working machine that has evolved in the past few years.

The Marine Corps Reserve was drydocked and completely overhauled in February, 1925. The barnacles were scraped from her hull, the sides cleaned and painted, and the bright-work refurbished. Then, spick and span, she came out, seaworthy once more.

It is a story of remarkable achievement, and no little credit belongs to the officers who so untiringly devoted their abilities and efforts to realize this consummation; and to the enlisted men, too, goes the credit of carrying out the plans to a successful accomplishment.

"The Marine Corps Reserve is a component part of the Marine Corps." We find this definition in the Marine Corps Manual. It clearly means that the Reservist is recognized as a Marine and not as a civilian who simply dons a uniform at prescribed intervals and masquerades as such.

The purpose of its existence is obvious. In the event of war or a national emergency the Marine Corps Reserve will be utilized as reinforcements for the regular units. They will stand trained and ready to inflate the Corps to a maximum point of utility. As yet they remain untried in this definite design, but the drill efficiency they have exhibited attests the limitless extent of their potentialities.

It is an ancient maxim that the future can be foretold only by the past, and at present we can but remotely judge the possibilities of the Marine Corps Reserve by comparing it with the National Guard. The achievements of that organization in the World War are too well known to require mention here. Battle decorations on the colors bear testimony of a performance of duty beyond an ordinary degree. It was the one great opportunity for the National Guard to justify its existence; and they made the best of it.

Before the war such reserve units were only tolerantly supported by our Government, maintained mostly for the suppression of internal trouble. There was a noticeable lack of coordination between the regulars and the militia, and the latter was never considered an efficacious means of national defense. When the Mexican border difficulties arose and the Guard was ordered there for duty the press and the populace made crude jests concerning their inefficiency.

The World War brought home a lesson to our people. Reserves could be depended upon in an emergency. They responded to discipline, fought just as bravely and died just as gloriously as did anyone else. They triumphed, not because they were National Guardsmen, but in spite of it. There were many prejudices and difficulties for them to overcome. It required desperate expenditures of our resources to equip them for the field; something that should have been done long before the actual need arose. The original idea of housing them in wooden cantonments was abandoned when the appropriations became exhausted. Instead, the Guard divisions were ordered South, where they were encamped under canvas and trained under difficulties. Five months elapsed after the declaration of war before the entire National Guard could be called to the colors.

To obviate the possible repetition of this inefficiency and

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

blind groping, a new system of reserves was installed immediately after the war. The

trial and error method gave way to an orderly, outlined program. A better understanding between the Reserves and the regular services was founded, an understanding based upon mutual respect and the realization that neither was entirely independent of the other. The Army detailed officers and non-commissioned officers for the purpose of seriously training Reserves. Schools teaching special and technical subjects at regular army posts were thrown open to the militiamen. The Government undertook to foster and promote National Guard units. Today the National Guard is better equipped and better trained than at any time in the history of this country; and the part-time soldier is recognized as an integral part of our defense.

The Marine Corps Reserve has one advantage over the National Guard. There is far closer relationship between the regular Marine Corps and their Reserve than there is between the Army and the Guard. Their basic principles and reason for existence are the same. Their destinies are linked in a common function. But, unlike the Army, the Marine Corps offers to

a man being honorably discharged the opportunity of shipping over in the Reserves, retaining his rank and receiving a cash bonus. Also certain men of long service are permitted to transfer from the Regulars into the Reserve without vitiating their eligibility for retirement pay. Such cooperation must naturally bring the two organizations in closest harmony.

Young as the Marine Corps Reserve is, there are 10,638 enlisted men enrolled, far more than half the strength of the Regulars. Fifteen active companies are stretched from New

York to Los Angeles. These organizations are known as Type A units, with mandatory drill periods and fifteen days annual encampment. They are issued expeditionary equipment as well as undress blues, and are ready to take the field on short notice. It is an undeniable fact that with the meager force maintained under arms at present, the brunt of a sudden conflict would necessarily be borne by such Reserves; who so greatly outnumber the standing Army. But they have demonstrated their competence; and with such defense we need never fear the chaotic disorganization with which we were compelled to cope at the outbreak of the World War.

These Marine Reserve companies have many other activities besides those originally planned. They are always busy volunteering for ceremonies, civic welfare movements, participating in memorial parades, and winning drill and rifle competitions. Veterans' organizations know their worth. Seldom does the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars foster a patriotic movement or celebration without calling on Reserve companies, when such are available, to aid them. These requests are always responded to with enthusiasm. The men are proud of their affiliation with the Marine Corps and are willing to sacrifice their time to demonstrate to the world their efficiency as Marines.

The men selected are of the highest type. No effort is spared to eliminate undesirable applicants. Many company commanders require candidates to furnish suitable reference. The majority of Reservists are those whose enlistments in the regular service have expired. Some of them have seen sixteen or twenty years active duty and are finishing out their thirty years for retirement in the Reserves. Many of them bear the scars of wounds received in France or engagements that have



On the rifle range they fired with the precision of veterans.

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taken place in the far corners of the world. Others are youngsters who readily absorb the spirit; and they profit by the experiences of their companions. The officers are chosen carefully and are required to pass rigid examinations before they are commissioned or promoted. Small wonder, then, that the Marine Corps Reserve is second to none amongst kindred organizations.

The second class of Marine Corps Reserve is designated as Type B Reserves. At present these comprise the 19th Marines, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel James F. Rorke, U. S. M. C. R., and the 20th Marines, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R. Still a third, to be known as the 21st Marines, has been authorized, and one battalion will be ready for camp on September 7. This unit will be field artillery, and will train with the 10th Marines (regulars) at Camp Mead this summer.

These organizations differ somewhat from those previously mentioned. Their activities are not so great, but their enthusiasm is no less. They are not required to attend drills during the year (although many do so on their own initiative) and are equipped only with khaki clothing for the annual encampment. Each man is required to purchase his own shoes.

Somehow or another the truth of the saying "Once a Marine always a Marine" is admirably illustrated in these summer camps. Men who have been for some years separated from the regular service, annually lay aside their civilian clothes and once more don the Marine khaki. They swelter in the hot sun of the drill field and rifle range, or they peel onions under the vigilant eye of the autocratic cook. Some, who probably command for fifty weeks in the year respect and obedience from a host of employees, cheerfully perform the many menial tasks required by a self-supporting military outfit.

From the 6th to the 19th of July the 20th Marines were encamped at Quantico, Virginia; nearly seven hundred of them in a small city of tents where the signal battalion used to play baseball. And what a perfect camp it was! The regiment functioned with the smoothness and efficiency of any line outfit, and presented an appearance comparable with the best of them. The Commanding General of Quantico and the Adjutant and Inspector both paid the highest compliments to this regiment.

Nothing was lacking. To expedite the feeding (an important item to all Marines) each company had its own galley and cooks. Although working under expeditionary difficulties the cooks produced meals that easily equaled those prepared in permanent barracks.

One interesting innovation was the introduction of a field hospital manned entirely by Marine Reservists. At sick call all the minor ailments that crop up under such circumstances were treated with professional dispatch by the personnel of the medical unit, an experiment that proved practicable.

The routine differed none from all such encampments. There was reveille, setting up exercises, police work, breakfast and drill. Hot, hard work, and the men thrived under it. In two short weeks pale cheeks had bronzed, and eyes that had grown tired from poring over musty ledgers throughout the year had become like clear crystals.

On the rifle range they fired with the precision of veterans. Mickey Finn, with his white sweat shirt and the fore an' aft lift to the brim of his Stetson, bellowed his advice through a megaphone. "I'm a man of few words," he roared, and a chuckle rippled up and down the line. They liked Mickey and they bought him a little present just to prove it. He produced rifle-men, but, as one of the captains said, "Mickey's ruined half the hats in the outfit; all the kids are bending up their brims to imitate him."

With the evening came recreation. There were boxing matches, wrestling and singing. And in some secret rendezvous a bewildered and contrite defendant stood before the stern

magistrate of the inevitable kangaroo court and received his justice tempered with mercy.

Even before the 20th Marines had broken camp an advance detail of the 19th was already establishing itself. They prepared the site for the regiment, which arrived on the morning of the 20th of July and immediately occupied the vacated camp.

The evolutions of the 19th were similar to those of the 20th, unless one excepts the hotter and drier weather encountered. There was a shortage of water at Quantico and every precaution was used to prevent waste.

At Great Lakes, Illinois, the famous receiving Station of war times, were trained the 315th Company, Chicago, Captain D. T. Widner commanding; 313th Company, Milwaukee, Captain LeRoy Hauser commanding; 311th Company, Toledo, Captain I. C. Stickney commanding, and the 306th Company, Detroit, Captain Wm. V. Calhoun commanding.

Great Lakes is a beautiful camp site with its impressive array of buildings, the air station, the rifle range, and the adequate facilities for all training. Geographically it is almost the heart of the nation, not far from Chicago and easily accessible from all quarters. There is a natural beauty at Great Lakes that is lacking in so many military camps. The cool, refreshing water of Lake Michigan touches its shores, insuring fresh drinking water and incomparable bathing.

The organizations encamped at Great Lakes maintained an independent camp. They pitched their own tents, erected their own galleys and carried on like veterans. It was similar to the intensive training of war time; and there was so much to learn in so short a period. There were battalion combat problems, theories of attack and defense, reconnaissance, mapping and patrolling and all the infinite details involved in the profession of arms.

That all phases of training were accomplished with satisfaction is attested by the compliments given to the companies by Rear Admiral Walter S. Crosley, Commandant of the 9th Naval District and

Commanding Officer of the Naval Training Station at Great Lakes. Colonel J. S. Turrill, U. S. M. C., from Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C., observed a battalion combat problem and was highly satisfied in the manner of attack and defense. In all ways of reasoning the annual encampment in the middle west training station was a success, and those responsible cannot be complimented too highly.

On the West Coast the Reserves were trained at San Diego, at the Marine Base. Another unit went to Wakefield, and the First Battalion of the 21st Marines, an artillery organization, was trained at Fort Meade.

It was hard work, but there was fun, too, and plenty of recreation at all camps. The horseplay, indulged in by soldiers the world over, ranged from badger fights to blanket tossings. There were bathing parties, ball games and all manner of other sports. But best of all were the reminiscences of the old timers; and there were plenty of them. They would get together and spin their yarns, recalling half forgotten incidents, and shipmates of long ago. Their stories ran down from the purple shadows of the China Wall to the storming of the beach at Vera Cruz. There were tales of black magic in Haiti, and of long hazardous patrols in Nicaragua. The bloody tangle of wheat that stretched from Belleau Wood was remembered too, and the old timers fell silent, sat staring quietly into the distant shadows. And there was a look of pride in their eyes, a look that suggested the deathless glory of the Corps, and said that now, as always, they were "Proud to claim the title of United States Marine."



But best of all were the reminiscences of the old timers; and there were plenty of them.



### OUR NEW COMMANDANT

Major General Ben H. Fuller, U. S. Marine Corps, was born in Michigan, February 27, 1870. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Michigan, May 23, 1885, and upon graduation was transferred to the Marines and commissioned a second lieutenant, July 1, 1891. He was promoted to first lieutenant March 16, 1893; captain March 3, 1899; major December 27, 1903; lieutenant-colonel February 3, 1911; colonel August 29, 1916; brigadier general (temporary), July 1, 1918, and brigadier general (permanent) February 8, 1924.

He participated in the battle of Noveleta, P. I., October 8, 1899, and was commended by the department for gallant, meritorious and courageous conduct in the battle of Tientsin, China, July 13, 1900.

After a period of service on shore and at sea, he was ordered to the Naval Station, Honolulu, T. H., where he served from June, 1904, to September, 1906. From June 18 to July 29, 1908, he was on detached duty with an expeditionary force in Panama and from 1908 to 1910 commanded a Marine battalion at Camp Elliott, Canal Zone. He was on duty at Guantanamo Bay in command of 3rd Regiment of Marines from March to June, 1911.

He completed the Field Officers' Course at the Army Service School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the course at the Army War College, Washington, D. C. He served as fleet Marine officer of the U. S. Atlantic Fleet, and completed the course of instruction at the Naval War College.

After a tour of duty as commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Colonel Fuller was detached on August 31, 1918, to command the Second Provisional Brigade of Marines in the Dominican Republic. He assumed command of that Brigade on October 21, 1918, and remained in command until October 25, 1920. In addition to his other duties he also served on the staff of the Military Governor of Santo Domingo as Secretary of State, Interior, Police, War and Navy, from December 3, 1919, until his detachment from Santo Domingo.

From November 25, 1920, to July 15, 1922, General Fuller served on the staff of the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., and from July 17, 1922, to January 11, 1923, he commanded the Marine Corps schools at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

On January 21, 1924, he joined in command of the First Brigade of Marines in the Republic of Haiti with headquarters at Port au Prince, in which capacity he served until December 8, 1925.

On 14 December, 1925, General Fuller took up the duties of assistant to the Major General Commandant at Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., in which capacity he served until the death of the Major General Commandant, Major General Neville, when he was appointed by the Acting Secretary of the Navy as Acting Commandant.

General Fuller has the Spanish Campaign Medal, the Philippine Campaign Medal, the China Campaign Medal, the Expeditionary Ribbon, and the Victory Medal with a clasp for service in the West Indies.

### JINGLES FROM THE JUNGLES

By Pfc. Earle Tempel

A hot time was enjoyed by all on the Fourth of July. The Brigade Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti, held a large picnic at the Second Regiment Beach. Hot dogs and other things were served. Between swimming and relay races there were plenty of amusements. A baseball game between the officers and enlisted men met with the approval of all the observers. Captain Jackson of the officers' team, while playing third base, was the unofficial star of the game. He made several sensational one-hand catches that seemed good for base hits. Major Adams pitched for the officers. Private Hardgrove hurled for the enlisted.

Thomas, of the Brigade Signal Company, won the swimming race. There was plenty of competition but when a man swims like Thomas does he is unbeatable.

Many promotions were handed out during the month of June and with all the corporals, sergeants and other strippers running around it is a very hard task to locate any honest-to-goodness privates.

Corporal Lavoy objected to the way his name was printed in the last issue of "The Leatherneck," and wishes all concerned to know his name is LAVOY instead of LAMOY. What the blankety blank difference does it make?

Sergeants Brand and French have sailed for the States. Wonder how they will like to drink water again?

Ch. Mar. Gunner Holloway, our new range officer, has taken the place of Ch. Mar. Gunner Lloyd in fine shape.

Ex-Corporal "Bill" Williams of the 64th Company, when promoted to sergeant, was heard to remark: "Who says there is no Santa Claus?"

Lieutenant Boeker C. Batterton, Commanding Officer of the 36th Company, is being transferred to the Motor Transport Company on the 15th of this month. The entire regiment will miss him.

### KNOCKS FROM THE MOTOR TRANSPORT COMPANY

By Dontno Whoozis

For the first time in years "The Leatherneck" gets the great honor of hearing from the Motor Transport Company and Garage, Quantico, Va., a famous organization that does plenty and says nothing about it.

Our Skipper, Captain S. L. Zea, is an excellent company commander and motorcycle enthusiast combined. One can see him at his daily task directing the work on a lot of motor vehicles in the shop almost any time. Our chief quartermaster, Lieutenant Jordan, has as his chief worry the supplying of all drivers with fire extinguishers, which he terms a necessary evil.

Then there's our chief mechanic, M. T. Sgt. McCook, very knowing in the ways of a stillson wrench. You can find Mac most any day reading spare parts and "True Stories."

We are proud to have in our outfit Private Cave, the Cave Man and undefeated canvas kisser of seven States and some parts of Georgia, but we still insist that Al made a good showing in his last bout at the Post Gym. Atta boy, Al—do your stuff.

Speaking of truck drivers, why we have a guy here that don't know his right hand from his left. Ain't that so, Buffa?

Discovered! that Private Stalnaker can read. Yesterday he was sighting in on the liberty list.

The Motor Transport has more swimmers than any other company in Quantico. Our best heavy Mack broke down hauling them to the beach the other day.

This hot weather has been the cause of numerous brush fires of late and, strange as it may seem, our vehicles had to burn over a thousand gallons of gasoline to put out the fires in and around Quantico.

### A NEW POST ON THE AIR

By Brown

The call letters are NAS, Seattle, Washington. Since the regular Navy took over the station, they decided they needed some of their Marines to keep the station from walking out the main gate. So here we are. All twenty-seven of us.

The complement consists of one first sergeant and twenty-seven of the poorer paid class, namely, four corporals and the rest privates and privates first-class. All of these are under the command of Second Lieutenant A. L. Gardener, recently from China. Our first C. O. was First Lieutenant A. W. Ellis, but he was due for foreign service, consequently we



lost him. Funny, but they all get it sooner or later.

Although I shouldn't say it myself, I—we—all of us think we have the most modern barracks in the Marine Corps. You all know the Marines dream of new quarters, tile baths, new bunks, a good galley, lots of liberty, a big city to make your liberties in, and strange as it may seem, we really have it. The station is on the city limits of Seattle and on the shores of Lake Washington where the swimming is wonderful and the scenery is better. Right now we can't see much of the scenery because of the smoke from forest fires. We all know that it is there, so we can tell about it and even brag a little. Mount Rainier and the Olympics push up around us. They make everything else seem dwarfed in comparison. This post is composed of China, Nicaragua, and sea soldiers who have completed their foreign service and are about due for the final big boost out into the cold, cold world. Of course, there are some like Bill Schrade who will ship over to keep the wolf from the door. T'wixt you, I, and the gate post, I think that there will be several re-enlistments from this post but I don't think that I shall mention any names. You see, I must live with them, and I can't handle twenty-six at once.

We have two sentry posts, one gate post, and a hangar patrol. The corporals stand sergeant of the guard watches. One of them, George Haworth, is police and property sergeant. In the office we have Van Chamberland, top kick, assisted by the Big Shot, George Neally. We first had B. F. Ashby as our top kicker, but his enlistment expired and he shipped over for a three month's fishing trip. I sure envy him, don't you?

When you look at the parking space here you would think that it was used car row down on Eastlake. Everybody and his brother has a used car, and the way some of them have been working on them, one is led to believe that they are badly used. I know from personal experience that mine has.

If anybody thinks that the Marines are not popular with the ladies, they should watch the telephone for about five minutes. There are more calls for twenty-seven men here than the whole two to three hundred over at the Bremerton Navy Yard. Such popularity is deserved, believe it or not. The shrieks, a new kind of sheik, of this detachment, are Ray Carpus, "Pop" Carrol, "Buck" Buchanan, Sheik Ahmed Perkins, Phil Godfrey and Archie Krogh. Eckert can't really be called a sheik, he should be called a "chiseler." He tries to steal everyone else's girl when he answers the telephone.

We also have a very nice dance floor in the barracks, but so far we have only had one dance and are hoping for another

just like the first, only more so. How about it, mates?

The A & I, Colonel Kilgore, was here and gave us the once over and reported everything O. K. That is good from our point of view. We have so much that could have gone wrong on account of our newness to the place. We have only been here since the first of May. In fact, we are "plank owners" in the barracks. Anyone who had been aboard ship for his allotted two years will know what that means.



Major General Commandant Ben H. Fuller, U. S. M. C., who was appointed Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps by President Hoover, August 5. General Fuller has served nearly forty years with the Marines, and at various times has been on duty in China, the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama, Cuba, Santo Domingo and Haiti, besides serving on several vessels of the Navy. He was assistant to Major General Wendell C. Neville, former Commandant of the Marine Corps, until the latter's death a few weeks ago, when General Fuller assumed the duties of that office until his permanent appointment by the President.

There are several Marine Reserves on active duty out here connected with the aviation section. Their C. O. is Captain L. B. Stedman, Jr. The enlisted men are Gunner Sergeants Carl Buschena, Fred Sparling, and "Inky" Engbaum. I don't know why they call him "Inky." His hair is red and he has large, beautiful freckles. Probably that is the reason. He is just the opposite of inky.

This is about the end of my patience, so I guess I had better make room for somebody else to come on the air. I am

just a lowly "Hello Girl" down at the White House (No, this isn't Washington, D. C.), and this hunt and pick system on the typewriter isn't so warm. But, nevertheless, we all want you to know we are alive and kicking.

We will be seeing you if Corporal Bullock doesn't take it into his head to barrel-roll some fine day.

## THE MORMON MARINES

By Ripka

Avast! Shellbacks, Pollywogs and Landlubbers, lay to the scuttlebutt and listen to the "Ayap" yap of the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. "Salt Lake City," with First Lieutenant James S. Monahan in command.

"The Leatherneck" has published several editions since we last broadcast a few paragraphs in its interesting columns and in that course of time we have covered many nautical miles, visiting Culbra, V. I.; Rio de Janeiro, and Bahia, Brazil. From Bahia our course lay to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where we joined the Scouting Fleet, Light Cruiser Division Two.

While at Guantanamo Bay the detachment set up a camp at Deer Point for two weeks while firing the "thirties" on the range. It was a happy two weeks, probably because of the appetizing chow put out by Pfc. C. H. Monteith, better known as "Baldy," down Parris Island way. The results of our firing were 100% qualifications with a good percentage of sharpshooters and experts.

After returning from our southern cruise, taking the President out to review the fleet, escorting President-elect of Colombia, S. A., out to sea, and a few admiral's inspections, we are in Newport for a while.

The first of August will find us in Bar Harbor and several other Maine ports. We understand that there are to be several English cruisers there, so hope to have the pleasure of meeting some of our friends from across the sea.

While in New York, Sgt. "Joe" Groubkaitis, Cpls. R. C. Howey and R. L. Lloyd, and Pfc. John A. Wood were transferred to shore duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Sgt. V. D. Johnson has been paid off and is now Mr. Johnson of Pittsburgh, Pa. Replacing these men are Cpl. C. D. Earson, Pfc. W. D. Smith and Pvts. P. R. Moon and E. C. Flowers, from Parris Island; Pvt. J. R. Martin, of Annapolis, Md., and Pvt. F. B. Meeker, from Charleston, S. C.

Those making another stripe were Cpl. D. Russell to sergeant, Pfc. J. E. Kenny and R. W. Ladew to corporals, Pvts. E. B. Cook and C. H. Monteith to privates first class.

Irvin Berlin must guard his honors closely now for Pvt. V. W. (Bobo) Evans has written a new song which he sings himself. It is called "I Paint Thee Every



Fishermen's luck—a heavy catch made by 1st Sgt. C. G. Klehm and his Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Day Sweet Angle Iron." Pfc. C. L. Wood has broken the endurance contest of staying aboard between he and Cpl. Kenny by going ashore on the thirty-fifth day. Pfc. H. G. Gardner is a short-timer now. It won't be long before he can ship over. Pvt. J. R. Phillips now sings the captain's orderly song called "Wherever I Go I'm Following You." Pvt. "Bill" Hayes is happy again. The Brazilian señoritas didn't savvy his line, but here in the States it's going over big.

Our two five-inch gun crews are ready to go. We expect to fire "short range" this fall and already competition is getting keen. The gun crew of No. 4 say that the only way gun three will ever make an "E" is to turn the numeral around on their gun.

Guess we have taken up enough space for this time so we'll "heave to" and give someone else a chance to drain ye olde scuttlebutt.

#### GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA By Lem

Good morning, folks. It's a regular Guantanamo Bay morning, one of those regulation sunshine mornings our post is noted for 365 days of the year, and Sergeant Saber is just looking over one of the biggest liberty lists of the mid-year for Caimanera and cold Hatuey and El Tropical cerveza.

Our police shed superintendent, Schaler, has just reported in from the fishing dock with a barracuda that stands well for this month's Post Exchange prize. Trumpeter Webster collected \$5.00 for the July prize and is patting his purse and middle section contentedly with plenty of ice cream in mind for days to come.

On July 19th at the Rialto in Caimanera between the hours 2000 and 0100, the non-commissioned officers' dance in honor of the Captain of the Yard, Lieutenant E. L. Newell, and Mrs. Newell, was given. The chairman of the arrangements was the post acting sergeant-major, C. G. Klehm, assisted by the following: Sergeants Millard P. Saber, F. L. Howell, and John A. Witt; Corporals O. D. Witten, D. S. Ritchie, J. D. Stuckey, Chester T. Collins, and J. A. Thompson. Pfc. John Burns reigned

supreme behind the bar, which was open to all during the evening. Schaler was also behind the bar. Sergeant Witt provided the chow for the evening and had a crack force of tray Marines at his heels—Mannen, Kyle, Ayers, Kachel and Vincent. The musics present played "taps" over all empties as a sort of farewell salute toward the last hours and many there were mourners. The station orchestra rendered tunes in the American fashion and the steppers shouted for more each number. All pronounced the evening well spent.

Among other activities in the Corps we have the firing of our old friend, Springfield rifle. Recent firings here have qualified 150 odd men. One Leatherneck in the post could not reach 240 out of the possible 350. Captain Morse personally supervised the target practice every day and it can be said that the work of the "Skipper" and his squad of coaches is worthy of much praise. There were some problems on the firing line that required much effort to solve on the part of the coaches. Getting that old squeeze on the trigger and overcoming the flinch are no easy matters. The experts, from among whom will probably be picked the 1931 Guantanamo entrants for the West Indies match, are as follows: First Lieutenants John M. Greer and Kenneth B. Chappell; Q. M. Sergeant L. A. Haakenstad; Gy. Sgt. John Turney; Sergeants M. P. Saber, F. L. Howell, R. M. Hendrickson, and J. H. Wilbanks; Corporals M. P. Barry, C. T. Collins, R. M. O'Day, Olen D. Witten, and R. B. Gould, Jr.; Pfc. John Burns, Edmund R. Allen, John S. Cassel, H. L. Peebles, and M. J. Sisul; Privates James K. Berry, Joe Cafarella, Leonard Kachel, Leonard Kennedy, C. W. Mannen, Leo McClellan, John Ryan, Joseph Brovinski, Oscar J. Brown, J. F. Heath, H. E. Owsley, R. R. Richard, T. M. Sampley, William K. Spears, Vincent Balonas, John Deditch, and H. H. Smith.

Some baseball practice has been held for several weeks and the baseball squad picked as a result of the practice is as follows: Haakenstad, Strickland, Murphy, Gillespie, T. A., Gillespie, J. M., Mannen, Harp, Thompson, Ryan, O'Day, Peebles, Wehrly, Lamont, Kyle, Bass and Witt. Kyle has

been on the field daily directing the workouts and deserves credit for starting the baseball team once more on its way.

It is rumored that Hack and 1st Sgt. Klehm are due for the short timer's song before long.

The Company Clerk, Corporal Hornstein, has just chased me off the machine, so I'll have to close this broadcast until next month. Best wishes.

#### RIFLE RANGE DETACHMENT, PARRIS ISLAND

The range has long been absent from the columns of "The Leatherneck," but it is back to stay. We hope to have news in each issue from now on, and lots of it.

A great many changes in personnel since last June have brought about new duties for many of the old coaches. The acquiring of many new men from time to time keeps a continual rotation of duty and each man now performing duty at the range is highly efficient in pistol and rifle coaching. The ever-increasing percentage of qualifications of recruit platoons indicates the spirit of the detachment, and each week shows profitable results.

The latest achievement was the qualifying of 95.2% of Recruit Platoon E-20, with the rifle, and 98.6% with the pistol. This sets a record for 1930 and the aim is now for a hundred per cent platoon. The untiring efforts of the coaches on these two ranges are responsible for this magnificent record.

The enlisted personnel of the range carry on wherever they are sent. Corporal Carl I. Laine, a member of the Marine Corps rifle team, equalled the world's record over the National Match Course by making 294 in the recent competition at Quantico. Gunnery Sergeant Bailey won the Lacheimer Trophy and Corporal Cochran, in weekly averages received from Wakefield, is leading the field.

The transfer of Captain Jackson was the detachment's loss, but we gained an efficient and capable commanding officer in the person of First Lieutenant Howard R. Huff. He is ably assisted by Ch. Mar. Gunr. J. J. Mahoney.

Deserving promotions to sergeant were awarded Huntley, R. English and Trompeter. Those who were made corporal include Thompson, Roberge, Balough, Robertson and G. English. The pfc's, numbered nine and those fortunate were Cathey, Treiling, Clawson, Nyhus, Fields, Shipley, Moore, Easley and Richardson. The barracks have been deluged with shoe polish for a week. Shipley stood an all-night watch in the corral, holding a chevron in one hand, so that his two pets wouldn't shy at him in the morning. Fields became so excited that he pasted thirty targets on backwards and Nyhus talked Swedish all night in his sleep. If it affects the others likewise, the gang is going to sleep outside the next time warrants are handed out.

Henderson, our blushing (?) police sergeant, turned in his car (?) for a new Chevy coach. This sounds like common news, but wait. Callahan, a newcomer to the range, phoned the Beaufort agency for a second-hand car and lo and behold what turns up but Henderson's turn-in! After surveying the phone purchase, Callahan requested a thirty-day

furlough to unwind the rope, scrape the tin and paste the holes in the top. He maintains that some police sergeants get away with murder on turn-ins.

Kutchuk, the chap who kindly reads all our postcards, returned from a thirty-day furlough greatly disappointed. It seems that he went to a party in Brooklyn and couldn't say a word as someone tied his hands after he got into the house. Better stick to the "Sugar Refinery," Kutch!

The detachment loses three of its old guard on the 20th. Gy. Sgt. "Cold Bottle" Kerlin and Corporals "Mamie" McGlynn and Chuck Roberts are going to China. From reports they are still skeptical as to whether the Great Wall still exists. Best o' luck, boys!

More anon.

#### QUARTERMASTER DEPARTMENT, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

By Qm. Sgt. Warren L. Granger

The various activities of the Quartermaster Department at these barracks cover such a wide range and variety of subjects that to try to cover the subject in one small article for "The Leatherneck" would probably confuse the reader, so we will just deal with the general activities this month, and, in later issues, take each department and its personnel and try to explain how the wheels go round in the "Jewish Infantry" here.

The head of the Quartermaster Department here is known as the Post Quartermaster, the present head being Major John Potts, Assistant Quartermaster, who is well known as a real officer and a perfect gentleman to thousands of officers and enlisted men throughout the Corps by the nicknames "Johnny" and "Jack." Major Potts also has a dual capacity as commanding officer, First Battalion, First Marines, which is known as the "Service" Battalion and includes the Service, Motor Transport and Maintenance Companies.

The Post Quartermaster is ably assisted by Captain Leland S. Swindler, Assistant Quartermaster, and Chief Quartermaster Clerk Holmes J. Smith. Captain Swindler is known by the official title of "The Disbursing Assistant Quartermaster." Both the Post Quartermaster's office and the Disbursing Assistant Quartermaster's office occupy the same space in Post Headquarters and smoothly work as a unit. To the uninitiated who cannot distinguish Mr. H. J. Smith from the thousands of others, this is the identical Smith known as "Hoke." If you ever come to Quantico you will probably meet Captain Swindler and Mr. Smith as all trails eventually wend their way to this office.

Some of the major activities here and their heads follow:

Depot Quartermaster, Captain G. W. Shearer, A. Q. M.

Commissary Officer, Captain J. P. Smith, A. Q. M.

Motor Transport, Captain S. L. Zea.

Maintenance, Major J. B. Seabee.

Remount, 1st Lt. E. C. Ferguson.

Post Dock, Ch. Mar. Gun. Wm. T. Crawford.

Post Laundry, 1st Lt. J. B. Hardie.

Reclamation, Ch. Qm. Clk. B. Eagan.

Disbursing, Captain L. S. Swindler.

Quartermaster, Aircraft Sqdrns., Captain H. A. Carr, A. A. Q. M.

Quartermaster, Motor Transport, 2nd Lt. T. B. Jordan, A. A. Q. M.

Quartermaster, 1st Marines, Captain H. Paul, A. Q. M.

Quartermaster, Signal Battalion, 1st Lt. J. M. Smith, A. A. Q. M.

Quartermaster, Marine Corps Schools, Captain H. Paul, A. Q. M.

Quartermaster, 1st Battalion, 10th Marines, Captain H. Hardy, A. A. Q. M.

Quartermaster, Rifle Range, Ch. Mar. Gun. H. Boschen.

As a general idea of just what all this means to the post at large, during the past year the wrecking of old wartime buildings has been carried on, retaining only those needed for emergencies, and practically all industrial units have been moved to new and well-equipped shops.

Old Warehouse No. 2, the block long building that has been many a Marine's first and last look at Quantico is now completely torn down, as well as the old wooden garage that sat opposite it, leaving a great vacant spot which is also a great improvement in appearance.

The old garage brick building is being reconditioned to house the Reproduction Department and the office and metal shops of the Maintenance.

Don't look for the Post Exchange at the stand it occupied for thirteen years as it is moving, lock, stock and barrel and inventories to the rear of the post gymnasium, where it will be handy for all the addicts to get their chocolate and cokes with a minimum of effort.

The Qm. is going to meter all buildings and shops, so you had better go easy on all lights or we will have to burn candles the way they did in the "Old Marine Corps back in 1902."

The new Depot Quartermaster's storehouse was finished this year and when the Depot force started moving their gear it looked like Houdini at his best. One young man swears he saw a quartermaster sergeant move 200 truck loads of equipment out of a building 36 by 20 feet.

The old Depot of Supplies is now being used for the storage of expeditionary equipment and by the activity going on around there it looks as if we will have our equipment on the dock and ready next time before the Navy can find a transport to haul us away on. The Depot Qm. and Commissary gangs say if they have anything to do with it the

Marines will not only be "First to fight," but also "First to eat and sleep."

The Quartermaster, 1st Marines, is newly organized and established in the office of the old Depot of Supplies, but they are right on the job from the word "go" issuing clothing and other material to the 1st Marines.

The newly built Commissary Building is going full blast and everything in it is as clean and spotless as a new pin. The Sales Commissary has all the civilian stores backed right off the boards in every way, shape and form. If you want to learn to be a real "grocery man" put in for Quantico and the Commissary force will show you how.

The Commissary Department also runs the bakery, which opened up in its new place of business on December 30th, 1929, and since then a constant stream of wheat, rye and whole-wheat bread, buns, rolls and all varieties of cakes, pies and pastry have been shooting out. By the way it looks when you go in the bakery it is all done with buttons. They have about seven bakers and one master technical sergeant bossing them. When he hollers the bakers all start jabbing their buttons and in about half an hour out pops a bunch of good hot brown bread.

The Motor Transport is hitting on all four since they moved into their new building and as it is steam heated, the old familiar sight of one truck towing another trying to get it started passed out of the picture last winter. They have about 75 trucks and cars at the garage and each one is so brightly polished and painted that it looks like a picture. If that garage gang gets much better they will have to send the motor transport of the Army down from Camp Holabird to see what a real motor transport outfit looks like.

The new power plant went into action last fall and since then has been pushing lots of steam and heat into the new apartments, buildings and barracks. They are also supplying the Post Gymnasium, Post Laundry and Hostess House with steam heat.

The Post Water works and Post Refrigerating Plant have been going full blast. These are known as the "silent" activities, but they sure do their stuff putting out plenty of good water and ice, which seems like a miracle to some of the tropical and sea-going Leathernecks here.

Though it is good and hot right now



Post Exchange, Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia. This Post Exchange is located in Barracks No. 1.





This native of the Philippine Islands has just scaled a tree in unique fashion to get a swig of coconut juice for two thirsty Marines on duty at Cavite, P. I.

we don't want to forget the birds that operated the wood saw mill all last winter, as from the scraps of old war-time buildings they furnished kindling wood to all the officers' and enlisted men's quarters, Hostess House, Nurses' Quarters and the Officers' Club.

The Maintenance feels very stuck-up just at present as it developed that five of their shops completed over 8,000 minor and major repair jobs during the past fiscal year.

The Post Remount is going strong this year as the stable gang have torn down all the barbed wire fence and refenced with woven wire. They also have practically all the stumps pulled in their area and the brush cleared off most of it. They now have two Nicaraguan pack mules over there that arrived in June and also a new foal with whispers of two more in the offing. They did a lot of training of colts last year, even going so far as to construct their own training and riding rings.

The Post Dock is still holding out in its old stand but has been considerably

brightened up for night work by the installation of six flood lights. The two fifty-foot motor sailers are in fine shape and the 33-foot launch will be in tip-top condition when the motor comes back from overhaul. The big Navy lighter that is rigged up as a dredge is stationed at the dock for general dredging work and to get in sand and gravel, but she will soon be due to go into drydock for a good overhaul.

The Post Laundry is going full blast as per usual and did nearly \$47,000.00 worth of business last year. The crew at the laundry claim they washed and ironed in first class condition over 1,200,000 pieces last year. The laundry building has been gone over recently and looks as if it will last, together with the machinery in it, for many years to come.

Last but not least, among the many quartermaster jobs is the Reclamation Department that receives all surveyed articles from the various accountable officers, repairs them and turns them back into stock in apple pie order. They also repair, reupholster and refinish all

kinds, shapes and sizes of government furniture there. They are now the proud possessors of a new sand blasting machine that they use for cleaning off metal and the bird that runs it says he could blast money out of a Scotchman. The Reclamation also repairs and overhauls all typewriters at the post, the funny part of it being that all the company clerks around the post think they are getting brand new machines. That at least settles one question that all Quartermasters have heard for years, which runs: "How's for a new typewriter?"

#### GROWLS FROM THE DEVIL DOGS By "Too Much Lex"

Well, gang, here we are again, so stand by for all the latest dope about the saltiest sea-going detachment afloat.

For the benefit of those that don't know us here's the roster, or at least part of it.

Our C. O. is Captain B. M. Coffenberg, well known as the snappiest recruiting officer New York ever had.

The J. O. is Lieutenant Williams, who is also a captain, though only of the ship's basketball team.

Our Top Kick is none other than "Too Much China" Richardson, who was a dashing lieutenant during the war. He can still dash, too, for he hasn't missed a liberty

since he took charge fifteen months ago.

Next comes Paddy Corbitt, who is known throughout the Corps for his famous last words, "Now, when I was with the Grand Fleet we used Cordovan Dyanshine." More power to you, Paddy.

Heading the list of sergeants we find "Little Otto" Harter, our galloping police sergeant, famous for his cry, "Let's go Marines—turn to!"

Mecurio has joined the ranks of sergeants and D. K. Leonhard the first sergeant, so we are looking for free cigars.

As corporals we boast of B. J. Watkins, the most dashing Leatherneck afloat. If anyone doubts this, please stand by at mail call. He is also very salty, having done a cruise on the Big "U."

And we must not forget Jawn Downer, our swimming expert, who has won enough medals in the fleet meets to sink him. Some of the gang say that Jawn is still in the swim, but, of course, we don't believe that (not much).

"Eagle Eye" Burns is still the pointing

expert of Gun II and is after a hash-mark for his chevrons.

When it comes to high privates we take the cake, for who else has a muster roll with such mighty names? "Caribou" Kuster, the man mountain; "Red" Lewis, the one and only captain's orderly; "Hurricane" Hutchinson, the man that smokes a pipe; "Fighting Bob" Fortson, the big ice cream man, and "Little Frankie" Forester, who is doped as next year's belt winner (all Navy) in the featherweight class.

Our privates start with "Boo How" Beauregard, senior private and race boatsman supreme. He's had a little too much time in China and the Tropics for his own good and is usually found in some corner singing a native song about "Mayo China" or "Mayo Chow." The U. S. S. "Lexington" is "Ding Boo How." H. E. Doney, the pride of the scuttlebutt compartment, runs "Boo How" a close race for being Asiatic, having done a cruise in the Navy, a hitch in the Coast Guard and a (whatever you call it) in the Army. He says that the Foreign Legion is next after completing his cruise with the Corps. What other detachment has such a soldier of fortune? These two are always chin-chinning about the places that they have been to and the things they have done, but, of course, we don't believe them.

And to back up these we have "Windy" Windes, "Foo Foo" Sessions, "Frenchy" Legere, "Sheik" Ferguson, "One Punch" Bates, and last, but not least, "Curly" Alvastad and "Mister Red" Winstead, tap dancers, banjo players and singers de luxe, who boast of no equals as such and the detachment as a whole says "Aye."

The "Lex" has just come back to the West Coast after having finished her winter cruise in Panama, Cuba, Virgin Islands and Quatro Reales, wherever that is. On the way back we acted as transport for 180 Marines that we let off at Corinto, Nicaragua.

Gunnery season is in full swing, so next month you will read how the Gyrenes on the "Lex" took all the prize money (?), sez me.

Next month we'll give you the dope on what this dashing Devil Dog detachment does in the line of duties and such. That is, if this stands the gaff.



The Island of Guam, 32 miles long and 4 to 10 miles wide, is the largest of the Marianas Islands and is patrolled by this group of "seagoing cops."

#### MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "WYOMING"

By Pfc. H. C. Freiman

With about two hundred young collegians from Harvard and Northwestern Universities aboard for a twenty-day cruise to the Azores, the "Floating Cowboy" took off from Boston with a skeleton detachment of nineteen for orderly duty aboard. The rest of the gang remained in Boston for the duration of the cruise. After several days of "watch-full" sailing, we arrived at the Island of Fayal, Azores. With the exception of some rather beautiful scenery in the surrounding country, the town of Horta was not so hot. But the people gave us a royal welcome. (We can't say which was welcomed more, us or our \$\$\$.) The wine, beer and champagne flowed like a young Niagara. Although the island is in about the same latitude as New York, it was very hot, probably due to the active volcano in the vicinity of Fayal. Gy. Sgt. Donovan made the cruise as the

Marine C. O., and growled away twenty more days on his twenty or thirty-year hitch. Sergeant Mastny dragged along as property sergeant and was real good company, except for a couple of his cross-word puzzles. Well, why bring that up?

The admiral was fortunate (?) in his orderlies, the latter being Messieurs Thornton, Alday, Paremba, Henderson, Lawhon and the incomparable Forman, who insists on serenading the gang with solos only he can appreciate. Jack Lawhon keeps ranting about his gun-girl in New York. Alday still raves over letters from Northeast Pennsylvania. Paremba still worries over that one chevron of his. Thornton is wondering whether the "Home for Wandering Girls" is still open in New York. Henderson turned detective trying to find out who had inundated his bunk with that powerful tropical perfume. Pratt and "Two-Gun Pete" Walker tended to the Chief-of-Staff's needs. Dean strutted around with a mean chow-cook apron. Pfc. Sult super-

vised the three-man crew of gun strikers, and saw to it that the five inchers were massaged daily. Culligan, Mitchell and "Boop-boop-a-doop" Cain were the three cannon manicurists. A newcomer by the name of Thurman took care of courts martial for our new Fleet Marine Officer, Major Rorex. Skodak's still cooking in the galley. Flannigan can be found in the bake shop when he can be awakened long enough to get there. Seymour still seeks the vile wretch who "borrowed" his last pair of blue trousers and skivvies. Well, that finishes the what's what of this carouse (beg pardon, cruise we meant), and we've already made a liberty in Boston (those of us that could—"All pals to muster").

Aboard U. S. S. "Wyoming," Newport, R. I., 13 July, 1930.—Good mohnin' white folkses, heah we is agin. We sho am pow'full sorry we missed the August issue ob de Leaderneck, but we is gwine to mek up fo' dat in dis issue. It lak dis

The "Wyo" arrived in Boston June 19th, docked, landed the Marine detachment—with the exception of nineteen men to act as orderlies, gun masseurs and a mess cook—at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, took aboard about two hundred Naval R. O. T. C. students, then took off on a cruise to the Azores (Azores).

The stranded Gyrene crew immediately took possession of the deserted administration building, set up cots, took off their shoes and were at home. Gosh, you sea-going Marines, imagine running water in each room, no Jimmie-legs, mid-day siestas, and all the comforts of home life!

Second Lieutenant Andrew J. Mathiesen then relieved Lieutenant Claude, and he sure knows his military onions if anyone should ask you. Captain Whaley came ashore with us and so did our Top Kick, Sergeant Dessau. Mickie, the Top's police dog, stayed right with him.

The men who missed shooting the range at Guantanamo Bay spent a couple of weeks at the Wakefield, Mass., rifle range but—dunt esk.

The gang were roped for five parades within two weeks—Oy! Boston is celebrating the Tercentenary Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Thought: If the Pilgrims were the fathers of our

modern blue laws, they would have been aptly named had they been called the "Grim Pills"—heh, heh! Three parades for the Boston celebration, then July Fourth ushered in a nice hot day with another parade. The fifth hike took place in Malden, Mass. The gang left the yard in busses, marched through Malden, then helped the Maldenians observe a memorial service and an unveiling of a statue of a Marine killed in the late war. Ossendowski was the name, we believe.

Plenty of liberty, but no boats. Did we worry? No! We simply used the Yard gate up Sands Street—nope, our error, thinking of New York—it was Chelsea Street. Across a small drawbridge, through several streets, and, Lo! the Boston Common, so well-known in history as the place where "the shot heard 'round the world" was fired. Fear not, gentle readers, the Marines also made history in the Common. Across from the Common we found the Public Garden—ask any Marine from Boston.

Pity the Marines in our "far flung posts" who have never seen a talkie. Boston was full of them and the admission prices were quite unlike those of New York—much more reasonable.

'Tis known that the Marines have "beaucoup" admirers. So naturally a host of addresses of representatives of the fairer sex were added to the detachment correspondence list. Revere, Malden, Dorchester, Chelsea and the other suburbs added their quota.

Many and most of us desp—er—ah—um—do not care for parades. Anyway, Sergeant E. Jordan, of Boston, took enough leave so that he missed all of them.

Why go to the vodvil for entertainment? Come to the "Wyo" and listen to our little Corporal Mathias for a while. Laugh? Pehleez!

Swede (Danish by birth) Larsen pressed blankets on his cot for twenty days. We only stayed in Boston that long.

Suits of "civvies" appeared as if by magic the moment we had time to take our liberty seriously. We (yours sincerely) took a short leave and on our return were absolutely surprised at the number of new faces in the detachment. Corporal MacDonald, our diminutive Scot, is now doing straight duty. We met two of our old shipmates doing duty

with the Marine contingent at the Yard—Yessir! Corporals Williamson and Stevenisha (pronounce it yourself).

July 9th. Music, blow pay call. What music! Ever hear of blackjack? Liberty with more zest. Then the fatal Tenth. The "Wyoming" docked, unloaded the R. O. T. C., took on some munitions (shades of S. R. B. P.), and by 2 o'clock we were all aboard, took over the guard at 4, and the old routine was on.

Yep, bucket lines to the washroom, Jimmie-legs, hammocks, pipe down, pipe up, boat calls, color guards, walls are bulkheads, ceilings are overheads, no more windows, stairs or floors, "py yumpin' Yimminy" we were sea-going again. But ah! Good news. Five pfcs. were made. Privates Foster, "Padgett" Winslow, "Handsome" Alexander, "Music" Barton (ex-music now), and yours truly. Make a pretty bow, children. We are under way for Newport.

The twelfth. Newport is celebrating the anniversary of the landing of the French upon its shores. Dress ship. Full guard and band. Liberty! But it is only Newport after all. Plenty of snapshots of the Azores—swapping reminiscences—mmmmmmmm.

Up betimes and did breakfast. Aired bedding. Quarters and rifle inspection. Followed spotting drill to find a new crew of pointers and trainers. Night fell but no one was hurt. Over one hundred powerful searchlights sending their beacons of light in great swinging arcs across the sky. An imposing sight.

July 14th. Aha! Hash for breakfast. Back in blues again? Yep, sure 'nough. Snappy looking gang all right. Our handsome looking corporals in a huddle with Lieutenant Mathiesen for instruction on automatic pistols (Chicago please note). Noted in newspaper, "Foreign Powers Name Their Warships With Such Terrifying Names as 'Dauntless,' 'Tiger,' 'Terror' and the like." Also, "U. S. Launches a New Cruiser, Puts a Marine Detachment Aboard and Christens the Ship 'Chicago.'"

'Tis rumored that talkies are coming to the "Wyo." May be true. Last fall rumor reported the installation of a soda fountain. It materialized. Gyrenes now make whoopee with sundaes and "cokes."

News note. Corporal Arthur Kaplan will middle-isle it sometime next summer. She is a New Yorker and Arturo is a Kaintuckian, Suh! Pretty Private Dick Congdon is back from leave, Cheshire grin and teeth. Corporal "Nick" Klein is now police sarg. Corporal Kaplan took over Thurman's post in the Fleet Marine office. Pfc. Norval Henderson will attend the fall class of the Philadelphia Clerical School. Our old shipmate, Corporal "Tex" Westbrook, just wrote from Nicaragua. Plenty excitement if a camera doesn't lie. A detail to paint the blisters.

Sergeant Jimmie Darwell gets handsomer with every passing week. How come? Pipe down Aired Bedding.

The dapper little corporal, Charlie Hill, is still borrowing pipes from the gang. Thank the Lord he buys his own tobacco. Private Pratt is the Exec's orderly. Reminds us of his predecessor, "Water Tight" Simpson. Competition on the dotter is keen. Good pointers and trainers are still scarce. General quarters again. Clanging gongs. "Man your battle stations!" The gun-



Leathernecks at Port au Prince, Haiti, seem to enjoy their lemonade at the Fourth of July picnic.



nery season is now on. How many "E's" this year?

The most of last year's whaleboat crew has dispersed, we still have the nucleus for a bigger and better crew. Cox'n Gy. Sgt. Donovan is beginning to weed out a crew from the new bunch aboard. We still have Pfc. Strupe, who rowed on the "Texas" All-Navy whaleboat, champs of last year; Sergeant Jordan, Corporals Klein and "Red" Toward, Privates First Class Gwiazda, Forman and Foster, and "Musik" Horn. When whipped into shape, we hope they make the All-Navy this year.

Yassuh! Dis do show wha's bin happenin'—yeah. And dat's all dere is fo' de time bein'.

### JINGLES FROM THE JUNGLES

By Pfc. Earle Tempel

Many things can happen in the Marine Corps. On July 10th a traveling circus parked its big top right out in the middle of our parade ground and proceeded to give the Marines an example of what a circus should be. They had an act with bicycles that was a WOW, and half of the boys the next day were talking of investing their next month's salaries in a two-wheeled vehicle.

Pfc. Joe Limerick, bookkeeper at the Post Exchange, will be leaving us in October and he is working very hard for another stripe to show the folks back home. Anyway he says that he would like a red stripe down the trouser legs of his blues. He purchased his chevrons and trouser stripes some five months ago. That's the kid, Joe—be prepared.

Corporal Lavozy has been kicking about duty in the tropics for the last six months. He finished his two years the other day and then turns around and extends six months for the self-same tropical country he does not like. Be consistent, Larry, be consistent! (The writer wishes to say that Corporal Lavozy likes to have his name printed.)

We are having real summer weather now, and it is noted that the crowd at the beach is increasing every day. Tennis and handball are also getting their share of attention.

### When Company Clowns Get Together

Corporal Smolek: "I read in the paper—"

Corporal Hord: "Yeh, Will Rogers, and wot did yuh read?"

Corporal Smolek: "Printin'."

### Why Recruiting Sergeants Go Crazy

Recruiting Sergeant: "How old are you?"

Applicant: "Eighteen."

R. S.: "When were you born?"

A.: "In April."

R. S.: "April? When?"

A.: "1907."

R. S.: "How can you be 18, when you were born in 1907?"

A.: "I'll bite. How can I?"

R. S.: "Any relations?"

A.: "No, sir, except my father, mother and five sisters."

R. S.: "Where do they live?"

A.: "Who?"

R. S.: "Your relations?"

A.: "Oh, my relations, they live at home."

R. S.: "How much do you weigh?"

A.: "206, but I think I am slightly overweight."



Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Salt Lake City." Photo by Navy Recruiting Bureau.

R. S.: "I know D—m well you are.

Do you take any exercise?"

A.: "Yes, sir."

R. S.: "What?"

A.: "I play ping-pong right well."

R. S.: "What's that?"

A.: "What?"

R. S.: "Ping-pong?"

A.: "A game."

R. S.: "What kind of game?"

A.: "Th' kind I play."

R. S.: "How is your general health?"

A.: "Right well, thank you. How's yours?"

(The sergeant passed out.)

What could be nicer than to go ashore as soon as liberty call goes, gurgle a few, stroll up and down the avenue (?), guzzle a few more and then come back to the barracks and find that you are fifteen minutes over leave and the O. D. mentions a date you have with your C. O. at office hours the following morning? Again I ask you, what could be sweeter?

### TALES TOLD BY OLD TIMERS

To Capt. G. E. Monson

Told by Charles T. Roth, born 28 February 1858, enlisted 29 August 1881, discharged 28 August 1886. Now retired and living at 1704 Ashwood Ave., Nashville, Tenn. Is in good health and still keenly interested in our Corps.

### A Hitch In the Eighties

"It's a long time ago but I still can remember the day I held up my hand to join the Marines. Five others and myself were sworn in by Captain Forney at Philadelphia just across the street from Wanamakers. After signing up we were loaded into a one-horse wagon—no automobiles those days—and off we went to the Navy Yard.

"The old 'Antietam' was the receiving ship and almost as soon as we got aboard her we were put to work at learning the manual of arms. We practiced it every day and we didn't get ashore for almost three weeks.

"About a week after we came aboard we were called down to the issue room and all of us drew a pile of clothes about four feet high. I never did see so many

uniforms but soon found I had use for all of them. I guess they still issue out about the same sort of an outfit now.

"After a month of practice on the manual and foot movements, we recruits were sent down to Annapolis barracks to learn company drill. The old barracks was set up on piles right out in the water of Chesapeake Bay, but after the receiving ship it certainly looked good to us. Captain Huntington was in command and although he gave us plenty of drill he was sure a fine man.

"Guard duty and drill was about all that we did at Annapolis, but we went to sea a couple of times on the old 'Constellation.' One time we set out for France but about half way over the captain changed his mind and we dropped anchor right in the middle of the ocean. After awhile we came back and the crew didn't like it at all. We were all anxious to visit Europe and felt we had been cheated out of an opportunity to do so.

"I spent about 18 months at Annapolis and then got transferred to Washington. I took part in the ceremonies of Cleveland's inauguration and in the dedication of the Washington Monument. In those days Professor Sousa was leader of our band and they sure could play.

"Just about then a racket broke out at Panama and they were burning Colon and raising hell generally. I had been transferred back to Annapolis and got a chance to join a draft bound for the scene of the trouble. Captain Higby was in command and our detail consisted of about 50 Marines and a few sailors. We arrived in Brooklyn and were just about ready to go aboard ship when the captain took my name off the roster and I had to stay behind. At that time Brooklyn was full of robbers and thieves and I tell you I'd much rather have gone to Panama.

"My next duty was at Boston and those were the days of the Boston strong boy, John L. Sullivan. He used to run a saloon on Washington Street and it was a great hangout for some of us Marines. Many is the drink I had with John L., for he was a great one for the drinks. When he was getting ready for his fight against Paddy Ryan down in Mississippi, I figured that the drink was

getting the best of him so I bet on Paddy. I sure threw my money away for John L. Busted Ryan's jaw and looked as good as ever.

"I served about a year at Portsmouth Navy Yard before I was discharged and really intended to ship over. My father wanted me to come home first and when I arrived he had a girl all picked out for me. I married her and that was the end of my Marine service.

"There really isn't so much difference between the Marines of today and those of my time. We managed to have a good time even though there were no movies or automobiles. Of course there were lots of tough spots and plenty of drinking, but all in all I'd say we were better off than the boys who are in today. Our pay was \$13 a month, and on pay day we owed all of it to the saloons and canteen, but there was always someone who had money and we didn't mind being broke.

"Chow was always good, although we had lots of beans. From what they tell me, they still have plenty left although I thought we had eaten them all up during our time. Many's the time we took our buckets down to the oyster packers near Baltimore and got them full of oysters for a nickel. There were lots of girls working there, too, so maybe that had something to do with our liking for oysters.

"Since I got out I've spent many years in the insurance business but right now I can't get around very much. However, I see all the Marines in town and right today I'm just as good a Marine as you will ever see.

"My memory isn't as good as it used to be and I can't recall any of my old shipmates except a fellow named Clark. When the yellow jacket was raging down Pensacola way they asked for volunteers to do duty there and I got on the list.

Clark came to me and asked me to trade duty with him as he wanted to get out of Washington. He put up \$5.00 to seal the bargain and I split it with the sergeant orderly who switched our names on the detail. It was hard luck for him for about a year later I saw where the fever had got him and he died.

"I remember lieutenant Gulick, L. J., and Major Houston. Maybe some day more names will come back to me, but I just can't recall them today.

"You young fellows don't realize what a great outfit you are in, but I tell you the Marines are the finest ever."

**Editors Note.**—Any old timers who care to do so, should drop Mr. Roth a line. He will appreciate hearing from real Marines, especially so if any of our readers ever served with him. Also we would like to have comment of any sort concerning this, or other tales, which have been told Captain Monson and appear in *THE LEATHERNECK*. If any reader was himself present during any incident described by the story teller, we would be glad to publish his recollection of the event insofar as space will allow. Another old timer tale will appear next month.

### THE WELCH FUSILIERS MARCH

By Colonel E. O. Greene, U. S. M. C.

I thought that the information of the events leading to the presentation of this march to the Welch Fusiliers Regiment would be of interest to the Corps.

First it must be recognized that the march was written by John Philip Sousa. Mr. Sousa, as is generally known, was at one time leader of the U. S. Marine Band, which position he resigned over thirty years ago. Since then he has become a world famous musician, and now

at 76 years of age, we find him still active both in leading his band, and in composing marches. This, his latest march, is recognized as among his best compositions.

In the printed music of the march appears the following statement. "The Welch Fusiliers was organized about 1690, for the wars of William and Mary. It has taken part in many campaigns, the names of some of which appear on its colors. During the American Revolution it was assigned duty on British warships, and is accordingly recognized as having been marines. It surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown. None of the names of the battles of that war appear on its colors. During the Boxer War in China of 1900 it was closely associated with the U. S. Marines in the relief of Peking, a friendship which has continued. Its officers presented a cup to the U. S. Marines in token of the friendship formed. This march resulted from that association."

And on the title page, the following appears. "Written at the request of the United States Marine Corps, in memory of the association with the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Welch during the Boxer Rebellion in China in the year 1900."

In the summer of 1929, Mr. Sousa was approached by General George Richards, with a view of having him compose a march to be dedicated to the Royal Welch. In an interchange of letters, it was suggested to Mr. Sousa, to compose a medley, in which strains of "Semper Fidelis," the "Star Spangled Banner," "The Men of Harlech," and "Hail to the Prince," would appear. Mr. Sousa's first composition was a medley, and in the fall of 1929 it was tried out by the Marine Band in Washington under Mr. Sousa's supervision. Mr. Sousa was not satisfied with this composition, however. He said that of over 125 compositions, only one or two were medleys, and they were not his best. The Commandant of the Corps was apprised of these facts, and immediately wrote Mr. Sousa that the Marine Corps desired a real Sousa march. Mr. Sousa composed the present march, which has met with enthusiastic approval by all who have heard it.

It would be interesting for musicians to trace, if it can be done, the influence of the four tunes that appeared in the medley. There is no doubt of their influence, but the march is decidedly a Sousa production, with all the swing of the best marches of that producer.

The march was first presented at the Gridiron dinner in March, 1930, at which President Hoover was present, and where he referred to the rescue of himself and Mrs. Hoover, by the two forces, when they entered Tientsin in 1900. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover were refugees there at the time.

Later, in April, 1930, the march was officially presented at the White House, where Mr. Sousa, after 36 years absence, again led the Marine Band, in the presence of the President. There were also present the British Ambassador, Lord Derby, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Jahneke, and a group of Marine officers, who had been in China during the Boxer uprising, and one or two who were instrumental in getting the march finished.

It was interesting to stand by Mr. Sousa's side, on the steps of the White



Captain T. T. Tighe, commanding 22nd Co., 3rd Battalion, 4th Regt. Marines, receives the drill competition Pennant from Colonel C. H. Lyman, commanding officer Fourth Regiment. This company was adjudged the best drilled infantry company in the Fourth Regiment.

House, prior to the presentation, and hear him soliloquize on his previous experiences as leader of the Marine Band. He seemed to recall all of those early days, when he was a young man, laying the foundations, as leader of the band he made so famous, of a career, which has since earned him a world reputation, and made him one of the most famous living musicians. I think it safe to say that in his compositions he was the original exponent of the typical American music in his famous marches. He has become the March King. Mr. Sousa so remained on the steps of the White House for about a half hour.

The preparation of the copy intended for presentation was completed several weeks after the presentation at the White House. It was suggested to Mr. Sousa that the most valuable souvenir the Welch Fusiliers could have would be the original manuscript copy, and he accordingly donated that.

The presentation copies were beautifully bound in a leather covered book, incased in a leather bound case. In it were also photographs of the loving cup, letters from Mr. Sousa to the Major General Commandant, and from the Major General Commandant to the commanding officers of the Welch Fusiliers.

On June 16 there sailed from New York for England, to present the march, beside Mr. Sousa, General Richards and Captain Platt, of the Marines, and Captain Alfred A. Watters of the Marine Corps Reserves.

This committee returned on July 12th. They were enthusiastically received in England.

The march was presented to the Welch Fusiliers Regiment on behalf of the Marine Corps, for which reason I thought that every Marine ought to have an opportunity to know the circumstances of its preparation and presentation.

The piano music of this march makes a beautiful souvenir. The title page, the descriptive matter, are descriptive of a very interesting incident in the history of the Marine Corps, and the music of the march itself well deserves to be associated with it, as it serves to accentuate the sentimental association in a typically American sense, as no other class of music could probably do.

#### COMMUNICATION NOTES, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEIPING, CHINA

Our new high frequency field set arrived in good condition with the exception of the receiver. The batteries in the receiver had worked loose from their compartment and had roamed around at will during the voyage out here. After overhaul and repair we worked the "Tulsa" in Tientsin. The set is now installed at our summer camp at Peitaiho, about two hundred miles from Peiping, and although direct communication has been established, results are not entirely satisfactory. The camp is transmitting on forty-four thirty-six kilocycles, but they are unable to hear us on eighty-eight seventy-two, and are using the old SCR-130 to receive on three fifty-five kilocycles. We are working the camp four times a day now and in addition have a broadcast to them around noon when we are unable to hear them. We expect to have all the difficulties ironed out within the next few weeks and will be able to give a detailed report on the set next month.

The transmitter room, battery room



Mr. Sousa, General Richards, and Captain Platt arrive at Le Bourget Field, Paris, France. In addition to the regular pilot of the plane, the party were fortunate in having two "sky pilots" with them. We regret their names are unavailable.

and radio workshop have been repainted and the transmitter storage batteries thoroughly overhauled and cleaned. The oscillator tube and IPA tubes in the TAF showed signs of failure after two thousand hours and they have been replaced, with an increase in radiation of two amperes.

Practically all of the fleet is in northern waters now and our traffic is unusually heavy. We have set a new station record for daily traffic, ten thousand one hundred and sixty-four words, and from all indications this record will be broken very soon.

#### NEWS AND NOTES OF 301ST CO.

By Pfc. Lawton G. Meredith

Boston, Mass. (Special to The Leatherneck).—Drill night last Friday, August eighth, was rather a busy night, considering that preparations for camp were being made and drills kept up as usual. A visitor from Quantico, one Pfc. Nelson F. Meredith, 415th Company, 19th Regiment, U. S. M. C. R., was welcomed by First Sergeant Louis Hoepfner and quite a few of the men who made his acquaintance two years ago at Quantico when he dropped in to see his three brothers who were then in camp with the 301st. This year finds only two of the brothers still with the outfit. Private First Class Lawton G. Meredith, who helps Top keep the files mixed up, and Private Sumner W. Meredith, who took the past month off and went to the C. M. T. C. at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., where he was made a corporal of artillery, and served as section chief, proof that he had learned his work well when the 301st was an artillery company. The other brother, then Trumpeter Stanwood W. Meredith, decided that the little time he had in the reserves showed that the Marines was a pretty good outfit and shipped in the regulars nearly two years ago and after serving in the Motor Transport service at Managua, Nicaragua, joined the Legation Guard there, and as Top says, "That's the kind of stuff this outfit turns out." Top also claims that this outfit has shipped more men

into the regulars than any two other reserve companies together, and if it comes to a showdown, I guess he ought to know. Meredith, of the 19th Regiment, thought the 301st looked pretty good and got a rather pleasant surprise when a good many of the men who knew him thought he was a regular Marine on furlough from Quantico. If he is representative of the new reserve regiments, the 19th and 20th, they are getting off with a good start despite the tough break in their recent camp at Quantico.

Top thinks that this company can claim the record for the men of this company making the Marines a "family affair." The Meredith brothers already mentioned have another brother, Morgan, who served two hitches in the regulars some time ago, winding up as a corporal. Then we have the Dickson family, Donald, William and James. Another set are Cpl. Ira Irwin and Pvt. Arthur Irwin. Another family is the Bergstroms, Louis and Clarence. Still another family is the Spoffords, Walter and George. Another set of brothers who were in the outfit up 'til a short time ago are the Mealleys, William and Frederick. As Top says, "They've got to go some to beat the 301st in any direction."

#### "MARYLAND" SAY-SO'S

By M. Opels

Here we are, folks. You are getting to hear from us quite regularly these days, but who could resist telling you all about the parade we had in Seattle, Washington, the Fourth of July?

With all the handicaps, such as walking on street car rails and up and down a considerable number of hills, the "Maryland" Marines still think they did real well. If you don't believe it, ask any of the Fair Sex in Seattle. They gave us a great big hand and our chests swelled up so much the buttons threatened to pop off.

Of course, a great deal of the credit is due to Second Lieutenant David M. Shoup and First Sergeant Harry A. Ervin. Sergeant J. Karynaske and Cor-



poral M. A. Sorensen did their stuff as left and right guide, respectively.

We are now in Fort Angeles and I'm wondering if that bird that wrote "Any old port in a storm" ever saw Port Angeles. And, as luck would have it, we are having an admiral's inspection. Everyone seems to be busy doing his share of manual labor, but our famous explorer, Red De Foe, who explores corners for dirt, seems to forget to come out thereof.

Now, take Sid Miller. He isn't like Red at all. We're not exactly bothered with him during working hours and he is very popular. You can hear the police sergeant calling his name from early morning until far, far into the night.

I hear the sweet baritone voice of our police sergeant, Joseph Karynaske, booming from casemate to casemate, "Clean, sweep down, and don't forget to empty the G. I. cans." So I must be going. See you next month.

#### RADIO FANS APPLAUD CONCERTS GIVEN BY MARINE BAND

The radio concerts presented by Captain Taylor Branson and his U. S. Marine Band are one of the most popular features of the air. The popularity vote shows that, as do the scores of letters that arrive at Captain Branson's office daily. Even in this era of ultra jazz and red-hot programs the classic efforts of the Marine Band are appreciated by those who love really good music. Here are a few of the tributes:

April 17th.

My Dear Captain Branson:—

The Marine Band concert has just finished and I am expressing to you by letter, as nearly as it is possible for me to do so, my appreciation of your beautiful music.

Your fine program of music suitable for the Easter season brought the selections I deeply love, and the whole concert was an inspiration and comfort to me.

I have enjoyed your Thursday morning concerts very much, as I do all of your concerts. I am somewhat of a shut-in and can listen to and enjoy the

good things the radio brings when others cannot.

At the close of each of your concerts I always wish you, and your musicians who play so beautifully, could know the pleasure you have given me, and my appreciation of your fine musical talent.

Thanking you all very sincerely, I am,

Gratefully yours,

/s/ JESSAMINE A. ROE.

418 Clifton Terrace, West,  
Washington, April 20, 1930.

My Dear Captain Branson:—

Doubtless the superb Good Friday programme has passed from your mind, but I am sure it will linger as a great and hallowed memory to all who heard it. It seemed to me the programme of a lifetime, and, so far as my own conviction may go, it strengthened my abiding belief that all truly great music is religious. How happy you, that you can say the unsayable—with an orchestra.

Very gratefully yours,

/s/ J. B. CLAYTON.

Captain Taylor Branson, U. S. M. C.,  
First Leader, U. S. Marine Band.

Patricia McDonald,  
173 West 98th Street,  
New York City.

My Dear Mr. Branson:—

One ceases to wonder why the "Marines" produced a clever and wonderful heavyweight champion such as you have in Gene Tunney. I have seen him box; needless to say he held my interest. But I venture to say he could never hold the interest I have in your wonderful Band. Luckily for me, I am off every Thursday. I have heard the Army and the Navy. Sure they're good, but in my opinion, and many more, they don't compare with the Marine Band. I want to tell you I was brought up to appreciate good music. My favorite is the Great Tchaikowsky. The music is heavy and I love both heavy opera and overtures. I would like to suggest that if possible you could play his "Marche Slave." It is one of my favorites. I guess this is asking a little too much, but, nevertheless, even if I am one of those so-called modern maids, I have been taught by my

lovely parents to appreciate all that is good. Keep the good work up and give my heartiest congratulation to your band and self. I beg to remain a faithful listener.

/s/ PATRICIA McDONALD.

54 Warwick Street,  
East Orange, New Jersey,  
April 19th, 1930.

National Broadcasting Company,  
Station W. E. A. F., New York City.

May I express my thanks, appreciation and gratitude for the most inspiring concert ever listened to (in my estimation), over the radio and given as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, Station W. E. A. F., by the United States Marine Band, on Good Friday.

Sincerely,

/s/ Mrs. J. Abberley Sandford,  
54 Warwick Avenue,  
East Orange, New Jersey.

Forty Fort, Apr. 2nd, 1930.

Capt. Taylor Branson,  
U. S. Marine Band,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Captain:—

I am writing you in regards to your concerts presented by the Marine Band, and I must tell you that the U. S. Marine Band is the only musical organization in the world, barring none. It is really inspiring to sit in your home in the afternoon and listen to the grand concerts you and your men give over the radio. I would like you to play that concert solo some time when you find it convenient. It is a cornet solo by Arthur Whitcombe and it is called Silver Threads Among the Gold. You know, Captain, I am an old U. S. Army soldier from away back. 100 per cent American but now too old to be of any use in the service, but all the same I like to hear the old U. S. music played by our bands, but by the U. S. Marine Band especially. I hope you will be able to favor us with good music over the radio for many years to come. Best wishes to you and your stalwart men of the U. S. Marine Band. Good luck to you all.

Yours respectfully,

MR. WILLIAM BEISEL,  
No. 72 Dana St.,  
Forty Fort, Pa.

The Evergreens,  
Wellington, Pennsylvania.

Captain Taylor Branson,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Captain Branson:—

It gives me great pleasure to congratulate you, and your wonderful Marine Band, on your splendid program over the air Thursday morning.

I have heard Parsifal given by the Metropolitan Opera Company several times and feel your rendition compares equally with theirs.

I myself am a graduate of the music school of the University of Pennsylvania and as a musician want to say your programs are indeed a treat, and among the most enjoyable coming over the air.

Very sincerely,

/s/ Elsie Walker Butterworth.  
(Mrs. John S. Butterworth.)

April Eighteenth.

605 Sheephead Bay Road,  
Coney Island, New York.  
April 28, 1930.

Dear Sirs:

It gives me greatest pleasure to write



Liberty party visiting the famous marble boat at the Summer Palace, Peiping, China.

to you concerning the beautiful program you had on the air today with the Marine Band. The music was beautiful, and it filled my eyes with tears when you announced about the Boxer rising in China in 1900. I was a bugler in the Second Batt., 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and I am so pleased to know that I was on the relief of our present President, Mr. and Mrs. Hoover. I have been in this country 21 years and an American citizen and I went all through the Boxer rising from Taku to Peking.

Yours very truly,  
MR. DAVID J. HAMILTON.

#### NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, NEW-PORT, RHODE ISLAND

By H and S

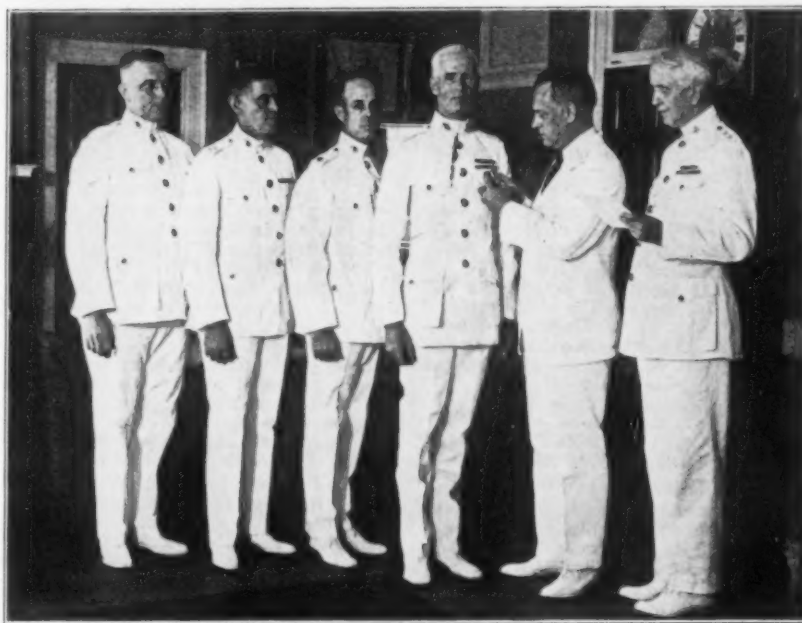
This month we dedicate a story of one of our sergeants who expected more notoriety last month, but we didn't have the space. Starting as usual as a private at Parris Island—wait, we shall call him Yelanich. After training, he departed for the good ship "Galveston," which carries bananas to and from Panama and Nicaragua. In some way or other, too many bananas were being stolen on the Coco River. By chance this person Yelanich had to be landed with the Marine detachment from the "Galveston." After landing, Yelanich, who is built like Primo Carnera—only he doesn't wear the same violin cases, which he regrets—was proceeding down the river and encountering large bands of bandits, but never retreating, until the small group of Marines he was with found what they really wanted: a good fight. After a few hours of furious scrapping, the Marines came out victorious with only several casualties. Yelanich, I mean Sergeant Yelanich, was one who didn't receive a scratch.

On leaving Nicaragua soon afterwards, rewards of Navy Crosses were awarded to those who faced the fire most. Yes, this person Yelanich just had to be one of them. His promotion came fast, and today he is sporting sergeant's chevrons—but wait! He now thinks that he should be a second lieutenant. We shall forward recommendations to the M. G. C. very soon upon your request, Anthony.

Now we start the rest of the scandal. The men who are due for discharge are: Pfc. Trapp and Prushinski, two Gould Island shies. Prushinski thinks he will try living in Chicago with that long jaw-breaker name of his. Also waiting to be paid off is Corporal Jenkins, naturally a Swede. Here's luck, boys, from the gang.

Those who are spending the summer months at home are: Corporal Boyd and Pfc. Ausmus, who went through Illinois via automobile. As yet we haven't heard how they got through. Sergeant Dickson, with his loveable line, went to Tennessee to "See what he could see." Jensen and Cahn, who love that name "Yelanich," went to Brooklyn to peddle Fish. Cahn said "When they served ham on Saturdays at home I used to put water on it and call it fish. Then how that ham used to taste!" But worst of all, our barber, "Wee Willie" Crabbs, went home to Indiana and the boys went out to get dog tags. The bearer of the initials D. S. S. went to parts unknown—in other words, use your own judgment.

Private Smith, who is sometimes called Rekuc, thinks the Sick Bay is a large body of water. The other day he



#### MARINE CORPS OFFICERS RECEIVE NAVY CROSS FOR NICARAGUAN SERVICES

Left to right: Lt. Edwin U. Hakala, Capt. William K. McNulty, Maj. Miles R. Thatcher, Col. James T. Buttrick, Ernest Lee Jahncke, assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Maj. Gen. Ben H. Fuller, commandant of the Marine Corps photographed when the Navy Cross was presented to the four officers for their heroic services in Nicaragua. © Henry Miller.

went to the Sick Bay for a pill and they gave him a moth ball. You'll learn what the score is some day, Smithy.

Private Hanson has signed a contract to wash clothes for Emmons, who is the owner of the Post Laundry. To date no washboards have arrived and Jack says business is slow.

Poland sent a yacht to Newport representing her Navy and the boys rendering the salute were as follows: Shanahan, Murphy, Wilson, Richards, Schornak, Bell, Jensen and Sgt. Wiley. We wouldn't say that they were all Polish, but they certainly enjoyed giving the "Poles" a grand salute. In signing off, Corporal Richard Francis Coleman will sing "When I Was Young and Handsome—Ouch My Foot."

Privates Bell and Parker went to Boston and on the way back made up the following poem:

#### A Mind In Action

"Casualty" is merely idle chatter;  
Things happen when they happen, that is all.

There is no final particle of matter;  
Facts are but theories, standing 'till they fall.

All cosmological cogitations  
Are pseudo-genuine fancies, based on nil.

I've proved completely, by my speculations,

That "Cosmos" is a trumped-up dream,  
like "Will."

Every phenomenon, from germs to greenery,

Springs from an unexplainable confusion

While science treats as hard, and fast,  
machinery

That is more non-existent than illusion.

After this most impressive declaration,  
Born from the philosophic mood I'm in,  
YOU think I've had a profound education.

No—just a pint of bawdy Boston gin.

#### MARINE OFFICERS COMMENDED

Special letters of commendation signed by the Secretary of the Navy have been forwarded to seven officers of the Marine Corps who recently held staff or administrative positions in Nicaragua.

The officers are:

Major Henry L. Larsen.  
Major Raymond R. Wright.  
Captain Charles McL. Lott.  
Captain Charles D. Sniffin.  
First Lieut. Richard H. Schubert.  
First Lieut. George R. Rowan.  
First Lieut. Arnold C. Larsen.

Major Larsen's letter asserts that while brigade inspector, Second Brigade, "by his clear vision and understanding of the situation confronting the U. S. forces, he rendered valuable assistance to outpost commanders" in their active campaign against insurgents.

While brigade paymaster of the Second Brigade, Major Wright, by ingenuity and careful planning, promptly paid all of the many scattered commands of Marines. One of Major Wright's methods of paying men on duty in the remote mountain regions was to drop packages of money from airplanes.

Captain Lott, while supply officer of the Northern Area, where insurgents were most active, maintained an efficient service of supply to outlying posts and moving patrols under difficult conditions.

While quartermaster and disbursing officer of the Second Brigade, Captain Sniffin handled more than a million dol-

lars through widely scattered deputies in the field without loss to the government.

Lieutenant Schubert had charge of communications in the Northern Area during active operations against bandits and enabled the many scattered detachments of Marines to maintain contact under difficult conditions.

Lieutenant Rowan was commended for his exceptional performance of duty while adjutant of the Second Brigade and later while aide-de-camp to the Commanding General.

Lieutenant Larsen is praised for his tact and diplomacy while civil relations officer of the Fifth Marines. He is credited with bringing about better relations between Nicaraguan officials and the American forces.

He is a brother of Major Larsen.

#### MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "NORTHAMPTON"

By Cpl. Cotterman and Pfc. White

Greetings, Leathernecks, from Lieutenant Coffman and his band of seagoing giants. We weren't lost—just temporarily snowed under.

The detachment joined the ship on May 15, 1930, and was present for the commissioning program on the 17th. Then followed six weeks of indescribable bliss in that fascinating pastime—WORK, which reached a climax in the delousing of the ship. It was just before the aforementioned calamity that our worthy Sergeant Rohmiller departed for parts unknown. He told us on his return that he was only hunting for a means of communication with his old sea home, the U. S. S. "New York," but we know better.

During our stay in Boston we became well acquainted with our Gunny, Gy. Sgt. Blalock, who visited us almost every morning, but our Top, First Sergeant Fitzgerald, remained a stranger to us until we left Boston. We wonder if he had a bunk in the store room. We understand that he has become quite a cinema critique.

Imagine our surprise in having the undeniable pleasure of our gunny's presence for the space of a whole afternoon. Boy,

it sure pays to know your politics in this game.

Believe it or not, folks, we have a Gilbert aboard and, even though his name is Sammy and not John, he sure rates with the women. It is rumored that during the six weeks we spent in Boston he actually spent two whole nights aboard ship.

This next news item should be greeted with innumerable sighs of relief from the boots at Parris Island. We have the great distinction (?) of having with us Corporals Moore, Foley, Hillstrom and Cotterman. The Sergeant Major's office at P. I. is also mourning the loss of Pfc. Berry, who is now bestowing his smiles and knowledge on us. Another cause of relief, especially to the very new boots: The applicants at the Receiving Barracks won't be rudely disturbed at six in the morning and can raise Cain until midnight without being intimidated with a gas pipe in the hands of Pfc. White.

The winners in the bucking contest, Pfc. Bradley, Lewis, Shoning, Stabler, Stambough, Ammons, Rankin and Shahan, have sure started climbing towards a political position. Boy, but how those boys do shine! Some of the drift from the scuttlebutt points to the fact that Pfc. Bradley spent half his pay and two nights' liberty trying to purchase sufficient chevron polish to supply his great demand.

Our music, Trumpeter Goodwin, has been lost for the last three days. The officer of the deck sent him to find Charlie Noble and he has just returned from his fruitless search.

With Private "Spud" Anderson sitting at the head of one of the troughs, Privates Elliott, Armour, D. A. Davis, J. J. Davis, Groff, and Hales swear they are starving. We are wondering if Spud has that large an appetite or whether Mess Cooks Ford and Brammer are doping off. Private Ramsey is laboring in the galley as a slum burner, so there should be plenty of food at the source.

We hope our archie scrubbers, Privates Ahern and Titcomb, have instructed our guns in the alphabet up to and including "E," for we are sure itching to try our hand at bubble bursting. Of course, we

know that we will be a great success—harumph!

As you probably know, we have the distinction of being the first cruiser in our class to enter European waters. Although we had excellent weather in crossing, Privates Harrill, Iversen, King, Warren and Thomas felt that any interest that they might show in regard to the feeding of the fish was but showing that kindness for which the S. P. C. A. is noted. Consequently they lined the rail for the better part of two days.

One of our stopping places is to be that beautiful and historic spot—the city of Venice. We have been wondering how we are going to manage for transportation in that city of street canals, but think the problem solved now. Privates Dunajtsik and Oldham have kindly offered us the use of the No. 11 Eagle Boats issued to them by the Q. M. as shoes. Privates Stinson and Holland have consented to furnish all the wind necessary, so we shall probably rig aforementioned shoes with canvas and get along very nicely.

#### CAPTAIN PAGE FLIES "BLIND"

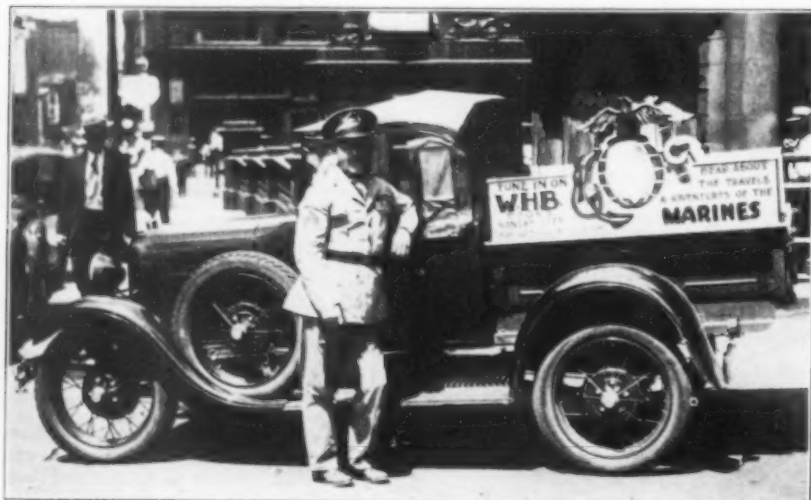
Following the Department of Commerce radio beacon course by means of instruments placed in a hooded cockpit, from which he could not see outside the plane, Captain Arthur Page, U. S. Marine Corps, 1930 winner of the Curtiss Marine Trophy race, flew "blind" from Omaha, Nebr., to Washington, D. C., one day last month as if it was the most common thing in the world.

Captain Page made the 1,000 mile flight over the transcontinental airmail route from Omaha to Cleveland, where he picked up a radio beacon course to Washington, D. C. He stopped for fuel at Chicago and Cleveland, flying to within 200 feet of the ground at both fueling points and then turning over the controls to First Lieutenant Vernon M. Guymon, U. S. Marine Corps, occupying the open second cockpit. Lieutenant Guymon, whom many will remember who served on the East Coast of Nicaragua in 1928, landed the plane at each fueling point and at the Anacostia Naval Air Station.

Captain Page took the plane off by instruments at each of the starting points. He left Omaha at 6 o'clock in the morning, flying along the chain of Department of Commerce radio beacons to Chicago. He left Chicago at 1 p. m. and landed at the Anacostia Naval Air Station at 7:10 p. m. the same day.

The flight was made in a standard Navy O2U-1 observation plane equipped with the visual type radio range beacon receiving instrument. Two vibrating reeds indicate to the pilot whether he is on the course or if off the course, to which side and approximately how much. The reeds are actuated by waves broadcast in a beam along the airway from control stations at the main airports.

Captain Page was born in St. Paul, Minn., September 17, 1895, and graduated from the Naval Academy June 28, 1917. He was designated a naval aviator in March, 1918. He has taken part in many long flights, including transcontinental reliability tests in 1919; a flight from Washington, D. C., to San Diego and return in 1923, and a flight recently to Managua, Nicaragua, and return in the record time of six days and 20 minutes elapsed time and 55 hours actual



The Kansas City Recruiters advertise their thrice a week broadcast over station W. H. B.



flying time. He is at present on duty with the aviation section, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, in Washington, D. C.

#### FROM THE RECRUITING OFFICE

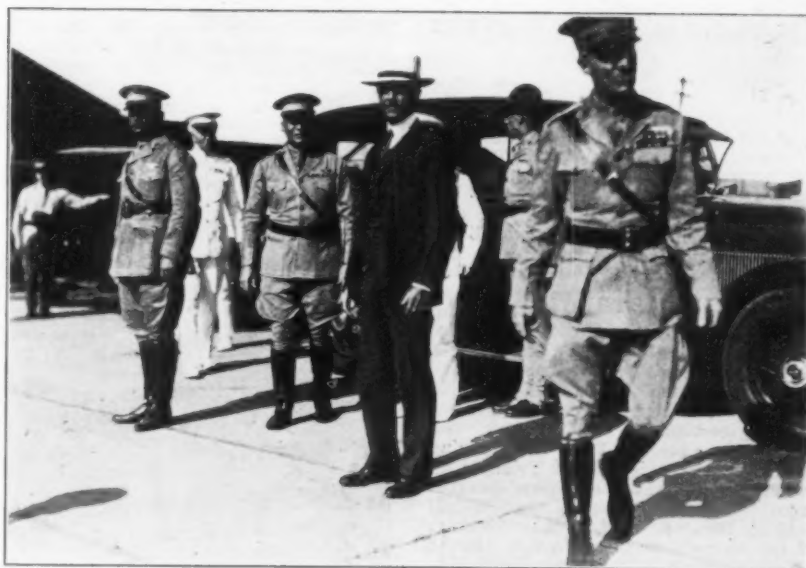
By Sergeant Conrad Krieger

An ex-Marine came into the Seattle office to ship over. He informed the recruiting sergeant that during the four months spent on the "outside" he had been employed at various places, but for some reasons, which he never could satisfactorily analyze, he had been unable to remain long enough in one position to convince the respective employer of his capabilities as well as to establish a permanent place for himself. Not once, so he stated, had he experienced any misunderstandings with any of his employers or other members of the firms with whom he worked, and upon being "let out," it was always maneuvered in the most amiable fashion, yet giving him no sound reasons for doing so. In business vernacular he was just nicely being "kissed out."

Now, don't misconstrue that financial circumstances induced this man to re-enlist; he had funds and could easily have carried on until procuring further employment. Primarily, though perhaps not comprehensive to himself, he shipped over because service with the Marine Corps imbued him with a code and logic that is not genuinely characteristic of the "outsider." For example, in the service he could rely upon the words of his superiors because he performed his duties according to the orders and instructions passed out; they said exactly what they meant. Which is the language of the service.

But the language of the "outside" is quite different. And Marines leaving the service should learn it as rapidly as possible. For instance, "outsiders" do not always say what they mean or vice versa. It is in this subtle phase of the business world where the tricks of all trades lie. And the quickest and best way to learn them is to remember that the logic of the Marine Corps is frank, straight from the shoulder; while the "outsider" maintains a code of business ethics which even though quoted directly, may cover a multitude of complications. Herein lie many of the causes responsible for the service man's failure to make gratifying success during the first year after discharge. The individual must deeply bear in mind that the circumstances under which he entered the service becomes completely reversed upon returning to civilian life. Basically, a man can no more expect to become a perfect civilian or successful in civil pursuits by practicing profound Marine Corpsism than can a civilian expect to develop into a first class Marine on first entering the Corps. However, the saddest and most detrimental error any discharged Marine can make when seeking employment, is to let himself become obsessed with the preposterous belief that employers are prejudiced against ex-service men. Remember, in the public's opinion right now the Marine Corps is recognized as having the highest type of military personnel. Subsequently, any one having been a member of such an institution should never hesitate to refer to it as a recommendation.

On Sunday, July twenty-seventh, the Seattle Devil Dogs Club held its fourth



Secretary of the Navy Charles F. Adams obliges the cameraman while inspecting Brown Field at Quantico.

annual picnic at North Lake Park, twenty miles from the city limits. On the same day the city of Seattle held a community picnic at Lincoln Park, a large, beautiful playground overlooking Puget Sound. Hundreds attended Lincoln Park where facilities for games and pleasure pastime are abundant. Yet, according to the verdict of many there, most everyone seemed void of enthusiasm and the occasion drifted into a dull affair. But the Devil Dogs' picnic—perhaps a hundred attended—that was different. Everyone was full of pep from the time the party gathered at the recruiting office to leave, until they returned home that evening. Everybody there was full of fun and played hard. There were many stiff joints and aching muscles the following day; no regrets, however. Even in pastime, be it baseball, picnic or any other occasion, Marines will always be Marines. So you see, regardless of circumstances, the spirit is the thing; it's just what you make it.

\*\*\*\*\*

A young Marine of medium build, with a rather light complexion, and wearing an attractive wrist watch, the whole make-up giving him a somewhat frail personality, walked rapidly down the sidewalk. A middle-aged man—"the rough-and-ready type"—accosted him.

"Say, Marine. For a fellow of your type you've entered on a rather strenuous career, joining the Marines. Sizing you up, I wonder how it will end?"

"Only when I die fighting!" he grimaced, as defiance flashed over his well-groomed countenance. He was a modern Marine.

#### MARINE COURTMEN WIN 11TH NAVAL DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

By Cpl. Cliff House

Carrying on the brilliant success of 1929-1930 championship Marine teams, coached by Johnny Blewett, in baseball, basket ball, volley ball, swimming, bowling, and track and field, the San Diego

Marine tennis team, coached and captained by Lieutenant George McHenry, won the singles and doubles championship of the Eleventh Naval Operating Base League. In playing 18 matches the team suffered but two defeats, when Beeson bowed to Simard of Naval Air, in singles, and Brownell and Shaft lost in the doubles to Daggett and Kail of Destroyer Base.

With the victory the Marine team won the first leg of the perpetual trophy offered by the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. The trophy must be won three times by any one team to become its permanent possession.

Each player on the winning team receives a tennis racquet, press and cover donated by Comdr. R. B. Coffman, district athletic officer.

The Marine team ranked as follows in singles: 1, Brownell; 2, Beeson, 3, Dean; 4, Shaft; 5, Callahan; 6, McHenry (captain); and in doubles, 1, Beeson and Dean; 2, Brownell and Shaft.

Those who used to watch games on the courts in Campo de Marte, Managua, will be interested to know that Corporal Jimmy Dean was the only undefeated player in singles or doubles in the league.

#### RUSSO WINS BY K. O.

By Pop

Boston, Mass.—Jimmy Russo of the Marine Corps distinguished himself last week when he defeated Jack O'Brien of Fort Banks in a feature bout at Brocton, Mass. Jimmy had Jack wavering a few times in the bout and by doing a nice job on him Russo is beginning to show form that has been expected from him for a long time.

As the months of boxing roll by there is no reason why Russo should fail to show still better form. He packs a hard punch in either hand and we confidently expect to see him make many more welterweights bite the canvas, although he will have to go a long way before he is as good as Ace Hudkins or Dave Shade.

## QUANTICO SOUNDS OFF

### MAYOR OF BALTIMORE AND LARGE PARTY VIEW PARADE BY QUANTICO MARINES

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Mayor Broening of the city of Baltimore and other city officials were the honored guests of the Marine Corps on 23 July, 1930. The party came by plane, auto and train to witness the defeat of their team at the hands of the Quantico Marines in a ball game. There was a banquet for the Mayor's party, followed by a smoker for the Baltimore guests. The smoker and game are covered in the sporting section.

The Honorable William F. Broening and his party were met at Triangle by Major General Butler and were escorted from the Guard House to the baseball field by the post band. Other members of the Mayor's party arrived by Marine planes starting from Logan Field, Md., and were met upon landing by the Chief of Staff, Lt.-Col. James J. Meade, and other officers who entertained them during their stay.

After the game, the Mayor received the command at a sunset parade. The uniforms of white-blue-white with the massed battalion guidons provided a most striking appearance and brought most favorable comment from the Mayor and his party. The regular reviews and inspections have trained the command so that it is ready at all times to parade for anybody's inspection.

### POST HEADQUARTERS; QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

By Harold Langsdorf

As per our threat of last issue, here we are with our second spasm. It has been rumored that Captain Shaw, our post adjutant, is going to be led to the altar. We sigh resignedly and say: "Happy days, Captain."

Sgt.-Major Fliey may be seen these balmy evenings, attired in a natty bathing suit—sporting around in the water. He is a great athlete and has well preserved that boyish "figger." Go to it, Jack.

Sergeant Knapp is back on his old job again—operating the Rolls-Royce-Mimeograph. For a while he was general utility man—having had to fill several jobs in this office, due to the absence of some of the clerks. It's great to be so much in demand, eh, "F. G."

Corporal Ziehl is fast becoming an expert at juggling words. He has been getting on the front page of many of the leading papers—his write-ups pertaining to the Marine Corps and its activities. These articles are well-written and should "sell" the Marine Corps to many who have heretofore been only slightly acquainted with it.

We forgot to mention last time, that Corporal Rau had been in an automobile accident. His jaw was hurt in some manner—but seems to be working perfectly now. He has to talk fast to keep up with the rest of us.



Lt. Frank M. June, coach of Quantico Track Team.

Sergeant Reese is still pounding the old Underwood, and trying (?) to get his car in shape to go more than a mile and a half from Triangle.

This hot weather has put us all on the blink, and it's no wonder the darned old thing has refused to stir (meaning the car, Reese).

As I write, I must mention Sergeant Knapp again, for his gentle voice comes to my ears, and what do you think he is asking someone? "Do you want to make five dollars?" It seems Knapp has the office watch on Sunday, and is desirous of "taking off" instead. He has offered this small sum to anyone who will condescend to take his place over the weekend. No bidders so far.

And now, methinks I hear pay call.

Must haste to yon table and collect ye old dinero. After I spend it, I'll write again.

Until then—WHOOPI\*\*\*\*\*.

### MARINES TO ENTER TRACK AND BOXING TEAM

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, Va.—Under the expert coaching of Second Lieutenant Frank M. June, U. S. M. C., a track and boxing team are being entered in an athletic meet to be held at the 31st annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at the Municipal Stadium, Baltimore, Md., on 2 Sept., 1930.

The track events will consist of a 440-yard dash, and medley relay races. In the medley relay race, the first man will run 220 yards, the second man 440 yards, the third man 880 yards, and the fourth one mile. Organizations may enter as many athletes as they desire in the 440-yard dash, but only four men from each organization may start. Eight men may be entered in the medley relay race, but only four from each organization are to compete.

The boxing contests will consist of bouts between the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard and National Guard, and a "battle royal" by a colored enlisted man from each organization except the Marine Corps. Boxing bouts between service men are to consist of three two-minute rounds, and in event of a draw, an extra round will be fought.

Captain Elmer Hall, post athletic officer, is confident that our team will make a good showing.

Weights of bouts are as follows:

- 115-lb. class—Army vs. Coast Guard.
- 125-lb. class—National Guard vs. Navy.
- 135-lb. class—Marines vs. National Guard.
- 145-lb. class—Marines vs. Coast Guard.
- 160-lb. class—Army vs. Navy.
- 175-lb. class—Army vs. Coast Guard.
- Unlimited class—Navy vs. Marines.
- "Battle Royal"—All Armed Services (colored only).

### Prizes and Awards

First Prize—track events: 440-yard dash, silver trophy, and gold medal to the winner; medals to second and third. Medley relay race, silver team trophy to winning team, and individual gold medals to members of team. Medals to individuals of second and third teams.

Boxing Events: Prizes of merchandise, valued at \$100.00 for each bout, to be divided, \$75.00 to the winner, and \$25.00 to the loser.

In the "battle royal," merchandise valued at \$30.00 to the winner, and \$20.00 each, to the four other entrants.



Band of the Baltimore Firemen and Quantico Post Band at the recent baseball game between the Baltimore Firemen and Quantico.

## SECRETARY ADAMS REVIEWS MARINES

### 19th Marines Participate

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, Va.—Arriving by automobile from Washington, D. C., this afternoon, 30 July, 1930, Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, viewed a mammoth program of field and aerial maneuvers at Quantico.

Secretary Adams and his party consisting of Brig.-General B. H. Fuller, acting Major General Commandant, his aide, Captain Frank B. Geottge, U. S. M. C., and Captain John W. Greenslade, U. S. N., aide to the Secretary, were met at Triangle by Major General Smedley D. Butler, commanding the Quantico Marines, and escorted to the reviewing stand to view the Brigade, including the 19th Marines.

There was a nineteen-gun salute fired in honor of Secretary Adams and the review started. The brigade passed in review dressed in summer field uniform with combat packs, presenting a very strong war-like spectacle. The artillery and motor transport company followed.

The air rang with the roar of two Ford and twelve escort planes, Lieutenant George H. Towner in charge, as they passed in review about 100 feet from the ground going into maneuvers over the parade field.

Upon completion of the brigade review on the field the party proceeded around sick quarters area, 75 and 155 M. M. gun parks, then to Brown Field to inspect the aircraft squadrons, East Coast Expeditionary Forces.

General Butler and Secretary Adams made a tour of the reservation, inspecting all activities.

The 19th Marines, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Rorke, participated in the review and showed that they have been acquiring knowledge of Marine Corps life.

### Dress Parade Big Feature

Following the brigade review there was a sunset parade. At this time the brigade, attired in white-blue-white uniforms, paraded before the Secretary of the Navy and Marine Corps staff. The

Marines presented a very picturesque scene and will long linger in the minds of the 3,000 spectators.

The Secretary and his party dined with Major General Butler at his home. A smoker in the evening concluded the day's festivities.

### NEW DANCE POLICY AT QUANTICO

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Major General Butler is desirous of making the enlisted mens' dances more enjoyable, popular, and in appearance and conduct a credit to the Corps and our post. The detachment holds dances



Secretary of the Navy Adams inspecting Aircraft Squadrons at Quantico.

twice a month and the attendance runs very high. It is very easy to see the big increase in the number of girls attending from Washington, D. C., and surrounding towns. These young ladies are very nice and put forth all their effort to helping make every dance successful.

There is a dance committee consisting of one representative from each organization. They have planned to have at least two of their members on the dance floor at every dance. These men see to it that all the policies of the dance com-

mittee are carried out and that everyone is enjoying himself.

The uniform for the Quantico Marines and visiting Marines is white-blue-white, lending a very formal atmosphere to our dances. All visiting men from any branch of service are requested to wear their uniforms.

The Commanding General cordially invites all service men and their friends to attend our dances when in or around our post. We can assure you of a very good time and hope that you accept this invitation.

The dance committee consists of:

Qm. Sgt. Harry E. Detwiler (chairman), Signal Battalion.

1st Sgt. Edwin H. Gorman (member), 74th Co., 6th Marines.

Stf. Sgt. Walter A. McArthur (member), Maintenance Co.

Gy. Sgt. Paul C. Bradford (member), Marine Corps Schools.

Mt. Sgt. Robert E. McCook (member), Motor Transport Co.

Pm. Sgt. Paul J. Connor (member), Hq. & Hq. Co.

Gy. Sgt. Michael Finn (member), Rifle Range Det.

Gy. Sgt. George C. Brooks (member), Service Co.

Gy. Sgt. Emory L. Anderson (member), Barracks Detachment.

Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Williams (member), Aircraft Squadrons.

Sgt. Edward R. Bell (member), Tenth Marines.

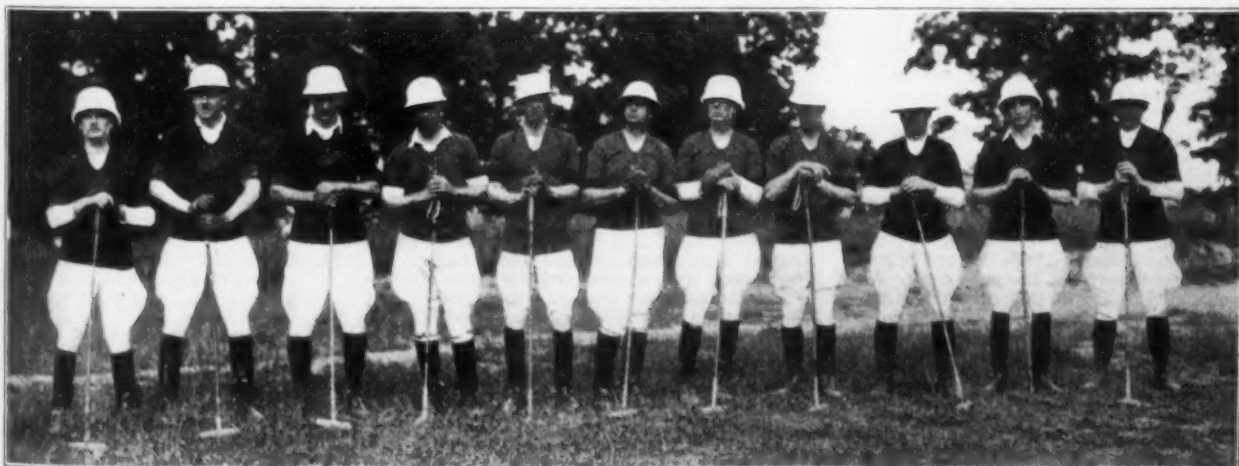
PhM. 1cl. Horace R. Hancock (member), Medical Detachment.

### MARINES HOLD SMOKER FOR FIREFIGHTERS

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, Va.—Ending a day that consisted of a baseball game and a very spectacular review, the Quantico Marines gave a smoker for the Baltimore Firemen on 23 July, 1930. The guest of honor was the Honorable William F. Broening, Mayor of the City of Baltimore, who gave a short talk from the ring that was very interesting. Entertainment was furnished by some of the Baltimore Firemen and a man from the 19th Marines. The officials for the bouts were as follows:

Captain Harvey L. Miller, U. S. M. C. R., referee.



Marine Corps Polo enthusiasts at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. Left to right: Captain Shepherd, Major Powers, Captain Hall, Captain Brooks, Captain Brown, Major del Valle, Major Potts, Lieutenant Ferguson, Captain Jeschke, Captain Noble, Lieutenant Stillman.





Mayor William F. Broening of Baltimore as guest of General Butler at the reviewing stand, Quantico.

Lieut. Comdr. Don S. Knowlton, U. S. N. R., judge.

2nd Lieut. William W. Stickney, U. S. M. C. R., judge.

1st Sgt. Ralph Garrie, U. S. M. C., timekeeper.

1st Sgt. Charles Hesse, U. S. M. C., timekeeper.

1st Sgt. Edward Gorman, U. S. M. C., announcer.

Music by Post Band and Orchestra.

Private Jenkins, Fire Department, received a decision over Private Feinberg, 10th Marines, 4 rounds, 130 pounds; Private DeLucas, 19th Marines, got a technical K. O. over Private McNally, Service Company, 130 pounds, in the third round; Private Cherwiche, Maint. Company, K. O'd Private Parker, 10th Marines, in the third round, 160 pounds; Honeyboy Young, Fire Department, received a decision over Kid Howard, of Langley Field, 126 pounds; Private Mayer, Fire Department, 145 pounds, received a decision over Soldier Bishop, 153 pounds, from Langley Field, in a six-round bout; and Corporal Diaz, 10th Marines, received a decision over Kidd Moore, 138 pounds, from Langley Field.

There was plenty of action and at this time we are sorry to hear that Resio was taken out just before the smoker by the doctor—too bad.

### ONE METHOD OF OBTAINING DISCIPLINE

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Gunnery Sergeant Jim Hill, warden of the Post Prison at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., was explaining to the writer one of the methods he uses in getting discipline from his prisoners. We would like to say at this time that Gunnery Hill has a reputation of being very hard-boiled and as a result I think we have at Quantico one of the best prisons in the Marine Corps.

The grounds and prison itself are always in excellent police and look much more like a summer home than a brig. If the bars and sign were taken down it would look very much like a summer garden.

But to get back to discipline. When one of the prisoners incline to be sulky

Jim has a very good method of taking it out of him. The easiest way to break a Marine is to make him work. In the back of the post prison is some very good hard dirt and the man is allowed the liberty of digging a hole for himself. He very shortly gets over his sulkiness and Hill does not have any more trouble with him. Jimmie said that if they don't behave he'll let them dig to China.

### 20TH MARINES END TRAINING WITH DANCE

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, Va.—Relaxing after two weeks of hard training, the 20th Marines of Washington, D. C., gave a dance here Friday evening, the eighteenth of July. The honorary guests of the evening were Major General Smedley D. Butler, commanding the Quantico Marines, and Lieutenant Colonel Joseph J. Staley, commanding the 20th Marines. Neither General Butler or Colonel Staley had very much to say, but their facial expressions indicated that they seemed to be very well pleased with their men at the dance.

It was a very attractive affair due largely to the efforts and supervision of Captain Elmer Hall, U. S. M. C., and Captain Thomas J. Luckett, U. S. M. C. R., who had charge of the dance. The interior of the "Gym" was very well decorated and gave the hall the appearance of a fairy palace. Our future pilots from Aviation should be congratulated on their decorating ability. The music was very good and a remark was passed that Rudy Valle had better look to his laurels. Ice cream, cake and punch were served and was appreciated very much as the thermometer showed about 102°. There were a number of soldiers present from Fort Humphries.

The officers attending the dance were dressed in full white uniforms, lending a very formal atmosphere to the dance. The personnel attached to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, were dressed in white-blue-whites and were very neat appearing. The 20th Marines did not have blue uniforms with them while in training and appeared dressed in khaki. These uniforms must have seen a lot of

scrubbing and pressing by the appearance of the men.

There were five busses packed full of Washington co-eds and they were a fine looking bunch of women. The dance committee had Gy.-Sgt. Geo. C. Brooks, Qm. Sgt. Harry E. Detwiler, St.-Sgt. Walter A. McArthur and 1st Sgt. Edward Gorman on the dance floor seeing that all policies of the dance committee were carried out and that everyone was enjoying themselves. The dance lasted until 12:30 p. m., when the busses left on the return trip to Washington.

### Bric-A-Brac

Lieutenant Colonel Staley: "It was indeed an honor to attend such a well-conducted dance, and the men of both units are a credit to the Corps."

Major Maas, the flying representative, looked very warm but was evidently having a good time.

Second Lieutenant Wehle never misses a dance and always seems to enjoy himself.

First Lieutenant Ferguson looked very grave. Thinking of polo, Lieutenant?

First Sergeant Gorman made sure everyone had a program and a good time.

Sergeant Langsdorf: Harold missed the dance. This will take a lot of explaining to a certain party.

Sergeant Zeglin: Frank managed to get all snowed under again. Stay away from these dances.

First Sergeant Garrie and his pretty blonde wife left early. Ralph just got married—more power to you, Top.

Corporal Schultze when free from helping women up lawns, carries a ball bat to dances to keep the women away from him.

Corporal Culley. O. K., Jerry—O. K. Pfc. Mansfield as usual was bunking into everyone doing the shag, but Artie was only happy.

Corporal Gaddis and the future Misus never miss a dance. They do make a fine looking couple—both half-pints.

Mother De Boo was very busy helping the Reservists book dances.

Mother Underhill is very busy at every dance taking care of a few hundred Marines.

Mrs. Fitzgerald—keep up your good work and you'll soon have all the girls in Washington coming to our dances.

Miss Helen Cox arrived at the dance all right but seemed to be too late for the ice cream. She claims she's peevish—we are so sorry.

Miss Mabel Lewis, a newcomer to our dances, was surprised at the appearance and behavior of the "Gyrenes." She's all-Marine now.

Miss Agnes Irwin fell in love with a Marine that had three stripes on his arm. She claims he is a sergeant-major. Someone is wrong.

### MARINE SLUGGING STOPS FIREMEN

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, Va.—In a one-sided contest the Marine Post team swamped the Baltimore Firemen 13-4. The home team jumped into a seven run lead in the fourth inning, adding one more run in the fifth. The game was only seven innings due to the fact of the large program planned in honor of the Mayor of the City of Baltimore.

Farmer Couch kept the mound for the full game, getting wonderful support

from the team. The Firemen gave the game to the Marines by their numerous errors.

MARINES	AB	R	H	O	A
Surrett, ss	3	2	1	2	2
Ahearn, 2b	3	0	0	2	1
Gorman, cf	3	3	2	0	0
Clark, rf	4	2	2	2	0
Shelton, 1b	5	1	2	4	0
Almond, c	4	1	1	2	0
Bailey, lf	3	1	2	3	0
Burr, 3b	2	1	0	2	0
Couch, p	4	2	2	4	1
Pracci, lf	1	0	0	2	2

Totals..... 32 13 12 21 6

FIREMEN	AB	R	H	O	A
Heimes, ss	4	0	1	2	1
Schmelz, 2b	4	0	2	2	1
Berringer, lf	3	0	1	1	0
Reynolds, 1b	4	0	0	3	1
Ellwood, 3b	4	0	2	0	1
Fitzgerald, cf	3	0	1	3	1
Rhoades, rf	4	1	2	2	1
Schaufel, c	3	1	2	2	1
Wakefield, p	2	0	1	1	1
Ward, p, rf	2	0	1	2	1
Gately, p	1	0	0	0	0
McGee, c	2	0	2	0	0

Totals..... 33 4 14 18 9

Marines ..... 3 1 1 7 1 0 x—13  
Firemen ..... 0 0 1 0 1 0 2—4

Errors—Heimes (3), Reynolds, Ellwood (3), Surrett, Ahearn, Burr. Two-base hit—Gorman. Double plays—Ellwood to Heimes, Burr to Ahearn to Shelton.

#### WHERE MEN SHIP OVER

I haven't read an article about our little home in Apali, Nicaragua, for quite a while, but it is so good up here some ship over for it while others get seriously ill to get away.

We have with us here Lieutenant Barney Watchman as C. O., assisted by Lieutenant Price. We also have with us Cpl. Willard Wachloe, a wonderful magician. His magic is so strong he can pick cats out of thin air. Cpl. Jones and Frontman have been fighting for one month about who is best man in cribbage. I think Jones will win as he is about fifty pounds heavier than Frontman.

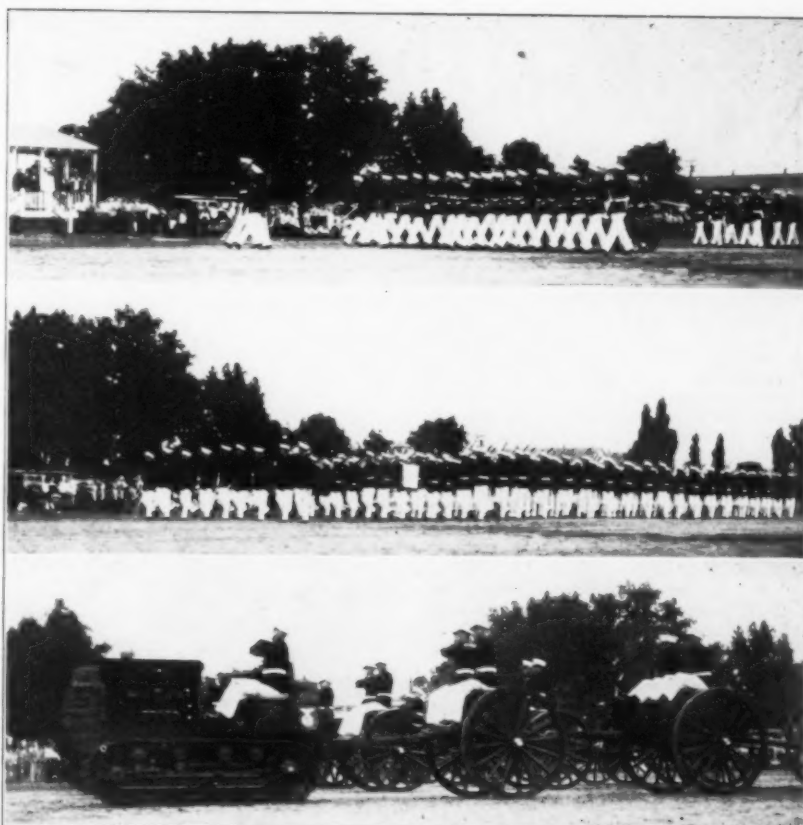
The Fourth of July was a big day here and was celebrated by a field meet. One of the greatest surprises of the day was Private Curry, our finger-print expert, winning the 100-yard dash. Another big stare was Cpl. Frontman and his squad of Boy Scouts winning the volley ball game. Everyone almost had a stroke when Lieutenant Watchman and his bunch of bank robbers won the tug-of-war, but what could you expect when our C. O. was anchor man? But the biggest excitement of the day was when Dr. Mundy used a slip knot and was almost unconscious when it was over.

And last, but not least, was dinner, served in great style at 5:00 p. m. Sergeant Barwick deserves lots of credit for the dinner.

Will sign off, for I heard someone open a bottle of beer.

#### PRaise WORK OF MARINES IN NICARAGUA

Praise of the work of the United States Marine Corps is made by Irving A. Lindberg, Collector General and High Com-



Three views of the sunset parade recently reviewed at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., by Secretary of the Navy Adams.

missioner of Nicaragua, in his annual report for 1929. Conditions in that country are pictured as being greatly improved with the keynote one of prosperity, and credit for much of this is given to the Marines.

According to Mr. Lindberg, Nicaragua is paying off steadily its bonded debt, now very much reduced; it is enjoying political security and good order; highways are being extended and repaired, and commercial conditions generally are prosperous.

Much of this change has been due, it is stated, to the fact that banditry has been reduced so that the coffee crop could be harvested without loss to a single owner. Formerly bandits exacted a heavy tribute from coffee growers.

The Marines and the Guardia Nacional, which is mainly officered by commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Marine Corps, are given credit for reducing the activities of the bandits.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lindberg does not believe that banditry can be stamped out within the next few years.

"That will only be accomplished," he says in his report, "with the opening up of the country by good roads and the general advance of civilization. All that can be expected is that the outlaw groups will be whittled down and isolated to a point where, considering the condition of the people, educational, economic and political, life and property may be said

to enjoy reasonable security. This is the function of the Guardia Nacional, and is not a problem for the Marine forces in Nicaragua.

"The Marine Brigade, committed to a policy which provided for the establishing and training of a Nicaraguan force for the preservation of peace and good order within the limits of the country, has cooperated in every way with the accomplishment of this mission and it is now felt that the Guardia Nacional is ready to take over these important duties. However, to properly support the Guardia Nacional it is felt that a greatly reduced Marine force at certain key points in the Ocotal and Matagalpa-Jinotega district, with aviation at its present strength and a strong garrison at Managua to act as a support and example for the Guardia, will be necessary for several more months."

Conditions of health and sanitation have steadily improved, the collector reports, due to the efforts of the United States naval doctors and the Rockefeller Institution.

An interesting phase of the Marine occupation, which is now so drastically reduced, is brought out by Mr. Lindberg, in reporting that the withdrawal of so large a part of the force has measurably decreased the amount of money in circulation. During 1927 and 1928, when the Marines in Nicaragua totaled 5,000 men, they spent about \$250,000.00 a month.

—Army-Navy Journal.



Just two months more and the big annual business session of the Marine Corps League will get under way at St. Louis.

To those who have ever attended one of these gatherings of Leathernecks nothing more need be said. But to those who will make this their first journey to the frolic and pow wow in the Mound City we can assure a succession of thrills that will last you as long as you live.

New York was host at the All-Marine caucus in 1923 when the Marine Corps League was born. Washington followed with the second annual convention in 1924. Philadelphia held the third convention in conjunction with the Sesqui-Centennial anniversary celebration of the U. S. Marine Corps in 1925. Cleveland was the host city in 1926, Erie, Pa., in 1927, Dallas in 1928, and Cincinnati last year.

This year St. Louis has undertaken the task of sponsoring the event and judging from the reports sent out by Chairman Abe Moulton and his committee the next conclave will surpass any of its predecessors in attendance, hospitality and scope of entertainment.

Much has been chronicled in these columns before about the impressiveness of the League conventions with their lively tilts among delegates on the floor, the friendly spirit of rivalry which prevails throughout with the Marine spirit of fair play always predominating, the enormous amount of business conducted and the hectic battle of oratory during the balloting for national officers. Add to this the incessant round of banquets, dances and numerous other features arranged for your entertainment, and put over in a way that only Leathernecks can, and you depart from the Convention City with a feeling of pride in your connection with the most exclusive organization of service men representing the greatest military branch on the face of the earth. On to St. Louis!!!

#### HUDSON DETACHMENT RECEIVES NATIONAL CHARTER FROM COMMANDANT LATIONS

Hudson County, New Jersey, Detachment of the Marine Corps League dedicated its National Charter with ceremony, chow and entertainment on Saturday evening, July 19, at the Columbus Club, 441 Jersey Avenue, Jersey City. National Commandant W. Karl Lations made the trip from Worcester, Mass., to officiate in person at the presentation of the charter.

Following addresses by the National Commandant and Captain Kenneth Collings, who organized the detachment, an elaborate spread was enjoyed which included an unlimited supply of the amber fluid. This was followed by entertainment consisting of professional and local talent. Delegations were present from New York Detachment No. 1; Commandant Thomas F. Kilcommons, National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert, Paymaster Chris Wilkinson and Adjutant

#### By Frank X. Lambert National Chief of Staff

Albert H. Lages; Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark; Commandant John Meyer, National Assistant Adjutant Paul A. Sheely, Adjutant Leopold Brodie and representatives from American Legion and other veteran posts in Jersey City and vicinity.

The entertainers included Healy and Cross from the Stanley Theater, the Jersey City Police Quartet in group and solo numbers, Jerry McMahon, champion rifle swinger from the Newark Detachment, and several others.

The officers installed following the dedication of the charter were Captain Kenneth B. Collings, commandant; Police Captain William V. McLaughlin, vice commandant; George J. Bush, paymaster; John A. Brennan, adjutant; Homer A. Harkness, chief of staff; former State Attorney General Alexander Ormsby, judge advocate; Cornelius Harney, sergeant at arms; William Coughlin, chaplain; George Gaskin, color guard.

#### OLDEST MARINE ANSWERS THE FINAL ROLL CALL

William H. Savage, pioneer California and Arizona attorney, who asserted he was the oldest veteran of the United States Marine Corps, died at San Pedro, California, recently. He was ninety-two years old.

Mr. Savage, who was born in Ireland, came to California to fight Indians in 1866. In 1884 he temporarily deserted the legal profession to become editor-owner of the Tombstone, Ariz., "Epitaph," one of the more widely known of the early day newspapers.

William H. Savage used to say that he was the only man who ever won a fight from Admiral George Dewey. The fight, he said, took place on the sloop-of-war "Mississippi" in 1862. Dewey was then a second lieutenant and Savage was a private in the Marines. That day he was acting as orderly to Captain Melancthon.

When Dewey ordered Savage to strike one bell, Savage replied that he took orders only from the captain. Dewey struck him, he said, and they fought until they were separated and Savage was put in the brig. Years later, he said, Dewey wrote and apologized.

#### WALDRON DETACHMENT ENJOYS SECOND ANNUAL PICNIC

Lucien P. Waldron Detachment of Akron, Ohio, conducted its second annual picnic recently at Springfield Lake Park. More than forty members attended. After consuming a generous basket dinner, the Leathernecks indulged in running races, a baseball game, horseshoe contests and swimming. The members are planning another stag party, the one last year being voted a great success.

The following officers were elected at a recent meeting:

William Silke, commandant; John Kastner, first vice commandant; J. K. Posar, second vice commandant; S. M. Grinch, paymaster; W. A. Foster, adjutant; Attorney L. M. Haynes, judge advocate; Sergt. P. J. Schmidt, chief of staff; Max Pittinger, sergeant at arms; B. Dorsey, chaplain.

#### RICHLAND DETACHMENT ADJUTANT SUGGESTS CO-OPERATION FOR OHIO STATE CONVENTION

J. Marion Buchanan, adjutant of Richland Detachment at Mansfield, Ohio, has appealed to your correspondent to enlist the interest of the various detachments in Ohio on the subject of a State convention. Adjutant Buchanan suggests that the detachments concerned in the movement submit comments and get the ball rolling with the object in view of casting a vote on the subject at the National Convention in St. Louis.

Buchanan points out that it would tend to increase memberships in the individual detachments and also furnish a means of co-operation for the establishment of new League detachments throughout the State.

Those wishing to take the matter up with the adjutant should address J. Marion Buchanan, 451 Springmill Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio.

#### MARINE RESERVES OUTSHOOT WORCESTER DETACHMENT

Worcester, Mass., Detachment's sharpshooters recently sallied forth to cross peep-sights with the Marine Reserves of that city and according to the box score their aim was "not so good." If this thing keeps up, the League will have to establish a chain of shooting galleries so that the boys can practice on the clay pipes and moving ducks.

What with Swan Detachment of Buffalo taking it on the chin from their American Legion neighbors and now Worcester running second in a field of two, something will surely have to be done. Music, sound call to arms, or whatever it is these birds need.

The following details of the contest are furnished by the "Worcester Telegram."

Scoring 131 out of a possible 150 points, Guntery Sergt. Frank T. Creeron, yesterday won the officers' cup, highest shooting honor at the second annual Field Day and Rifle shoot sponsored jointly by the Worcester Detachment Marine Corps League and the 308th Company, Fleet Marine Reserves of this city. Sergt. Clifford Lundblad, previous cupholder, was one of the high scorers, making 127 and tying for third place with Corp. John Cobiski.

Other winners were Priv. Cecil Sandy who, with 128 points, tied for second place with Lieut. John G. Kapowich. High scorers from the Marine Corps League



were Fred Hasstedt, 124 and Edward L. McAuliffe, 118. The class B shoot was taken by Bugler Hughes.

A lunch was served at noon. The committee in charge of the shoot, attended by more than 40 active and veteran members, was Commander McAuliffe, Adj. Harold P. Ryan and Mr. Hasstedt from the League and Lieutenant Kapowich and Sergeant Creeron from the Fleet Marines.

### THE LONE RED CAP

Member at Large L. W. Rikeman of Daytona, Florida, who will represent General Lawton Camp 15 of Daytona at the National Convention of the United Spanish War Veterans at Philadelphia, Pa., August 17-20, has ordered the red and gold Marine Corps League overseas cap which he promises to sport during the entire session.

### FEATURES OF THE CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS ANNOUNCED BY CHAIRMAN MOULTON

Abe Moulton, chairman of the National Convention Committee of St. Louis Detachment of the Marine Corps League, which is sponsoring the annual gathering of Marines to be held in the Mound City on November 6-7-8, next, submits some interesting information for the detachment delegates throughout the country relative to the preliminary plans for their entertainment.

Assisting Chairman Moulton on the committee are Charles Peterson, Jules Field, Clyde E. Brayton, Joseph F. Murphy, J. O. Cord, John A. Raney, Michael G. Fadem, Peter Hughes and A. Lowell Morris.

National Vice Commandant Rodowe H. Abeken, in charge of the North Central Division of the League and commandant of St. Louis Detachment, has general supervision over the convention plans. Chairman Moulton writes as follows:

Bzzzz—K. W. K. in St. Louis now broadcasting, Abe Moulton at the "mike."

Well, fellow Gyrenes, you thought St. Louis was dead but we are now in the act of telling you that we are very much alive. We're slow, but sure. Just wait until you get here for the big Marine Corps League Convention in November of this year.

During our last convention in Cincinnati, a number of Marines were gathered together a certain night, among us being our National Commandant, Mr. Latons, also Mr. Beeg, and we of St. Louis made the statement that we are going to have the U. S. Marine Corps Band at our convention in St. Louis. Most of the fellows in this particular gathering said nothing, but just sat still and stared, as much as to say, "tell it to the Marines, you'll have to show us." We did not waste much time and when we got back to St. Louis we went after our commandant, hook, line and sinker, and thanks to him we are to have the band. It was a real job to get it, but we have a real go-getter for a commandant.

Procuring the U. S. Marine Corps Band for our convention is the first big shot to be fired, and we are only started.

We have made arrangements with the Statler Hotel of St. Louis as headquarters for the convention, also have made reservations for all visiting Marines, and last but not least, at very reasonable rates. Our convention committee is

working on several other big features and we can safely say that arrangements will be made for "one big time," and a "hot time," so get ready to see us in November, as you will have a lot to remember after this St. Louis Convention. We are just giving you at this time a brief outline of what has already been accomplished. There will be more to follow.

The important thing for you to do is to lay your plans now to attend St. Louis for this convention. We are also going to ask each detachment commandant to take up with his men and ascertain at the earliest possible date the number from his detachment that will attend. It is very important that we have this information as it will enable us to lay our plans accordingly, and also assist the hotel. If we can give the Statler Hotel a definite figure as to the number of men to attend it will result in our procuring additional concessions from them. So please bring this point up at your next meeting and let us have this information promptly.

We intend to make this St. Louis convention the most outstanding convention in attendance, entertainment features and constructive measures so far held by the Marine Corps League, and in this we must have the co-operation of each detachment commandant and every member.

We want to call your attention to the fact that we have an excellent Ladies' Auxiliary of our Marine Corps League here in St. Louis and the ladies are also in the midst of their preparations to entertain the visiting ladies, so do not fail to bring your mother, wife and sisters.

Watch for more news from St. Louis—KWK announcing through these columns.

### HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT ALL SET FOR CLAMBAKE

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment of Albany, which includes members from Rensselaer, Watervliet, Green Island, Cohoes, Troy and Schenectady, has completed arrangements for its fifth annual field day and clam bake on Sunday, September 7. Chris Cunningham, paymaster and adjutant of the detachment, is in charge of the committee on arrangements.

The members will have their mothers, wives and lady friends on hand to enjoy the festivities which will last all day and include races, baseball and water sports, in addition to a spread of sea food that will tickle the palate of the most fastidious epicure. National Commandant Latons has been invited over from Worcester with a delegation of his cohorts and your humble scribe hereby announces that he will make the 150-mile trip from the big city with ears pinned back and ready for action. Bring on your clam chowder!

### NEWARK FIRST DETACHMENT TO PARADE LEAGUE COLORS

The Captain Burwell H. Clark Detachment of Newark, New Jersey, paraded the first Marine Corps League colors participating in the parade and pageant marking the 150th anniversary of the United States Marine Corps at Philadelphia, Pa., on November 10th, 1925.

The colors also held the place of honor on the platform during the League Convention which was held in the Quaker City at that time on November 10th and

11th, and at the third annual anniversary ball of the National Convention on Armistice Eve.

During the convention a resolution was passed that these colors be awarded a band on which an appropriate inscription was made to recall the incident. The inscription reads as follows:

"These colors were present at the Third Annual Convention of the Marine Corps League, and participated in the 150th anniversary of the United States Marine Corps, November 10 and 11, 1925, at Philadelphia, Pa."

### MARINE RECRUITER IN OREGON OBTAINS CORPS PUBLICITY THROUGH LEAGUE ACTIVITY

Another instance of the League and Marine Corps co-operation which worked to the advantage of both developed when Sergeant Mack Sherman, Marine Corps Recruiter at Salem, Oregon, undertook the task of organizing a detachment of the Marine Corps League in that city.

National Headquarters of the League paved the way through its nation-wide campaign of newspaper advertising which has supplanted the campaign organizers recently abolished as a membership drive medium and aroused the interest of R. J. Hendricks, "Bits for Breakfast" columnist of the Salem Capital Journal. The result was many columns of publicity for both the Corps and League which by stimulating enlistments aided the Corps, and at the same time paved the way for a League detachment in Salem which promises to grow in leaps and bounds.

Limited space prevents the reprint of the glowing tributes paid by Mr. Hendricks to the Corps and League in full, but the two selections following will give you a good idea of their trend.

#### Marine Corps League:

As was briefly told in this column yesterday morning, there is an effort being made to get enough members in Salem for a detachment of this organization. The particulars may be had from Sergeant Mack Sherman, in charge of the recruiting headquarters in the postoffice building. There was some response to the item of yesterday.

There are known to be enough eligible men here to make up a fine and large detachment. The Marine Corps League was founded on the 147th birthday of the United States Marine Corps at New York City, on November 10, 1922. It is the only veterans' Marine organization of national scope. Here is a paragraph from the literature of the league explaining one of the main reasons why it was brought into being:

"Comradeship is the reason for its existence. Have you ever paused to consider what the word means? Every human being, every beast of the forest, in fact every living thing on earth seeks comradeship of its own kind, thus the league. No organization has ever bound the ties of comradeship closer than those who have served and are serving in the Marine Corps. To enlist one must be physically qualified and normally educated. As the active days of training sweep by you feel pride sweep through your blood that YOU are one of the finest military trained organizations in history,

(Continued on page 37)



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost, Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Sergeant Harry E. Hesse, Corporal Arthur Rosetti, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private Colin R. Stuart, Private William B. Edmondson.

## In the Matter of Esprit

A CERTAIN officer of consequence in the Marine Corps said recently "There's no such thing as an ex-Marine. Marines once are Marines always, whether they still wear the uniform or not."

Which statement may be considered a fitting introduction to a discussion of that seemingly out-moded and at times abused quality called "Esprit de Corps."

There is a case in point. In the winter of 1929-1930 certain officers and men, on duty at various stations throughout the Corps, received a document bearing the following heading—"Company 'I', 13th Marines, First Reunion." The body of the letter contained an invitation to all and sundry who had been members of Company "I" of the 13th Marines to be present at a reunion in Chicago, July 4th, 5th and 6th, 1930.

Now, Company "I" of the 13th Marines was organized in the early part of August, 1918, being originally commanded by Captain Allen H. Turnage. The Commanding Officer of the 3rd Battalion, of which Company "I" was a part, was Major John Potts, and the regimental commander was Lieutenant Colonel Smedley D. Butler.

This company sailed for France on September 14th, landed at Brest and went into camp at Pontanezen Barracks, of doubtful memory. Shortly after arrival there Captain Turnage, having been promoted, was assigned to command a battalion, being relieved by Captain Campbell H. Brown, who commanded during the remainder of the company's existence.

For some reason, although other units not nearly so well advanced in training passed them by on their way to the front, the 5th Brigade, composed of the 11th and 13th Marines and the 5th Machine Gun Battalion, remained in Brest until shortly after the armistice, at which time they were sent to various coast ports or headquarters towns in the S. O. S. for garrison duty. Accordingly, Company "I" found itself detraining at Grange Neuve whence they marched to St. Sulpice-Izon, and were assigned as part of the garrison of that place, their specific duty being to guard a portion of the fleet of warehouses comprising that enormous supply depot, which housed everything from safety pins to Cadillacs.

Duty at St. Sulpice was not easy. With the exception of an occasional review or guard of honor there was nothing but guard duty. Everybody of the grade of sergeant or below stood a running watch in five, sometimes a watch in four, with one day off in every ten. Sentry posts were of the size that would make the average Navy Yard patrol post look like a trip across the street. There was rain.

From the 20th of November, 1918, to the 10th of July, 1919, the company performed this duty, and performed it well. There was no absence over leave, and, as concerns other peculations, these were reduced to a minimum. There was practically none of the cry "We want to go home."

In July of 1919, the 13th Marines was assembled in Brest and sailed for home, landing at Hampton Roads in the early part of August. On August 13th, 1919, Company "I" was disbanded, having been in existence a little over a year.

During this year the company had none of the experiences which are said to draw soldiers together in common bonds of comradeship. Not for them the baptism of blood and fire, the weary night march on foot or on camion, the glittering memories of leave in Paris, or the satisfaction of the fourragere or, perhaps a personal decoration. Instead there was only the drab memory of guard duty from eight to twelve tonight and from twelve to four tomorrow night and so on with an occa-

sional liberty to regale ourself with the delights of St. Sulpice or Izon, and red-letter days when one visited Bordeaux. Small wonder that an ex-member of the outfit, still in the regular service, exclaimed "Why do they want to see each other again?"

But some of them apparently did as witness the notices. And when responses to these invitations began to arrive it was evident that there were others of the same mind. Something like a hundred, of the original two hundred fifty-two who sailed from Brooklyn in September, 1918, foregathered at Chicago on July 5th, while others sent their regrets and wished the gang luck in overwhelming number. Some of those who came had, in the past ten years become successful, others had been able to keep their heads above water by Herculean effort, and others had been harshly dealt with by the Great Outside. But all who came to Chicago, and some who couldn't come—were actuated by the same spirit that makes Marines—once and forever—of all who wear the uniform and speak the language, be it only for a day.

## Marines Can Run Their Own Affairs

ON the tenth of November, 1922, Sidney W. Brewster, retired major of Marines, called into conference a group of ex-Marines in New York City. Object: ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS A MARINE. An organization of Marines, active, retired, discharged, or reservists, who, being SEMPER FIDELIS, would forever preserve and carry forward the traditions of the oldest branch of the nation's military service.

Result: THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE. Its goal: to band together in fellowship all honorable Marines, that they may be effective in promoting the ideals of American freedom and democracy which they have defended since 1775; to serve as ably as citizens as they did their nation under arms; to hold sacred the history and memory of their comrades who gave their lives; to create a strong bond of comradeship between the men in the service and those who have returned to civil life; to aid their comrades, their widows and orphans; to be ever mindful of the glorious history of their Corps.

SEMPER FIDELIS; ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS A MARINE; OLDEST MILITARY ORGANIZATION, TRADITIONS, these words become real in their meaning, taking root deep within a man through such organizations. It is when we have left the glorious CORPS WHICH WE ARE PROUD TO SERVE that we wish most to be ALWAYS A MARINE, and come back under the slightest pretence to see those men still in the service, to gain a tangible touch and leave, feeling better and more ready to serve ably as citizens. It is the contact with those, honorably returned to civil life, that the man still in the service gains his knowledge of TRADITION and the pride which leads him to be FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN.

The bond of comradeship between all men who have and do wear the Marine uniform is essential to each and every one of these thousands.

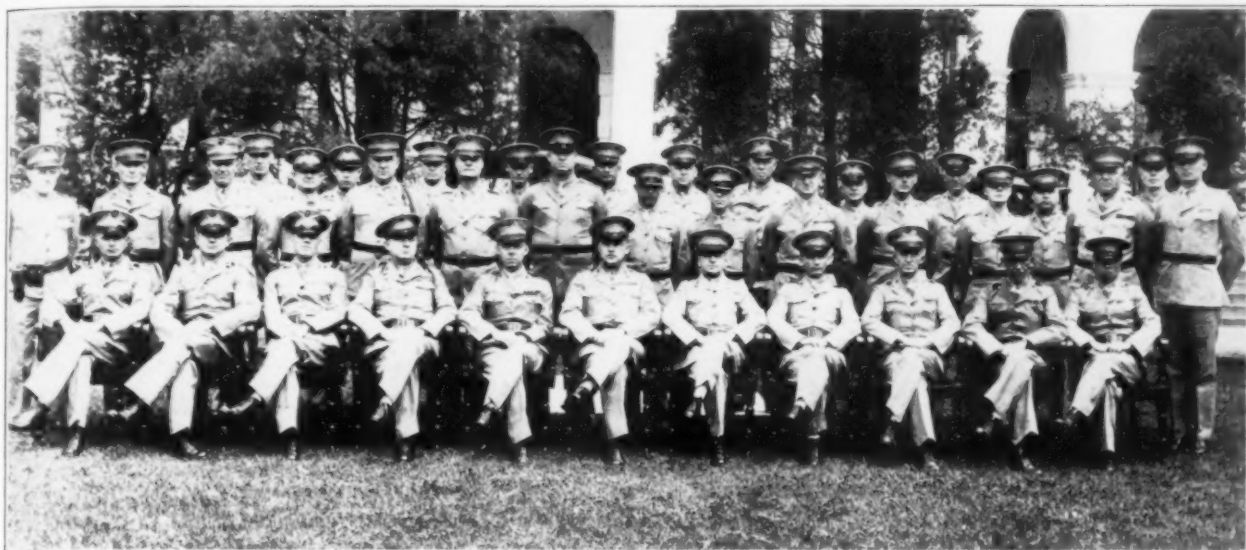
The League has had its struggles since the tenth of November, 1922, its fight through infancy to grow strong enough to accomplish its purpose. It is now in the full bloom of youth, made strong and ambitious through its struggles, well fought and unconditionally conquered.

Accomplishments to date: Has handled over 2,000 cases of disability and compensation claims gratis. Has secured employment for numerous discharged Marines. Has purchased grave markers and honored all deceased Marines. Has contributed thousands of dollars toward the upkeep of Belleau Wood. Detachments sponsor juvenile work and assist the Reserve companies.

POSSIBILITIES AND AIMS: 50,000 members in time; every Marine and former Marine in one unit. A fund called the Marine Memorial Fund has been established. Our aim is to purchase land near Belleau Wood and erect a figure of a Marine. Contributions limited and funds to come only from Marines, former Marines and their families.

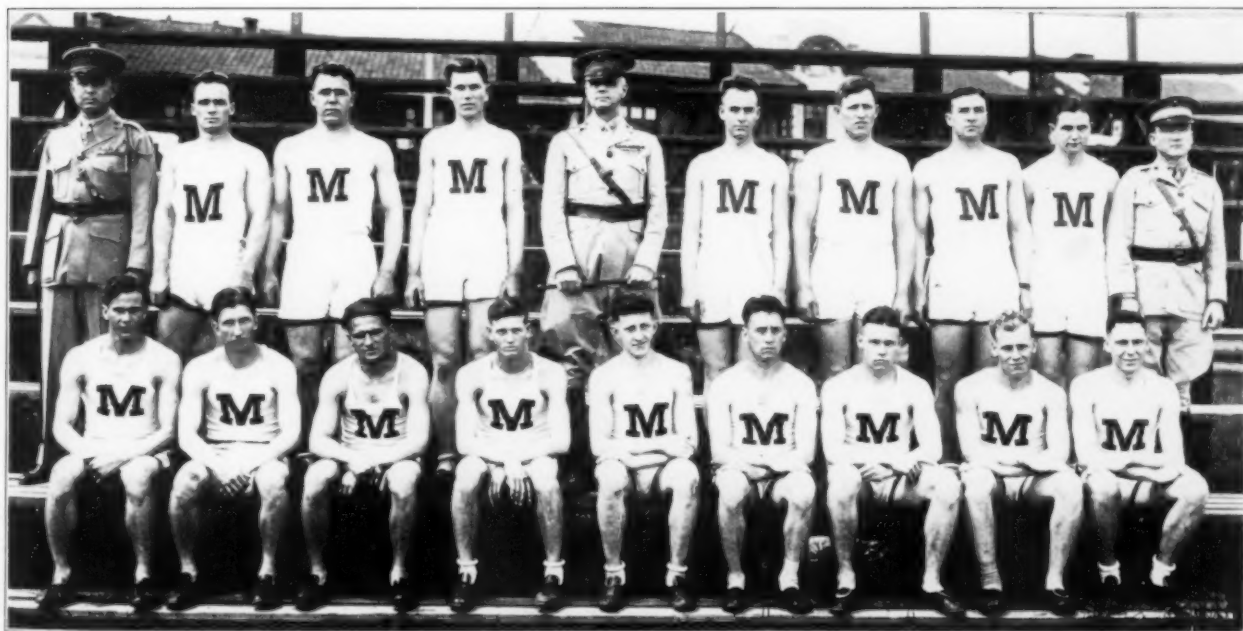
ITS VALUE TO THE CORPS. No question but 50,000 former Marines united could bring pressure to bear on all legislation affecting the Marine Corps. Detachments welcome discharged Marines and help establish them in communities. Provide representation for the Corps and help recruiters.

Great credit to all those who have stuck to it and nursed it to its present high standard of efficient usefulness, and especial mention from us to:—W. Karl Latons, A. E. Beeg, Frank Lambert, Maurice Ilch, Rudy Trow, Paul Sheeley, Jack Hogle, Virgil Miller, and Paul Goodhall, who are untiringly working for the welfare and happiness of others because they are SEMPER FIDELIS.



#### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR GRADES, 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

Standing, left to right: Gy.-Sgt. David B. Wallace, Gy.-Sgt. Max M. Goldberg, 1st Sgt. Boyd B. Kindig, Gy.-Sgt. Gustav Kerndl, 1st Sgt. James J. Jordon, 1st Sgt. Allen S. Benjamin, 1st Sgt. Joseph G. Coyle, Sup. Sgt. Ethalmore Cox, Gy.-Sgt. Leonard Bostrom, 1st Sgt. Teresa C. Burton, Gy.-Sgt. Basil O. Thomason, Gy.-Sgt. Frank Petrone, 1st Sgt. Irving Fine, Gy.-Sgt. Rudolph Huttl, 1st Sgt. Claude Wright, Gy.-Sgt. Robert E. Quinn, 1st Sgt. Raymond G. Jones, Gy.-Sgt. Carl A. Nelson, Sup. Sgt. John F. Pearce, 1st Sgt. John W. Comer, 1st Sgt. Matthew J. Young, Pay Sgt. Hubert N. Ward, Staff Sgt. Ager B. Goodwin, Gy.-Sgt. Robert W. Reid, 1st Sgt. Van L. Chamberlain. Seated, left to right: 1st Sgt. John P. Casperonis, 1st Sgt. Charles Larsen, 1st Sgt. James E. Cooley, 1st Sgt. Percy J. Dickerson, Sgt.-Maj. Samuel C. Dean, Sgt.-Maj. Leland H. Alexander, Qm.-Sgt. George S. Furey, Qm.-Sgt. Louis Greenberg, Sgt.-Maj. August Horn, 1st Sgt. Horace M. Rogers, 1st Sgt. August "A" Olaguez.



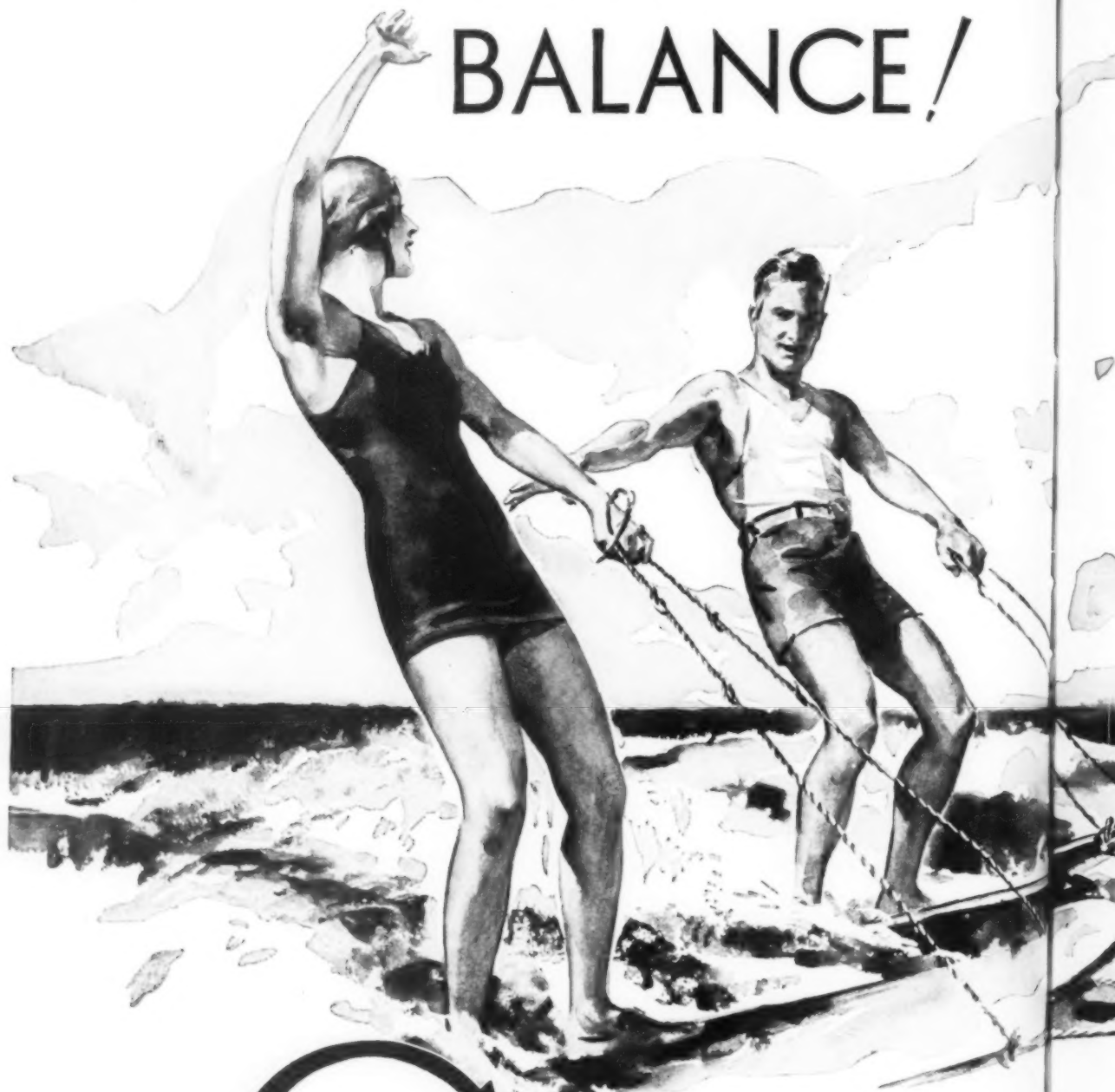
#### FOURTH MARINES FIELD AND TRACK TEAM, 1930

Standing, left to right: Capt. C. B. Bates, Regimental Athletic Officer; Swank, Rothfuss, Hall, Col. Charles H. Lyman, commanding Fourth Marines; Coville, Warwick, Stutts, Nelson, 2nd Lt. T. D. Marks, team coach. Sitting, left to right: Lawless, Cogsdell, Townsley, Grisso, Gozad, Holliday, Richards, Evans, Woods.



... on the board it's

**BALANCE!**



**Chesterfield**  
SUCH POPULARITY

... in a cigarette it's  
**TASTE!**

**B**ALANCE PLAYS its part in cigarette making, too. Over-mildness, for example or over-richness shows lack of "balance."

Chesterfields are mild — not strong or harsh. Yet they have richness of aroma and delicacy of flavor. They are not insipid or tasteless.

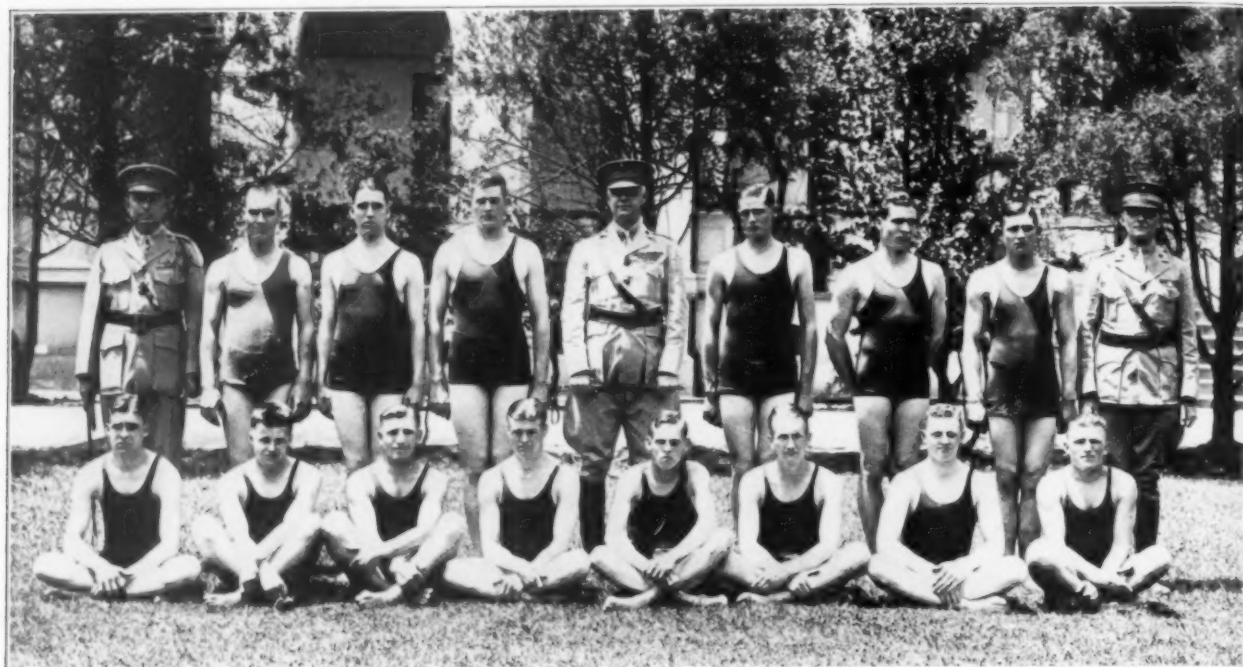
No single taste quality is over-emphasized. Not only are the tobaccos right, but their blending and cross-blending are exact. The one goal is taste, *balanced* taste . . .

**TASTE** *above everything*

**field**  
 MUST BE DESERVED



MILD, yes . . . and  
 yet **THEY SATISFY**



FOURTH MARINES SWIMMING TEAM, SEASON OF 1930

Standing, left to right: Capt. C. B. Cates, Regimental Athletic Officer; Case, McCombs, Jester, Col. Charles H. Lyman, commanding Fourth Marines; Irby, Gill, Tekely, 1st Lt. R. C. Alburger, team coach. Front row, sitting, left to right: Burnell, Severin, Jaroszewski, Merrill, team captain; Duell, Loomis, Taschler, Alex.



AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE TAKEN AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND

Royal Marines and visiting U. S. Marines. Officer in center with feathered hat is Brigadier Griffiths, commanding officer of the base. The U. S. Marines from left to right are: Gunnery Sergeants Freeman, Baisden, Rice, Brauer, and Domzalski.



# THREE "CHEERS" for the Army and Navy

**Old Gold**  
CIGARETTES  
NOT A COUGH IN  
A CARLOAD

**Rocky Ford**  
5¢ CIGAR  
WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF  
... A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

**BEECH-NUT**  
PACKAGE  
CHEWING TOBACCO  
10¢  
"QUALITY MADE IT FAMOUS"

**BEECH-NUT**  
1780  
ESTABLISHED  
CHEWING  
TOBACCO  
LORILLARD'S  
10¢

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## PASTEURIZED MILK IS SAFE MILK!

WHY TAKE A CHANCE?

Delivery in Quantico, Va.

by

**FARMERS CREAMERY CO., INC.**

**Fredericksburg, Va.**

## SEND THE LEATHERNECK HOME

Your Friends and Relatives Will Enjoy It More Than You Do

It is impossible to explain in letters to friends or relatives all they want to know about your service in the U. S. Marine Corps. Just fill in this blank and let your folks read all these things from month to month during the coming year. Each number contains exclusive news, pictures, and features from all over the world where Marines are on duty.

If you could step into our office and read some of the hundreds of letters received from friends and relatives of Marines who have sent The Leatherneck back home, and see how anxious and well pleased these people are to have the magazine sent to them, you would not hesitate a moment to fill in and return the attached subscription blank.

Editor of The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.

Here is my \$2.50. Please put the following name on your subscription list for one year.

M .....

.....

.....

My name is .....

## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford  
(Dawson Photo)

The newspapers recently carried a picture of the chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Charles M. Schwab, together with his mother, who is 84 years of age. The photo, which was taken on a family picnic, was accompanied by the note: "He was a mighty good boy and I'm proud of him." Mr. Schwab once

drove the hack line-between Loretto and Crescent, Pa., for a few dollars a week, while now his salary is said to be a million dollars yearly. Nevertheless, it was not the money which made him the "good boy"; it was the character which his mother praised and of which another mother wrote me concerning her boy when she said, "Harry was not only what you call a good Marine but I know him through and through and his is an outstanding character for loyalty, honesty and goodness which we have known in the home even before he became a Marine, and we are proud of him." I have also yet to meet the mother who is not proud of her boy when he is listed as a good Marine. Who could read Sergeant Rentfrow's last article, "And to Keep Our Honor Clean," without a big thrill and an additional personal pledge to measure up to this quality which makes all men proud of the Corps and its members.

A letter from 1st Sgt. J. W. Rikeman, retired, says: "I am 76 years (young) and still a Marine." Rikeman is the Secretary of the Halifax River Yacht Club at Daytona Beach, Adjutant and Quartermaster of the General Lawton Camp No. 15, Dept. of Florida, U. S. W. V. He became a Marine on September 18, 1881, retired in 1911, and has lived in Daytona ever since, only once going farther north than Asheville, N. C. He expects during August to attend the reunion and convention of the U. S. W. Veterans in Philadelphia. When he returns I am going to visit him for a day at the beach. He is also a faithful member of the Marine Corps League and reads "The Leatherneck" from cover to cover.

For news of the Air Station activities, no paper could contain more or be of greater interest than "The Pensacola Air Station News," edited by Chaplain Groth. Nevertheless, I have wondered quite a number of times lately why the "Devil Dogs" have dropped out of the news. I have not been to Pensacola for some time, but I really thought they had some Marines there still and was convinced of the fact by the "Leatherneck Flashes" this month. Of course, some of the gang were on the range at Essington, but the Chaplain, I am sure, would welcome some

items for the local news even though so many of the old gang with a penchant for weird happenings have been transferred.

\* \* \* \*

Three years ago a boy in Parris Island approached me with a request that he might have the day to entertain his father, mother and brother at the Hostess House. I, of course, referred him to his commanding officer, who would gladly accede to his request. He, however, said: "But, sir, I have no money and I wanted to stand treat, and I wondered if you would loan me some." My reply was "Get your commanding officer's consent and I'll attend to the rest." He came back, face all aglow, with the necessary permission. I went with him to the boat and after a ride around the Island, took the four of them to "Lieutenant Bird's Restaurant," the big station mess, for dinner, for which I had secured the necessary permit. The visitors were somewhat dazed at seeing over 700 Marines all eating together, and the "Boot" also was surprised, for this was his first meal away from his company. It was "chicken day," the menu was tip-top, and when it finished with apple pie and ice cream, the mother could be quiet no longer, but turned and pointed her finger, exclaiming "and you told me that you couldn't stand the food, and wrote for money to get cookies. Why you never eat like this even at home!" I explained that this was a special day and that her boy at present ate with the recruits, but excuses were useless. The lady knew, for she had seen, and eaten, and in future she had a story of Marines which she could tell the folks back in Michigan on her return. That evening the other boy made application for enlistment, and today there are three brothers in the Corps.

\* \* \* \*

How many Marines are philatelists? There are I know quite a number in the Corps who have whiled away a lonely hour, sorting and studying their collection of postage stamps. Colonel William N. McKelvy is one officer whom I know to have a very valuable collection, while the late Colonel Tracy possessed a most valuable accumulation, and also wrote a number of articles and at least one book on a special issue. I would like to hear from some of those who take an interest in this study, and especially those on foreign shore service or serving on board ship.

\* \* \* \*

Sergeant C. F. Stetson must have had a royal time when his father and mother, accompanied by his sister, sailed into Managua by plane early one day in August. The family reunion after a trip like that is great and one that will long be remembered by them all. The sergeant, with his comrades, came down at Ocotlan in a mishap the next day, according to the press, while on aviation duty, but fortunately all escaped injury, for which congratulations.

\* \* \* \*

"Please put in a poem for a tired Marine Sergeant's wife" was a recent request. I have sent her one direct, but the following lines calling for a poem would also do well as the Poem of the Month, voicing as it does the heart-throb of others with the same yearning.

## Come Read to Me a Poem

The care and the worry is over,  
I have come to the close of the day.  
The shades of evening have fallen,  
The silent night holds sway.  
And I feel like a weary child,  
Tired of its toys and play;  
I long for rest, for freedom  
From the cares and toils of the way.  
Come, come read to me a poem,  
A song from some tender heart:  
Who knows the struggle, the heartache  
Of the busy street and mart.  
Just give me a quiet hour  
With life's highest and its best,  
I'm tired of the hurry and bustle,  
I'm weary and longing for rest.  
So, come read to me a poem,  
Its music will lighten my load;  
Its rhythm will banish my heartache,  
And smooth the rugged road.  
A poem, by the soul that's struggled,  
That by doubt has been held fast;  
Where the heartache is now forgotten,  
And the long hard fight is past.  
A poem of that humble wayside  
The common traveler has trod  
That lifts the load of the weary road  
From the lowlands up t'ward GOD.

\* \* \* \*

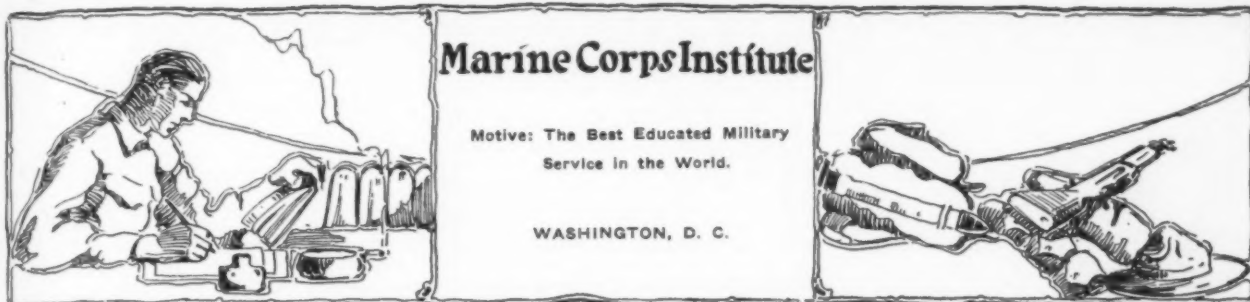
A letter from Lieutenant Kenyon says: "The men of the 'Denver's' detachment are about the best I have ever seen anywhere in the service." That is splendid praise and from what I saw of some of them before they went South, I think the Lieutenant's praise well deserved. The detachment has a group of specialists of whom the Lieutenant further says they would be able to look out for all their needs anywhere ashore. They have a well-nigh perfect mail orderly, a movie operator, laundryman, barber, two musics, two cooks, two men acting as ship's gunner's mates, all men qualified with the rifle, and also squads qualified in handling the mortar, the 37 mm., and Brownings. Then to beat all, their First Sergeant is that expert on Post Exchange management who for so long was a successful part of Portsmouth's detachment in N. H. When Sergeant Brown takes a thing in hand you can reckon he gives and lives to the limit of a man's best.

\* \* \* \*

The splendid way in which the Marine Corps Reserve companies and the League detachments are sending reports to "The Leatherneck" is improving every issue, and must be a source of satisfaction to the editorial staff. It betokens real life in both the detachment and company affairs, thus becoming an inspiration to the whole Corps. Keep it up, comrades. Your reports are read and discussed 'round all Galley Fires.

## PIPING THE SIDE

Coming down to the present generation from the days when fleets were many months at sea, and their commanding officers had frequently to leave their ships to confer with higher officers, is the custom of "piping the side." When a boat could not go alongside because of a heavy sea or the rolling of the vessel, it was necessary to hoist the captain in over the nettings by a yard and a stay. The men, of course, worked with a pipe. Hence when a captain reported as coming on board the order was, "Very good, hoist him in."



## Opportunities in the Civil Service

### Preference Given to Former Service Men

As all Marines know The United States Government is, without a doubt, an ideal employer. Government employees in the Civil Service receive good salaries; working hours are short, and employment is regular. Between 20,000 and 45,000 appointments are normally made annually from among those who successfully pass the required Civil Service examination. Ex-Marines are entitled to preference because of their military service.

Why not prepare yourself to take a Civil Service examination if you decide to return to civil life upon the expiration of your enlistment? The Civil Service courses offered FREE to Marines by the Marine Corps Institute will prepare you to take the examination.

The following Civil Service courses are taught by the Marine Corps Institute:

Civil Service Bookkeeper.	Civil Service Post Office.
Civil Service 1st Grade.	Civil Service Railway Mail Clerk.
Civil Service Clerk-Carrier.	Civil Service Stenographer-Typist.
Civil Service Combination.	Civil Service Junior Auditor.

#### UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

##### Academic and Business Training Courses

☐ Business Management  
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 (including C.P.A.)  
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☐ Private Secretary  
☐ Spanish  
☐ Second Lieut. Prep.  
☐ French  
☐ Salesmanship  
☐ Business Correspondence  
☐ Stenography & Typing  
☐ Good English  
☐ Civil Service  
☐ Railway Mail Clerk  
☐ Common School Subjects

☐ Naval Academy Prep.  
☐ High School Subjects  
☐ Electrical Engineering  
☐ Electric Lighting  
☐ Mechanical Engineer  
☐ Mechanical Draftsman  
☐ Machine Shop Practice  
☐ Standard High School  
☐ Gas Engine Operating

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☐ Plumbing & Heating  
☐ Radio  
☐ Steam Engineering  
☐ Architect  
☐ Architect's Blue Prints  
☐ Contractor & Builder  
☐ Architectural Draftsman  
☐ Concrete Builder  
☐ Structural Engineer  
☐ Chemistry  
☐ Pharmacy  
☐ Automobile Work  
☐ Aviation Engines  
☐ Navigation  
☐ Agriculture & Poultry  
☐ Mathematics

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Station \_\_\_\_\_



## OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Life in the U. S. A.'s biggest and noisiest city hasn't been so dull during the past few weeks. What with a police reporter on vacation, people eating 'steen hot dog sandwiches, drinking five and ten bottles of needle beer and then going for a swim, Coney Island life-guards and hospital interns have had about all they can do, and yet it still continues to be news when one of them gets fished out of the water and rolled on a barrel, beg pardon, they do use inhalators on them nowadays. Then two prisoners in their skivvies took a dive overboard from Fort Jay, Governors Island, and managed to swim across the channel to Brooklyn, which entailed much dashing up and down the wharves by policemen, newspapermen, one newspaper woman, and Army police. Due probably to the new hot weather fad here for wearing shorts, the prisoners seemed to have chosen the proper disguise, for up to the present they are still A. W. O. L. And such silly boys, for they were only garrison prisoners, and what an awful lot they have gotten themselves in for. Then there was a trip to the Army Base to see the 150 ft., 431 ton General Hyde, which is to sail all the way from Brooklyn to Manila, so as to act as a transport across the 40 miles of water between Manila and Corregidor. Just think, 11,000 miles with such a job at the end. Well, anyway, the visit to the General Hyde resulted in an invitation to have lunch on the Army transport "Kenowis," a freighter which carries ammunition. The lunch was very good, and we learned that one of these days the old "Kenowis" is liable to disappear off the ocean when she is transporting a load of ammunition because she has no refrigerated holds. We also learned that the quickest cargo the "Kenowis" officers ever remember of having unloaded was a gang of U. S. Marines they carried to Christobal, as they were all off ship by the time the ship had gotten her anchor well over the side. And, our informant told us, they had been farsighted enough to arrange for their shore passes, liberty time, etc., the day before as well as sit in at a couple of dice games with the "Kenowis" crew, from which we judged there was no mad rush on the part of the transport men to get ashore.

Then there was a noon-day trip over to the battery, where we saw the Army recruiter relaxing a bit while he talked to a bundle of pink chiffon a bit down at the heels, while the Marine sergeant stood haughtily and a bit disapprovingly aloof. We weren't inclined to think it was sour grapes, but we do believe that, well, Marines do pick and choose their girl friends, which does give them the right to appear a bit snooty at times, we

guess. After all, very excellent people must show that they feel a bit superior at times, or there'd be no fun in knowing one was above par, and this columnist has to admit that she rather gloried in the idea that if the girl had been nice enough looking to have attracted the Leatherneck, the Army would have been standing around cooling its toes, and this story would never have been written, for we certainly aren't planning on blasting any summer idylls of the Corps' good looking sergeants, whom we never, never saw doing anything unbecoming a Marine in all our lives, and never expect to tell on them if we do. Which is that.

Our own celebrity, Captain Thomason, author of "Fix Bayonets" and other good yarns, broke out in the Literary Digest last week. Someone discovered the chapter about the cow that the Marines tied out where a shell would bump her off, so they could eat, and the whole chapter was reproduced, with a lead paragraph about the skipper, and although it is rather belated publicity we hope it will sell a few more copies of "Fix Bayonets," which should certainly be on the five-foot bookshelf of every red-blooded American.

Once, long ago, this column used to carry an occasional "horroroscope," but somehow or other, maybe because the charts and the telescope got lost, the feature was discontinued. Only the other day, however, we were stunned to find out that it was still remembered, and one chap was especially anxious to know what the general outlook for a chap was that happened to be born in September. Having chosen that month for my own birthday, this column chauffeur hastily dug up the pawn tickets, took the requisites out of storage and after a due amount of study can say the following about those who first saw the light of day in September.

September is the first fall month, which does not necessarily mean that anyone born during the period Taurus is in the ascendant is going to be the fall guy on all occasions, though they are all pretty good at throwing the bull. On the contrary some very famous and successful people have been born in September, and a number of others of equal importance have, in shoving their birth dates forward inadvertently tangled with this month. The Marine born in September will combine the happy faculty of being lucky at cards and lucky at love, which still doesn't mean that he will ever have any money. He will be fearless in battle, because practice makes perfect, and those born in September are, strange to say, continually in hot water (how well we know), though rarely if ever because of their own fault, as any one of them will tell you. They are adventurers, gamblers with fortune, affectionate of disposition, and generous to the nth degree, often in their own generosity being unable to distinguish between theirs and their buddies' socks, neckties, button polish, and throat paint, and passing it out frequently with a generous hand. They are hardy and healthy to an alarming degree, but they rarely ever attain old age. They are frequently long remembered after death, and generally leave this world well thought of by numerous cousins, aunts, uncles, sisters, brothers, and wives. Friday, 13th, is their lucky day.

## Wanderlust

I hear a call to places far,  
To Trafalgar, and Malaga,  
It was an errant, wandering star  
Alight when I was born.

I have an itch for distant lands,  
For blue waves lacing tropic strands,  
The clasp of stranger, warmer hands,  
In Alamance, or Balungao.

My body loves a ship's wild sway,  
My tongue the taste of salt sea spray,  
I would not while my life away  
In walls where I was born.

I strive for some far, distant goal,  
There is no quiet in my soul,  
Through untrod ways my feet would  
stroll,  
Through lands I do not know.

From all reports everything is moving along over at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with its customary zeal. Major Jacobson has been succeeded by Major Baker in the Quartermaster's office . . . and what with transfers of enlisted men from the station, and no new troops arriving, the Marine detachment there should soon assume a similarity to a South American army in that it will consist mostly of officers. The 304th Marine Reserve, under command of Lt. Mark Kessenich, are back in Bay Ridge after two weeks at Quantico, sporting a heavy coat of tan, and doing their very best to copy the mannerisms of the "regulars" that impressed them most while in camp.

"Meenieu," this column's pet kitten, is rapidly growing up. Only the other morning he alarmed the household by reaching a paw into his mouth, extracting a tooth and proceeding to play mumblety-peg, deck toss, or what have you, with it. Hasty examination showed that he had two more loose teeth, so with thoughts of scurvy ("Meenieu" is always snooty when vegetables are served) we guiltily and frantically called the city's leading veterinary. Upon learning the cause of our distraction and the age of the patient he guffawed loudly into the telephone, and finally took time out to tell us that when a kitten reached five months of age it lost its baby teeth, just like a child would when it reached its seventh or eighth year. And while we ruminate on the idea that we are never too old to learn, "Meenieu" gets his meat very, very finely chopped.

## ISLANDS FOR PLANE LANDINGS

An artificial island in the Atlantic Ocean for the landing of airplanes was the purpose of the survey cruise recently made by the U. S. S. "Hannibal" off the northern coast of Cuba.

The ship will now survey an area about half way between New York and Bermuda, about 40 miles east and west by 30 miles north and south, covering approximately 1200 square nautical miles, for the purpose of determining the feasibility of anchoring artificial islands on the Atlantic for the landing of airplanes, a series of such islands to be eventually placed across the Atlantic at convenient flight distances.

## MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 27)

who have been gathered under the colors of American freedom."

"Membership in the league is composed of all Marines in the active service and those who have been honorably discharged from the Corps, at any time, or those of the Army and Navy who have served under the command of a Marine officer. The Marine Corps League is not strictly a World War organization, and does not rival any other service organization."

Here are some of the slogans: "Once a Marine always a Marine." "Every Marine is a member; make him an active member." "It has for one objective the cementing of ties which bind Marines everywhere to the Corps of which they are all members." "It aids and works for all disabled Marines, and assists in securing employment for those in need. It supports all veterans, and active service legislation."

"It is absolutely non-political and non-sectarian. It practices charity without the blare of trumpets or publicity. It perpetuates and honors the memories of those who died under Marine Corps colors in all battles. It causes the graves of all Marines and ex-Marines to be decorated with an official grave marker provided for this purpose."

## Boost for the Corps:

The Bits man is glad to be the instrument of calling attention to this matter. The recruiting headquarters here in Salem of the Marines is an asset to Salem. It serves a wide territory. The other day a young man came all the way from Klamath Falls. He was a little too tall for the regular specifications, but he had traveled so far and was so earnest in his desire to thus serve his country, and so well qualified, that Sergeant Sherman made a special case of him and got him through.

## NORTHEASTERN DIVISION CALLS STATE CONVENTION

Rudolph A. Trow, N. E. Division Commandant, reports that the detachments of Massachusetts are planning to organize a State convention. Massachusetts has three detachments, Worcester, Springfield and Boston.

The proposed plans call for sports, clam bake, entertainment and election of officers. The convention is to be held in Worcester sometime in September. Detachments in Rhode Island and New York States will be invited.

The convention will probably be held on a Saturday so that out-of-town Marines will have time to return to their homes in time for business Monday morning.

The committee appointed are: Edward L. McAuliffe, commandant of the Worcester Detachment; Harold P. Ryan, Frederick W. Hastedt, Frederick Dunford, Merton C. Lowe, Frank T. Creron, John G. Kapowich, Rudolph A. Trow,

National Commandant W. Karl Latons and Spencer R. Rose.

## MEET THE NEW MEMBERS

The following new members at large have joined the League during the past month:

Joseph E. Maggs, Galveston Country Club, Galveston, Texas.

Thomas I. Roop, Heavner, Oklahoma. Alan Steavenson, 137 Genessee Street, Utica, New York.

John Crane, National Soldiers Home, Hampton, Virginia.

Joseph Novak, National Soldiers Home, Hampton, Virginia.

## LEAGUE NEWS IN BRIEF

Another detachment of the League is being organized in Phoebus, Va., by William J. Sturgeon of 27 Curry Street, Phoebus.

The Marine Corps League was represented at the funeral of General Neville by National Paymaster A. Ernest Beeg, who provided a wreath in the name of the League and forwarded condolences to the bereaved family.

Watch out for an intensive National Membership Drive during the month of September.

Revival of the League detachment in Shreveport, La., is being considered by National Headquarters.

Private Otto H. Gage, U. S. M. C., telephone switchboard operator at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Quantico, Va., has requested information concerning the League with prospects of becoming a member.

Worcester Detachment is sponsoring a big blow-out in connection with Massachusetts State Convention in September. Will we be there?—And how.

New York Detachment No. 1 is conducting a campaign for a set of National and Marine Corps colors which will be dedicated with ceremony in the Fall.

Arthur Dudley Sims Detachment of Memphis, Tenn., gave a blow-out in July during which plans were discussed to get their membership drive under way. The response was encouraging, according to V. E. Miller, commandant.

Adjutant J. M. Buchanan notifies us that the Richland Detachment of Mansfield, Ohio, has obtained permanent meeting quarters in the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Building in that city.

Commandant J. P. Sheen of the reorganized Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass., reports the members supporting him generously in his efforts to build up the detachment.

J. R. Ross of Flatridge, Va., an old-time Marine, is another prospective member at large of the League.

Paymaster E. R. Ericson of Spokane Detachment, Spokane, Wash., has requested National Headquarters to send him a new batch of membership cards. That looks like good business.

The formation of a new detachment in

Elizabethton, Tenn., is being considered to be named in honor of Private Robert Dixon, U. S. M. C., a resident of that city who made the supreme sacrifice while fighting with the Marines overseas.

The organization of a League detachment in Augusta, Ga., was started by George R. Sousa at a meeting on July 21 in the Johnson Building in that city, which was well attended.

I understand that Ziegler of Richland Detachment has gone in for the fish hatchery racket. Thought "Zig" got enough fish at the Erie convention to last him the rest of his life.

Adjutant Stanley M. Powell of Duluth, Minnesota, Detachment is another hustler who has written to National Headquarters for more membership cards.

H. C. Covington of 1315 North Calvert Street is organizing a League detachment in Baltimore, Md.

Sergeant Harvey I. Diamond of Oakland, California, has undertaken the organization of a detachment in that city.

My old friends, Jack Hogle of Syracuse and Chris Cunningham of Albany, have turned me down cold lately. What's the matter, boys, need another wild party?

Captain Paul F. Howard of New York Detachment has been re-elected county adjutant of the American Legion for his fourth successive term. Paul told me he was "absolutely through" when I last saw him. Guess they must have drafted him.

Every time the hot winds blow I envy Maurice Ilch. Maurice is having the life of Riley on a tour of Europe.

What's the matter, Mac, don't you read the Leatherneck? I published every line you sent me, and then some.

Made my annual pilgrimage to Quantico and experienced the usual thrills. The old bunk house, "844," is still standing and General Butler put on the "big parade," but not for my benefit. Beeg was a generous host. Made the trip from Washington in his "flying Phantom."

What's the matter with you detachment chiefs of staff? Send in accounts of your activities. I can't guess what's going on in your outfit.

## THE OLD WARRIOR SEEKS WORD FROM YESTERYEAR BUDDIES; URGES TARGET PRACTICE

In last month's issue, August, I noted with pleasure a portrait of ex-Sergeant Joseph Moore Hunt, of whom you ask "Is he the oldest living Marine?" In his letter published in the same issue he speaks of a Captain Louis N. Fagan, father of the present Major Louis E. Fagan, presumed, whom Hunt says he knew. In my time I, too, knew a Captain Fagan at the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was there but a short time.

The name of Hunt is quite prominent in my memory and if he is the one I

(Continued on page 41)

## ALL SECURE

By John Culnan

**BULLY BOYS:** I'm back with you, and tickled almost as pink as though I'd shipped over again. Married now, so actually shipping over is out, I suppose. Have put in a couple of years on a small city daily, got fired without benefit of court martial, and have resumed the old free lance speed with all happiness.

The way the Corps lingers in your blood is something like this—

Often o'er my sunset hill  
Roloff's trumpet sounds again,  
Drowsy as the whip-poor-will.  
Often o'er my sunset hill  
Comes his mystic call to drill.  
From his world of sleeping men,  
Often, o'er my sunset hill,  
Roloff's trumpet sounds again.

The contrast in background between our football teams and those of the colleges which comprise the bulk of our competition is striking. The players themselves have a pretty sound sense of the values that obtain, but I have the impression that the rah-rah boys think that there's something lacking in our background because we're not collegiate.

We've sampled both backgrounds, the majority of us, and there's no getting around it—where the college spirit leaves off our esprit de corps sets in. This way, as from our players' standpoint—

## BALLADE OF THE LEATHERNECKS

Your athletes of the rival throng,  
From also-rans to celebrities,  
Sometimes weak and sometimes strong  
Knights of the pigskin, trunks, and skis,  
Give to mute soliloquies  
Even at moments when all's at stake,—  
Here is to you and your families;  
All that we ask is an even break.

You members of this and that fandom  
tong,

Stadium fixtures who take your ease,  
Second-guessers of right and wrong,  
Claiming the wisdom of Socrates,  
Chimers of many a borrowed wheeze,  
Prospective crammers of gambler's  
cake,—

Pull in your necks; our words are these,  
All that we ask is an even break.

You boom-boom stewds of "It won't be  
long,"

Eds and co-eds of the week-end sprees,  
Whooping it up with the varsity song,  
More or less unswerving devotees  
(Even to pocketing scalper's fees),  
Stout-hearted bucks who will give and  
take

And plead for a win on your bended  
knees—

All that we ask is an even break.

## L'ENVOI

Prints (public or otherwise), fan your  
breeze,  
Say what you want for your readers'  
sake,  
Fan it in major or minor keys—  
All that we ask is an even break.

## SERVICE RECORD OF PAT HAND

By John Culnan

Capt. Pershing,  
5th Balloon Corps Replacement,  
Somewhere Above France.

Dear Sir:

Pay no attention to any outbursts from Mrs. Hand. My scapegrace of a son got into your outfit of his own free will. He was a high flyer when he joined you, but you might try to make a man out of him.

Yrs,

Old Hand.

From: Intelligence.

To: Commanding Officer, 5th B. C. Replacement.

1. I have to report that on 4 May, '18, a balloon of your outfit floated eastward over the lines at Pont-a-Mousson.

2. The basket contained a crew of one. When one of your scout planes flew close to investigate, the pilot was bombarded with benedictine bottles, empty.

3. The occupant's nose was red, and his air was one of a youngster who has just drawn a pat hand.

Hugh Tellum.

Major in Intelligence.

From: Pat Hand.

To: Blackjack Pershing.

Subject: Fix.

1. The undersigned submits that he is in a hell of a fix.

2. In an effort to capture Berlin single-handed, he lit out in 1 Balloon, O. D., captive, 2nd hand.

3. The gas envelope went hay wire, and the undersigned was precipitated into the parade ground of a Heinie prison camp.

4. Although a volunteer, the undersigned has been drafted in this camp, and is pushing a wheelbarrow against his will.

5. You are requested to launch an immediate drive against this point to effect the liberation of the undersigned, along with three Y. M. secs who attempted to open a candy store in Nobody's Acres.

6. Never mind the above instructions. Undersigned has just discovered a hole in the barb-wire fence. Y. M. secs are o. k. and have opened a store here.

Pat Hand.

From: Pat Hand.

To: Eileen Sydewaze.

1. After escaping from a German prison camp, I am back in Paris, Darling, and wondering if maybe you couldn't get over here as a Y. M. worker or the like.

2. It was a hideous battle in which your playmate was captured. Three miles up I encountered Richtofen. I had hold of his tail, but he pulled away, and after that my balloon didn't have a chance against his plane. He shot me down, and I got back here to my secret headquarters in the Montmartre with the greatest difficulty.

3. Hurry over. I want to show you my medals. I have the Iron Cross, Craw de Gare, D. S. O., and A. W. O. L.

4. Don't waste a minute, as you have all kinds of competition. In fact, you're several precincts behind right now. I can't help it. It's the way I am.

From: Commander-in-Chief.

To: Provost Marshal, Paris.

Subject: Desertion of Hand, Pat, Pvt., 5th B. C. R., No. 1,116,338.

1. You are directed to scour Paris for

Pvt. Pat Hand, 5th Balloon Corps Replacement, identification tag No. 1,116,338, and deliver him in person to G. H. Q., A. E. F.

2. This man is wanted on the following charges and specifications,—

a. Desertion.

b. Theft of 1 Balloon, O. D., captive, 2nd hand.

c. Mayhem upon the person of aviators in scout plane.

d. Impersonation, three days ago, of one Lieut. Gen. Hennessy, Irish Rifles, in Paris.

e. Kidnapping of Whatprice Gloria, liaison officer of Russian Battalion of Death.

f. Etc.

Pershing.

From: Papa Joffre.

To: Blackjack Pershing.

Subject: Le Hero Magnifique!

1. Mon Vieux, it is that you have in votre armee un soldat by name Monsieur le Colonel Pat Hand. Ah, quel sang-froid! Ah, quel bravado!

2. To me it has befallen le grand plaisir of meeting this homme brave and at my maison entertaining him.

3. Le diable Richtofen in flames shot down, avec seulement un Very pistol; Quel bonheur! You we have toasted in the champagne finest in toute France.

4. Et drink! Le Colonel Pat Hand, of the Replacement Balloon 5me, mon Dieu, It is zig-zag that he my staff entire has made!

5. It is avec my own hands that j'ai hung upon him the medal greatest in my power to bestow.

Toujours comme,

Joffre.

From: Commanding Officer, USS LE-VIATHAN.

To: Provost Marshal, A. E. F., Paris.

Subject: Brig. Gen. Pat Hand, formerly Private, 5th B. C. R.

1. Twenty-four hours out of Brest this ship picked up Brig. Gen. Pat Hand, 5th B. C. R., who was proceeding in a westerly direction alone in an admiral's barge.

2. Brig. Gen. Hand and his craft were taken aboard, and finding his credentials showed that his craft was the gift of a grateful French Government and that they contained orders to proceed to the United States under separate orders, his status was not questioned by this command, and he was accorded every honor aboard.

3. When last sighted, Brig. Gen. Hand was lying a southerly course out of New York harbor. Your communication was received two days later.

From: Chief of Police, New Orleans, La.

To: Secretary of War.

1. General Pat Hand left three days ago after spending three weeks in our city in the interests of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive.

2. He was the most eloquent of the city's four-minute speakers, and was directly responsible for our doubling our quota in this drive.

3. General Hand left here aboard his yacht, and it is rumored that he is bound for Mexico to become commander-in-chief of the federal army of that country. You must be on the wrong scent.





### MARINES LOSE AGAIN AT POLO

Playing again at the Fauquier Polo Club of Marshall, Va., the Marine team was vanquished to the tune of 6-4 on July 19th, in a game which was characterized by periods of listless and ineffective work and which, to all players and their ponies, must have been little short of torture, due to the oppressive heat and the clouds of dust which made an otherwise well-turfed field into a small section of the Great American Desert, with a dust storm in each corner.

The Marshall team started off with a bang, making three goals, chiefly from the facile and accurate mallet of young Mr. Phipps, in the first chukker, and causing Marine supporters to foresee a repetition of the Infantry School game, of distressing memory. However, the Marines steadied and held their opponents to a scoreless tie in the second, although the ball was in the Marine territory during the major portion of this period. In the third, the Marines went to work and picked off two goals by a very nice exhibition of passing and covering, although their opponents made an additional tally in this period as well. In the second half the brand of polo played by both sides was of a far superior quality to that which had gone before and scoring was even on both sides, but the Marines were never able to overcome the lead established by Marshall in the first few minutes of play.

For Marshall, the work of Triplett and Phipps, particularly the latter, was outstanding. This gentleman was responsible for breaking up the majority of the Marine attacks which threatened his team's goal.

Private Hayes, at two, furnished a very effective spearpoint to the Marine attack, while the effective and dependable work of Captain Brown, at back, was the subject of favorable comment.

#### Line-up:

MARSHALL		MARINES	
Simmons	No. 1	Capt. Brooks	
Okie	No. 2	Pvt. Hayes	
Triplett	No. 3	Lt. Ferguson*	
Phipps	Back	Capt. Brown	

\*Capt. Jeschke for Lieut. Ferguson in fifth chukker.

Goals—Marshall: Okie, Triplett (2), Phipps (3). Marines: Brooks, Hayes (2), Brown.

Score by chukkers: 1 2 3 4 5 6  
Marshall ..... 3 0 1 1 1 0—6  
Marines ..... 0 0 2 1 1 0—4

Referee—Dr. Shunk. Timekeeper—Mr. Walker.

The polo team at Quantico has the following definite schedule of games: July 28th, Marshall, Va., at Quantico; August 2nd, Middleburg, Va., at Quantico; August 9th, Fort Humphreys, at Quantico; August 16th, Washington County, at

Williamsport, Md. Further definite dates are lacking at this time, but it is thought that the team will play at the Marshall Fair on August 28th, and possibly at Middleburg the week-end of the 30th.

### HEADQUARTERS, 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis

June 3

**BOXING.**—Private Blackwood of the 28th Company was given a draw in his bout with Kid Segundo, Filipino boxer. "Red" Walsh, 28th Company, won the decision over Frank Godden, H. M. S. "Cornflower" (British man-of-war). Private Berry, Headquarters Company, Third Battalion, battled to a draw with Jules Lamblein, French sailor. "Ben" Chaves, of the 22nd Company, got a draw in his bout with "Kid" Andre, Russian battler.

June 6

**REGIMENTAL SMOKER.**—Boxers from the First Battalion won four out of five bouts from the Third Battalion, to win the Regimental Cup for Boxing. First bout: Massey, Third Battalion, won from Hyles, First Battalion. Second bout: Karnes of the First won from Salmon of the Third Battalion. Third bout: Gahura of the First won from H. A. Smith, Third Battalion. Fourth bout: Flynn, First, won from Coffinbarger, Third Battalion. Fifth bout: Ewton, First, won from Orcutt, Third Battalion.

In the wrestling bouts, Weaver of Headquarters Company, won from Hardenbrook, Headquarters Company, two out of three falls. "Charlie" Nissen of Headquarters Company won two out of three falls from Corporal Pearce, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh."

Musical numbers, a band concert, local entertainment by Shanghai's best performers, and an after-the-show "menu" wound up the evening's affair, which was enjoyed by the entire Fourth Marines and many of their civilian friends.

June 7

**PLAYGROUND BASEBALL.**—In the first game of a three-game series to decide the regimental championship, the Playground Baseball Team of the 28th Company, led by 1st Sergeant "Jakie" Fine, won from the 21st Company, 7 to 3. Daugherty, Welch and Guidetti starred for the 28th; Slusser for the 21st.

June 10

**PLAYGROUND BASEBALL.**—In the second game of the championship series of Playground Baseball, the 21st Company of the Third Battalion romped all over the 28th Company of the First Battalion, 12 to 7. Slusser played the part of relief twirler in good style and likewise came through with timely hits to help win his own ball game.

June 13

**RIFLE SHOOTING.**—The Fourth Marines won in a rifle match against teams from the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, the Green Howards and the Worcestershires. Teams scored as follows: 1, Fourth Marines, 1079; 2, Shanghai Volunteer Corps, 869; 3, Green Howards, 854; 4, Worcestershires, 852. The Fourth Marine team fired as follows: Sergeant Harker, 150; Captain Ashurst, 141; Lieutenant Shively, 136; Lieutenant McQuillen, 136; Corporal Nelson, 134; Ch. Marine Gunner Jensen, 133; Sergeant Rumley, 129; Private Lee, 120.

June 14

**GOLF.**—The officers' Golf Team of the Fourth Marines won a match from the Foreign Y. M. C. A. Captains Cates and Armstead, Lieutenants Cresswell, Pefley, Lesser, W. F. Brown, Scheyer, Saunders, Esau, and Dr. Miller turned in excellent scores to win the match.

June 15

**RIFLE SHOOTING.**—Lieutenant Shively of the Fourth Marines finished in second place with a score of 278, one less than the winner of match, in the .303 (British) Rifle Championship Match. Lieutenant Shively's score was the outstanding feature of the match, inasmuch as he had never before fired the British service rifle.

Sergeant Kenneth A. Harker of the Fourth Marines won the N. R. A. Silver Medal Match with a score of 100. This match was held by the Shanghai Rifle Association and was open to all comers.

June 17

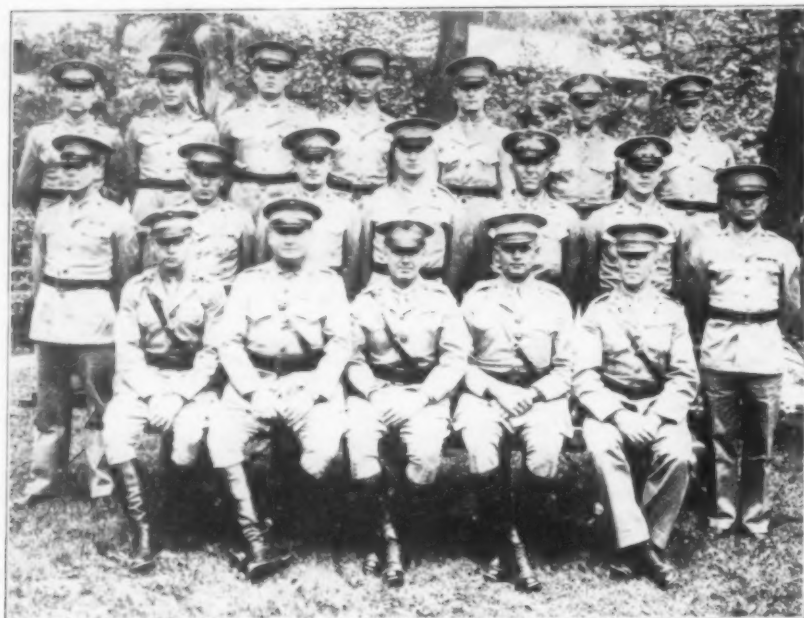
**PLAYGROUND BASEBALL.**—The 21st Company of the Third Battalion won the third and deciding game of a three-game series of playground baseball, 15 to 10, from the 28th Company of the First Battalion—and the Regimental Championship. The game was a free-hitting affair. Slusser of the 21st Company again played the part of relief twirler and held the game well in hand after he went into the box. Slusser also banged out a couple of lusty hits to put the game on ice. The entire regiment, including the commanding officer, Colonel C. H. Lyman, turned out to see this series.

June 18

**TRACK AND FIELD.**—The Third Battalion Field and Track Meet was won by the 22nd Company with a score of 60 points; 19th Company was second with 32; 21st Company, 16; 24th Company, 12; Headquarters Company, 10. Private Swank of the 22nd Company was high point man of the meet.

June 23

**DRILL COMPETITIONS.**—The 22nd Company of the Third Battalion won the



Fourth Regiment Rifle and Pistol Team, Shanghai, China. Back row, left to right: Pvt. Harvey Lahr, Pfc. Melvin Lee, Cpl. Ivan M. Hopkins, Cpl. Paul Rumley, Cpl. Oscar C. Braune, Tpnr. Chas. S. Dougherty, Pvt. Willard R. Baker. Second row: Sgt. Carl F. Cain, Pvt. Joseph J. Taschler, Sgt. Julius Rich, Cpl. William C. Hershey, Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, Cpl. Loreen A. C. Nelson, Sgt. John Slezack. Seated: Lieutenant Robert A. Olson, Captain James E. Snow, Captain William W. Ashurst, Lieutenant Francis J. McQuillen, Chief Marine Gunner Ludolf F. Jensen.

Infantry Drill Competition on the Race Course parade ground. This company is commanded by Captain T. A. Tighe, with 1st Lieutenants A. W. Cockrell and T. H. Saunders as platoon commanders.

The 2nd Platoon of the 28th Company, commanded by Lieutenant A. R. Pefley, won the machine-gun competition.

The Howitzer Platoon of the 28th Company, commanded by Second Lieutenant T. D. Marks, won the Howitzer Platoon competition.

The 22nd Company was presented with the Drill Competition Pennant, and all winning organizations were felicitated by the Regimental Commander, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, at a parade and review on the Race Course parade ground.

**SWIMMING MEET.**—The Fourth Marines won a swimming meet from the Foreign Y. M. C. A., 40 to 26. Loomis, Case, Gill, Tekely, Alex, Jester, Merrill, Severin, and Taschler performed for the Marines.

#### June 24

**AMATEUR BOXING.**—Private Gahura of First Battalion won his fight from Private Walker of the Royal Army Service Corps (British). "Doc" Crain, of the Regimental Hospital, fought to a draw with the Shanghai Amateur Champion, Hertzerg.

#### June 26

**FIELD AND TRACK.**—The First Battalion Field and Track Meet was won by the 28th Company with a score of 87 points; 27th Company gathered 20 points; Headquarters Company made 15; 25th Company registered 8; 26th Company failed to place. Private Lawless of the 28th Company was high point man with 29 points. Townsley, Long, Holliday, Guidetti, Sugden, and Jessen performed well for the 28th.

#### June 29

**BASEBALL.**—The Fourth Marines defeated the Shanghai Amateurs 9 to 0. Batteries for the Fourth Marines: Brown and Boyle. Brown allowed but 2 hits; walked none; struck out 12 batters. Captain Passmore, first baseman, made 4 hits out of 4 times up. Line-up for Marines: Parsons, rf; Maddes, 2b; Passmore, 1b; Gogleman, cf; Wilson, 3b; Chapin, lf; Stanton, ss; Boyle, c; Brown, p.

**RIFLE SHOOTING.**—In the third and deciding match, the Fourth Marines defeated the team from the American Company, Shanghai Volunteer Corps, in a rifle match, 928 to 912. Each team had previously won a match. Captain Ashurst was high gun with a score of 100 out of a possible 105.

#### June 27

**BOXING.**—Before one of the largest crowds of the season, the Fourth Marine boxers topped the show. Private Blackwood got a draw in his fight with Young Nikko, local Russian battler. "Red" Walsh won his fight from Young Walker, famed British fighter from Hongkong. The latter was one of the best fights ever seen in Shanghai with Walsh forcing the fighting throughout. Ben Chaves won his fight from Kid Andre, local Russian battler, on a foul in the fourth round. "Dan" Searcey won from Babe Russ, Russian boxer, on a foul in the fourth round.

#### June 30

**FIELD AND TRACK.**—The First Battalion track and field team won from the Third Battalion in the regimental meet, by the close score of 72 to 68. Swank of the Third Battalion was high point man with 21, having finished with three first places and two second places. Townsley

and Lawless, veteran track men, also were high point men. The events, winners and time:

100-meter dash.—First, Townsley (28th Co.). Time: 11:01.

1500-meter run.—First, Holliday (28th Co.). Time: 4:47 1-10.

100-meter high hurdles.—First, Swank (22nd Co.). Time: 17:04.

Discus throw.—First, Cooper (22nd Co.). Distance: 105 feet 9 inches.

200-meters dash.—First, Townsley (28th Co.). Time: 23:02.

Running broad jump.—First, Swank (22nd Co.). Distance: 21 feet 10 inches.

200-meters low hurdles.—First, Swank (22nd Co.). Time: 27:01.

Javelin throw.—First, Lawless (28th Co.). Distance: 134 feet.

400-meters dash.—First, Townsley (28th Co.). Time: 57.

High jump.—First, Shaffer (Hd. Co., 3rd Batt.). Height: 5 feet 2 3/4 inches.

800-meters relay.—First, First Battalion (Lewandowski, Guidetti, Lawless, Townsley). Time: 1:39 1-10.

800-meters run.—First, Holliday (28th Co.). Time: 2:22.

Pole vault.—First, Warwick (25th Co.). Height 10 feet 1 1/4 inches.

1600-meters relay.—First, First Battalion (Kitchen, Holliday, Lawless, Townsley). Time: 3:48.

July 4th.—The American Community of Shanghai celebrated the Fourth of July with elaborate ceremonies. In the morning, exercises were held at the American Consulate, with Mr. Edwin Cunningham, American Consul-General, presiding. Master "Andy" Lyman, 13-year-old son of Colonel Charles H. Lyman, commanding the Fourth Marines, read the Declaration of Independence, and Captain C. B. Cates delivered an oration on "The Flag."

After the ceremonies, the American Consulate and the American Club held open house.

#### The Baseball Game

The annual Fourth of July baseball game for possession of the Shanghai American Community baseball cup, was won by the Fourth Marines, by the score of 5 to 1, from the Shanghai Amateur Baseball Club.

The Shanghai American Community baseball cup is offered yearly, for competition between the Shanghai Amateurs (Civilians), and a U. S. Service baseball team, generally selected by the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Asiatic Fleet. The cup was first offered for competition in 1916, and its record to date is as follows:

1916—Won by U. S. S. "Brooklyn."

1917—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1918—Won by U. S. Navy.

1919—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1920—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1921—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1922—Won by U. S. Navy.

1923—Won by U. S. S. "Huron."

1924—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1925—Won by U. S. Navy.

1926—Won by U. S. Navy.

1927—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1928—Won by Fourth Marines.

1929—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1930—Won by Fourth Marines.

The game started when Mr. Edwin Cunningham, U. S. Consul-General, threw out the first ball.

Brown and Boyle were the batteries for the Marines. Brown pitched a masterly game of ball, allowing but 6 scattered hits, and was never in danger.

## MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 37)

have reference to, would be glad to correspond with him. His photo is taken at the time we had the full dress uniform as the picture indicates; the epaulets were of brass with yellow or orange fringe. The date of his enlistment is not mentioned and although he tops me in age as 85 while mine is 76, his discharge was later than mine. I enlisted Nov. 23, 1876, under Lt. Col. John L. Broome, at Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y. When did he enlist?

It is true we slept on straw ticks, said straw obtained at the same post and after lying in it one night it could be used as a cradle, for it had a furrow in the center. Sliced tomatoes were not known but "soup and bully" was, aboard ship. So was "potato scouce" and bean soup, which was served the next day as baked beans. I never saw black bread but we had white bread at the barracks. Aboard ship we had what was known as "sea biscuit," which, at Brooklyn, was baked in the Navy Yard; I stood post a few times on the wall just back of the bakery which separated the yard from the Gas House District.

I well remember the "Monongahela" but she was a small schooner-rigged vessel along with the "Swartara," "Saratoga," "Nipsic" and several others of the same type; I congratulate Sergeant Hunt on attaining his age and will willingly exchange confidences if he cares to. We may be old "buddies" and that is what I am longing for.

There is considerable discussion on the subject of rifle practice and it has occurred to me that a good solution is that a combined effort be made by detachments and National Headquarters to furnish an object wherewith a member of the League can obtain recognition of his prowess.

Let there be a resolution framed for the coming National Assemblage at St. Louis, for discussion and adoption or rejection, authorization for a detachment to furnish at a proper stipend, the usual badge for marksmanship, sharpshooter or expert rifleman, on the back of which could be stamped the letters "M. C. L." There are many members who have never obtained these from the Government but who are really deserving of such and to get one under the authorization of the League Headquarters will be an incentive for carrying on.

But let it be understood that a member thus trying for a badge must first win a "marksmanship," then the "sharpshooter" and finally the "expert rifleman." The badges can be obtained by the proper authorities of the League at a price bringing a small profit for Headquarters which is so much in need of support, or they can be awarded by detachments in recognition of service to the League or in any way desired.

Rifle practice should be under the supervision of some member of a detachment who is willing to be accountable for a correct report of a practice under a general rule adopted at a National Assemblage and to be strictly followed by the detachments. There were many

shots fired during the last disturbance in France that actually went wild with no assurance of hitting the mark and yet the result of the many engagements were very gratifying. There was an uncertainty and the only way to make sure of ability is to try the eye and hand in a moment of peace when one's mind is not in a whirl.

I had not had the privilege of target practice in over 50 years, yet when a chance offered I went to the range one day with several others and made 21 out of a possible 25. I would welcome another chance for I feel convinced I can qualify for all three grades.

## THE OLD WARRIOR,

H. C. Edgerton,  
94 No. Pearl St.,  
Albany, N. Y.

## LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP EXCLUSIVE WITHOUT BEING "HIGH HAT"

The old and familiar but nevertheless justified question, "What do I get out of belonging to the League—or what good does it do me to be a Leaguer?" can be answered by asking in return, what good does it do a man to belong to any veteran organization?

Emphatically, the League is not intended to be a competitor of any other veteran organization. The League aims to be a lasting link between Marines who have left the Corps and those who are still serving actively, to uphold and continue interest in the affairs and welfare of the Marine Corps.

Its membership is open only to Marines, including those who are not eligible to other veteran organizations because of their youth and time of active service. On this foundation it is our purpose also that those Marines who are out of active service and who are in a position to, shall step forward and support such measures as will help the Corps, uphold its traditions and keep alive the spirit born of the Globe and Anchor. Semper Fidelis—There are no "Ex"-Marines.

## WHOOPEE IN THE OLD DAYS PROVED COSTLY PASTIME

In the early eighteen hundreds of the Marine Corps, peculiar orders were issued for the punishment of enlisted men who disobeyed the rules. In such case punishment was always administered at parade of the troops and carried out as ordered by the court-martial board which sentenced the unfortunate.

In one case a Blackwood was ordered by the trial of a General court-martial to receive fifty lashes at parade for being drunk and losing his money. (The last clause of the offense probably constituting a crime in that it deprived the canteen of its rake-off.)

However, the Colonel Commandant had a change of heart and ordered that the sentence be not carried out, in view of the excellent record of Blackwood, and he was pardoned on September 5, 1803. (Thereby proving that a tender heart often beat beneath a chest covered with distinguished service medals, even in the old days.)

But in 1805, the punishment was changed from a certain number of lashes to a certain number of days at hard labor. (Giving the boys a "Mexican stand-off.")

## THE GAZETTE

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Frederick A. Ramsey.  
Lt. Col. Holland M. Smith.  
Maj. James E. Davis.  
Capt. Harry W. Bacon.  
1st Lt. Floyd A. Stephenson.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Walter E. Noa.  
Lt. Col. John R. Henley.  
Maj. Lloyd L. Leech.  
Capt. Rees Skinner.  
1st Lt. Jas. P. S. Devereux.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JULY 17, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JULY 18, 1930.

Captain Robert C. Anthony, on reporting of his relief detached MB, NFF, Indian Head, Md., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.  
Captain Thomas E. Bourke, orders to Department of the Pacific modified to MB, Quantico, Va.  
Captain John K. Martenstein, AQM, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

1st Lt. Ralph D. Leach, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Recruiting District of Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska.

2nd Lt. David F. O'Neil, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

JULY 19, 1930.

Major Nedon A. Eastman, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Corinto on or about July 29th.  
Major Francis T. Evans, on July 19th detached First Brigade, Haiti, to AS, WCEP, NAS, NOB, San Diego, California.

Captain Frank R. Armstead, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Ralph E. West, orders to Department of the Pacific modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Clinton W. McLeod, orders from MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, revoked.

1st Lt. Ervin R. Whitman, orders to MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., modified to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Chf. Qm. Clk. James E. Reamy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Fay Clk. David R. Porter, on July 31st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

JULY 21, 1930.

1st Lt. William W. Davies, detached MB, NOB, New Orleans, La., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Wawa," scheduled to sail from New Orleans, La., on or about August 5th.

1st Lt. William J. Wallace, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, WCEP, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 11th.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Cornell, orders to Asiatic Station modified to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Chf. Qm. Clk. William E. Affleck, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Chf. Qm. Clk. James E. Reamy, orders to MB, Parris Island, S. C., from MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

JULY 22, 1930.

Captain Max Cox, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 11th.

Captain John K. Martenstein, AQM, on July 25th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Cornelius J. Eldridge, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via the SS "President Hayes," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about August 5th.

2nd Lt. Arthur H. Dutler, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

JULY 23, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JULY 24, 1930.

Colonel John C. Beaumont, on August 14th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Benjamin S. Berry, on August 14th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Gerard M. Kincaid, on August 14th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Major Cecil S. Baker, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.



Captain Lucian W. Burnham, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MD. USS "Utah," to report on August 14th.

Captain Donald J. Kendall, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report on August 18th.

Captain Merton A. Richal, on July 28th detached MB. Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, to Recruiting District of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.

Captain Charles T. Brooks, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report on September 18th.

Captain William McN. Marshall, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report on September 18th.

1st Lt. Bayard L. Bell, detached MB. Washington, D. C., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report on September 18th.

Captain Galen M. Sturgis, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to report on September 7th.

1st Lt. John A. Bemis, on or about August 15th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

JULY 23, 1930.

Colonel Frank J. Schwable, AQM, Detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Captain Emmett W. Skinner, orders to MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., modified to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 23rd.

1st Lt. John T. Thornion, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Washington, for treatment.

1st Lt. John B. Weaver, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about August 13th.

2nd Lt. William F. Coleman, orders to MB. NYD, New York, N. Y., modified to MB. Washington, D. C.

Mar. Gnr. Walter L. Pounders, killed in airplane crash on July 16th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. August F. Schonefeld, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 23rd.

JULY 26, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JULY 28, 1930.

Captain Edward A. Fellowes, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Melvin G. Brown, on July 29th detached MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 30th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. John T. Baush, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 10th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Norman Johnston, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB. Parris Island, S. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Amos E. Potts, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about August 23rd.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Frederick A. Ramsey, Lt. Col. Holland M. Smith, Major James E. Davis, Captain Howard M. Peter.

JULY 29, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JULY 30, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JULY 31, 1930.

1st Lt. William D. Bassett, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. Jaime Sabater, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to report on August 10th.

AUGUST 1, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 2, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 4, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 5, 1930.

Colonel Arthur J. O'Leary, on September 1st detached MB. NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to Department of the Pacific.

Captain James E. Reich, retired as of November 1st.

1st Lt. Raymond A. Anderson, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

1st Lt. Charles P. Cresswell, on August 7th de-

tached MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

1st Lt. Ralph W. Culpepper, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. Augustus H. Fricke, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

1st Lt. Ralph W. Luce, on reporting of his relief detached MB. NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Verne J. McCaul, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS. WCEP, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Thomas G. McFarland, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

AUGUST 6, 1930.

Major Thomas E. Thrasher, on August 27th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. Quantico, Va., to report on September 1st.

1st Lt. Charles J. Lohmiller, retired as of December 1st with the rank of Captain.

1st Lt. Harry P. Smith, retired as of December 1st with the rank of First Lieutenant.

AUGUST 7, 1930.

Lt. Col. Percy F. Archer, AQM, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Corinto on or about September 4th.

Captain Robert C. Anthony, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Captain Howard M. Peter, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

2nd Lt. Robert L. Peterson, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

The following named second lieutenants detached stations indicated to MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than September 2nd.

Archibald D. Abel, MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

William P. Battell, MB. Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

William W. Childs, MB. NYD, New York, N. Y.

George H. Cloud, MB. NYD, New York, N. Y.

Edson L. Lyman, MB. Quantico, Va.

Peter A. McDonald, MB. NYD, Boston, Mass.

Michael McG. Mahoney, MB. NYD, Charleston, S. C.

Lewis R. Tyler, MB. Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

Vincent Usera, MB. NTS, Newport, R. I.

Cornelius P. Van Ness, MB. NYD, Washington, D. C.

John Wehle, MB. Quantico, Va.

Samuel S. Yeaton, Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, RR. Wakefield, Mass.

AUGUST 8, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 9, 1930.

Captain Robert C. Anthony, AQM, on August 30th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. NS. St. Thomas, V. I., via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about September 3rd.

1st Lt. Clinton W. McLeod, on reporting of relief detached MB. NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to MB. NYD, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Brady L. Vost, detached MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Ervin R. Whitman, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MB. NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va.

2nd Lt. Frederick O. Lippert, orders to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, modified to MB. NSB, New London, Conn., to report on August 11th.

AUGUST 11, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 12, 1930.

Lt. Col. Calhoun Ancrum, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass.

2nd Lt. Ion M. Bethel, on completion of temporary duty with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, Camp Perry, Ohio, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington.

Mar. Gnr. Charles R. Nordstrom, on completion of temporary duty with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, Camp Perry, Ohio, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

AUGUST 13, 1930.

No changes were announced.

#### DEATHS

NEVILLE, Wendell Cushing, Major General Commandant, died July 8, 1930, of heart failure, at Edgewater Beach, Maryland. Next of kin: Mrs. John P. W. Vest, daughter, Edgewater Beach, Maryland.

POUNDERS, Walter Lee, Marine Gunner, killed in airplane crash July 16, 1930, about 10 miles south of Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mr. James S. Pounders, brother, R. F. D. No. 1, Box No. 200, Colt, Arkansas.

ANDREWS, Theodore, Sergeant, died July 2, 1930, at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. M. L. Levy, mother, 121 Intervale St., Roxbury, Massachusetts.

HOON, David Clarke, Private First Class, died July 27, 1930, on board the USS "Rochester," Next of kin: Reverend C. D. A. Hoon, father, Church Street, Fairchance, Pennsylvania.

MACAULEY, William Jay, First Sergeant, died July 12, 1930, on board the USS "Helen," Next of kin: Mr. Thomas J. Wells, friend, 911 Sixth Street, San Diego, California.

MARTIN, Chalmers Louis, Sergeant, killed in airplane crash July 16, 1930, about 10 miles south of Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Sadie Martin, mother, Barlow, Ohio.

MELTON, Edward Lee, Private, died July 21, 1930, in Western Hospital, Western, Rhode Island, of injuries received in an automobile accident on July 7, 1930. Next of kin: Mrs. Katy L. Melton, wife, 728 Fenwick Street, Augusta, Georgia.

PERRY, Mark Franklin, Private, killed by a train July 31, 1930, at Ale, Hawaii. Next of kin: Mrs. Moss Perry, mother, Lindenwood, Illinois.

WOOD, Hampton, Private, died July 4, 1930, at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. Edward T. Wood, father, 1205 Ethel Street, Alhambra, California.

ADAMS, Corlies, First Lieutenant, V. M. C. R. (inactive), died of disease, June 14, 1930, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Maria P. Adams, wife, 610 West 111th Street, New York, N. Y.

HAR, Arthur Michael, Staff Sergeant, Class 3-b, F. M. C. R., died June 29, 1930, at Philadelphia, Penna. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary E. Har, wife, 1237 South Hollywood Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MINGES, Leonard Philip, Private, Class 4-a, F. M. C. R. (inactive), died of injuries received in a motorcycle accident June 23, 1930, at Chicago, Illinois.

#### NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed Honolulu 26 July for Guam. Due Guam 6 August, leave 7 August; arrive Manila 12 August, leave 12 Sept.; arrive Guam 17 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive Honolulu 26 Sept., leave 27 Sept.; arrive San Francisco 4 Oct. Will sail from San Francisco 14 Oct. for Hampton Roads on the following schedule: Arrive San Pedro 15 Oct., leave 16 Oct.; arrive San Diego 17 Oct., leave 18 Oct.; arrive Corinto 25 Oct., leave 25 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 27 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive Port au Prince 1 Nov., leave 2 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 6 November.

HENDERSON—Arrived Balboa 31 July. Scheduled to leave Canal Zone 3 Aug.; arrive Hampton Roads 10 August, leave 23 August; arrive Canal Zone 30 August, leave 2 Sept.; arrive Corinto 4 Sept., leave 4 Sept.; arrive San Diego 12 Sept., leave 13 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 14 Sept., leave 15 Sept.; arrive San Francisco 16 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 17 Sept. Will sail from San Francisco 30 September for Manila on the following schedule: Arrive Honolulu 8 Oct., leave 9 Oct.; arrive Guam 22 Oct., leave 23 Oct.; arrive Manila 29 Oct., leave 2 Dec.; arrive Guam 8 Dec., leave 8 Dec.; arrive Honolulu 19 Dec., leave 20 Dec.; arrive San Francisco 28 December.

KITTERY—Sailed Hampton Roads 30 July for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 4 Aug., leave 5 Aug.; arrive Port-au-Prince 6 Aug., leave 7 Aug.; arrive Cape Haitien 8 Aug., leave 9 Aug.; arrive San Juan 11 Aug., leave 11 Aug.; arrive St. Thomas 12 Aug., leave 13 Aug.; arrive Hampton Roads 18 August. Will leave Hampton Roads 3 September for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 8 Sept., leave 9 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 10 Sept., leave 11 Sept.; arrive Cape Haitien 12 Sept., leave 13 Sept.; arrive San Juan 15 Sept., leave 15 Sept.; arrive St. Thomas 16 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive Hampton Roads 22 September.

NITRO—Sailed Newport 31 July for Boston Yd. Due Boston 1 August, leave 5 Aug.; arrive Hampton Roads 7 Aug., leave 11 Aug. for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 15 Aug., leave 15 Aug.; arrive Canal Zone 18 Aug., leave 20 Aug.; arrive Corinto 22 Aug., leave 22 Aug.; arrive San Diego 30 Aug., leave 30 Aug.; arrive San Pedro 31 Aug., leave 2 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 3 Sept., leave 11 Sept.; arrive Puget Sound 14 Sept., leave 20 Sept.; arrive San Diego 27 Sept., leave 28 Sept.; arrive San Diego 29 Sept., leave 29 Sept.; arrive Corinto 7 Oct., leave 7 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 9 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 14 Oct., leave 14 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 18 October.

PATOKA—Arrived Newport 12 July. When released by "Los Angeles" will proceed to Navy Yard, Norfolk, for minor repairs. Will leave Norfolk 30 Aug. for Beaumont, Texas.

RAMAPO—Sailed San Pedro 28 July for Manila. Due Manila 27 August, leave 9 September; arrive San Pedro 7 October.

SALINAS—Arrived Norfolk NYD 9 July for overhaul. Will sail from Hampton Roads 23 August, arrive Harbor Island, Tex., 31 Aug., leave 3 Sept.; arrive Hampton Roads 11 September.

SAPELO—Arrived Navy Yard, Norfolk, 11 July for overhaul. Will sail from Hampton Roads 10 Sept. on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 18 Sept., leave 20 Sept.; arrive Corinto 23 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 3 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Corinto 17 Oct., leave 17 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 20 Oct.

SERUS—Arrived Dutch Harbor 31 July. Will proceed to St. Paul and St. George, Pribilof Islands, and return to Seattle 29 Aug., leave Seattle 29 Aug.; arrive Puget Sound 29 August. Will leave Puget Sound 17 Sept. for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive Mare Island 20 Sept., leave 29 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 30 Sept., leave 1 Oct.; arrive San Diego 2 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Corinto 16 Oct., leave 16 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 19 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 24 Oct., leave 24 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 28 Oct., leave 5 Nov.; arrive Boston 7 Nov., leave 12 Nov.; arrive New York 13 Nov., leave 19 Nov.; arrive Philadelphia 20 Nov., leave 24 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 25 Nov.

VEGA—Sailed Hampton Roads 28 July for St. Thomas. Due St. Thomas 2 Aug., leave 2 Aug.; arrive Fredericksstad 2 Aug., leave 2 Aug.; arrive Canal Zone 4 Aug., leave 6 Aug.; arrive Corinto 9 Aug., leave 9 Aug.; arrive San Diego 18 Aug., leave 20 Aug.; arrive San Pedro 21 August, leave 22 Aug.; arrive Mare Island 23 Aug., leave 2 Sept.; arrive Puget Sound 8 Sept., leave 11 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 14 September.

BRAZOS—Sailed Beaumont 29 July for Newport. BRIDGE—Arrived Newport 30 July. ARCTIC—Arrived San Francisco 30 July. CUYAMA—Arrived Puget Sound 27 July. NECHES—Arrived Seattle 28 July. PECOS—Sailed Tainsto 23 July for Manila.

#### RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

2nd Lt. James Henry Hudnall—Spanish. C. P. H. M. Andrew Hartman—Fruit Growing. Cpl. George Stephen Plantier—Salesmanship. Cpl. Lynn Arthur Rodolph—Internal Combustion Engines. Pfc. Thomas Francis Evans—Salesmanship. Pfc. Richard Anthony Hardisty—Radio. Pfc. Basil Louis James Pitzen—Carpenter's Special. Pvt. Albert Hector Aerube—French. Pvt. Wilfred George Carter—Railway Postal Clerk. Pvt. Paul Appleby Colborn—Spanish. Pvt. William Barick Henderson—Salesmanship. Pvt. Hubert Dorsett Thatcher—Railway Postal Clerk. Pvt. John Fayley Willeford—Aviation Engines.

#### RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

ROSIC, Peter J., at Buffalo, 8-20-30, for MB. NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va. EMERY, Arison T., at St. Louis, 8-4-30, for MB. NTS. Great Lakes, Ill. FARMER, Randolph P., at Cincinnati, 8-4-30, for MB. Quantico, Va. SCOTTIE, Frank J., at Indianapolis, 8-4-30, for CHD, Chicago, Ill. PATTON, Levi L., at MB. NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., 8-5-30, for MB. NYD, Portsmouth, N. H. PUSKARICH, Mike E., at MB. Quantico, 8-5-30, for MB. Quantico, Va. STAHLER, Fred W., at MB. NYD, Philadelphia, 8-5-30, for Bks. Det. MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa. WILLIAMS, Joseph A., at Washington, 8-5-30, for MB. Washington, D. C. WOLKOVITZ, Peter P., at Quantico, 8-3-30, for MB. Quantico, Va. CROMAN, Stephen A., at New York, 8-5-30, for San Diego, via Hampton Roads. DAVEY, Ersal D., at Washington, 8-7-30, for Headquarters Marine Corps. GULINO, Joseph, at Buffalo, 8-4-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. TASSA, Michael, at Washington, 8-4-30, for Headquarters Marine Corps. ROBERTS, Carl B., at Pensacola, 8-3-30, for MB. Pensacola, Fla. KOENIG, Gus F., at St. Louis, 8-6-30, for MB. Quantico, Va. CARBAUGH, Newton E., at Vallejo, 8-1-30, for MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif. LEVINE, Herman J., at Los Angeles, 8-1-30, for MB. NYD, Puget Sound, Wash. BRADLEY, James J., at Port au Prince, 7-28-30, for VO-9M, Port au Prince, Haiti. McREE, Ellison H., at New York, 8-7-30, for Bks. Det. MB. NYD, New York. PEDERSON, Sofus, at Philadelphia, 7-31-30, for DofS, Philadelphia, Pa. AUDIRSCH, Elbert E., at Shreveport, 7-30-30, for MB. San Diego, Calif. PETERSON, Edward J., at Seattle, 7-24-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. PAULKNER, Henry H., at New York, 8-1-30, for San Diego, via Hampton Roads. KING, Thomas A., at Baltimore, 8-1-30, for China, via Hampton Roads. DOUSE, Kenneth, at Washington, 8-1-30, for MB. Washington, D. C.

HALVICK, Robert B., at Washington, 8-1-30, for Headquarters Marine Corps. CARTER, George L., at Philadelphia, 8-2-30, for MB. NYD, Philadelphia. CVETKOVICH, Joseph, at New York, 8-4-30, for Bks. Det. MB. NYD, New York. HUBBARD, Walter J., Jr., at Norfolk, 8-3-30, for Depot QM, Hampton Roads. WISTRAND, Emil E., at New York, 8-1-30, for China, via Hampton Roads. McELLEGOTT, Charles J., at Kansas City, 8-1-30, for Central Rec. Div. MITCHUM, Pearl H., at Oklahoma City, 8-1-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. ASHBY, Benjamin P., at Seattle, 7-20-30, for MB. NAS, Seattle, Wash. MARTS, Albert C., Puget Sound, 7-26-30, for MD. RS. NYD, Puget Sound. SCHOENBERG, Joseph, Jr., at Puget Sound, 7-28-30, for MB. P. C. T. S., Keyport, Wash. HOUGHTON, William H., Philadelphia, 8-1-30, for China, via Hampton Roads. CLARK, Lester E., at Indianapolis, 7-31-30, for NTS. Great Lakes, Ill. SNELL, Elmer T., at Long Beach, 7-28-30, for MCB, San Diego. CAOBIANCO, Carmine, at Newark, 7-26-30, for West Coast, via Hampton Roads. HOFFMASTER, Frank Wm., at Philadelphia, 7-29-30, for DofS, Philadelphia, Pa. PFEIFLE, George, at Philadelphia, 7-29-30, for DofS, Philadelphia, Pa. BELOVICH, Marko G., at K. C. Mo., 7-28-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. BOSTICK, Earl, at Indianapolis, 7-28-30, for Indianapolis Dist. CRD. BROWN, Fred A., at Seattle, 7-23-30, for MB. Mare Island, Calif. CARLSON, Earl C., at Quantico, 7-29-30, for First Marines, MB. Quantico. JAMOSKY, Felix N., at Denver, 7-24-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. COGGINS, Francis H., at Columbia, S. C., 7-25-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. DIXON, John F., at Houston, 7-25-30, for MB. Philadelphia, Pa. HARRELL, Claude H., at Fort Worth, 7-24-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. LOVE, Edward L., at Los Angeles, 7-22-30, for MB. Puget Sound, Wash. TERWILLIGAR, Earl Enoch, at San Diego, 7-22-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. HAAS, Albert L., at NAS, San Diego, 7-19-30, for AS. WCF, NAS, San Diego. HARRIS, Joe, at Shanghai, 6-28-30, for Shanghai, China. DELISLE, Alfred, Jr., at Springfield, Mass., 7-21-30, for MB. Quantico, Va. RIGGS, Charles L., at Philadelphia, 7-21-30, for DofS, Philadelphia, Pa. CRANSTON, Anstey A., at Macon, 7-21-30, for SDHS, Macon, Ga., on regts. STUTTJ, John G., at Vallejo, 7-16-30, for MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif. GOLDSMITH, Andrew, at Quantico, 7-21-30, for Bks. Det. Quantico, Va. CHRIST, William F., at Baltimore, 7-18-30, for Recte. Dist. of Baltimore. COLEMAN, Wess A., at Norfolk, 7-19-30, for Recte. Dist. of Baltimore. PARSONS, Roy T., at Denver, 7-18-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. SNYDER, Edward C., at Indianapolis, 7-18-30, for MB. NTS. Great Lakes, Ill. JOHNS, George W., at Mobile, 7-19-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. MITCHELL, John C., at Jacksonville, 7-16-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. RICHARD, Edson W., at New Orleans, 7-16-30, for MB. NAS, Pensacola, Fla. GREENLAW, Elmer E., at Vallejo, 7-13-30, for MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif. MATHIS, Jennings B., at San Francisco, 7-15-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. PAVELKO, John P., at Los Angeles, 7-14-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. RAYNOR, John J., at Los Angeles, 7-15-30, for MD. NTS. Great Lakes, Ill. DILLON, Claud, at Dallas, 7-16-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. MILLER, William A., Jr., at Atlanta, 7-16-30, for MB. Coco Solo, C. Z., via Hampton Roads. SOREY, James T., at Spokane, Wash., 7-12-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. KILPATRICK, Benjamin F., at MB. Norfolk, Va., 7-16-30, for MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va. FINFROCK, Harvey J., at Washington, D. C., 7-16-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. PURCELL, John, at Buffalo, 7-14-30, for MB. Philadelphia, Pa. RIGGLE, Edward A., Jr., at Chicago, 7-14-30, for China (4th Rgt.), via Hampton Roads. JAMESON, Edward K., at Quantico, 7-14-30, for MC Schools Det. MB. Quantico. BARR, James A., at Washington, D. C., 7-14-30, for MB. NYD, Norfolk, Va. BERRY, William L., at Philadelphia, 7-14-30, for Recte. Dist. Philadelphia, Pa. ZVANOVIC, Francis Wm., Jr., at New York, 7-14-30, for MB. Quantico, Va.

LOMBARD, Arnold M., at Vallejo, 7-7-30, for MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif. EILUND, Knud M., at Annapolis, 7-13-30, for MB. Annapolis, Md. GOODREAU, Walter P., at Norfolk, 7-15-30, for MB. Boston, Mass. JOHNSON, Merle H., at Boston, 7-17-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. CARTER, Paul H., at Pueblo, 7-15-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. GOTKO, Raymond F., at Detroit 7-16-30, for MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa. HUCK, Frank S., at St. Louis, 7-16-30, for MB. NMD, Yorktown, Va. MANLEY, Walter Wm., at New York, 7-10-30, for MB. Hampton Roads, Va. ISDELL, Charles J., at Kansas City, Mo., 7-7-30, for MB. Yorktown, Va. McGUIRE, Philip, at Chicago, 7-8-30, for Hampton Roads for West Coast. PEEVY, Joseph F., at Mobile, 7-9-30, for MB. NOB, New Orleans, La. WEST, John B., at Nashville, 7-9-30, for Nicaragua, via Hampton Roads. ARNOLD, Harry, at Puget Sound, 7-1-30, for MB. Puget Sound, Wash. STRUCK, Kenneth M., at Seattle, 7-2-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. WIGLEY, Carl L., at San Francisco, 7-3-30, for DofS, San Francisco. BOGART, Lloyd A., at China, 6-16-30, for MD. AL, Felping, China. HANEY, Michael J., at Quantico, 7-10-30, for Bks. Det. MB. Quantico, Va. McCLYMONDS, Herbert H., at Pittsburgh, 7-16-30, for West Coast, via Hampton Roads. DUNN, Urette E., at St. Louis, 7-15-30, for China, via Hampton Roads. LANDRETH, Lyman C., at San Francisco, 7-11-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. STEANTHAL, Lawrence, at Youngstown, 7-16-30, for MB. Quantico, Va. MEYERS, Charles E., at Los Angeles, 7-11-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. NORFLEET, Forrest, at Long Beach, 7-11-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. WALLACE, Bruce, Vallejo, 7-10-30, for China upon expiration re-enlistment furlough, 9 Oct., 1930, from Mare Island. LARIMORE, Corey E., at Washington, D. C., 7-9-30, for Hdqrs. MC, Washington, D. C. SMITH, Edgar E., at Parris Island, 7-8-30, for MB. Parris Island, S. C. YATES, Daniel M., at San Diego, 7-3-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. GERMAN, Mitchell, at New York, 7-11-30, for China, via Hampton Roads. AUBREY, Wilmer D., at Omaha, 7-9-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif. BRYANT, Ferrell E., at Akron, 7-13-30, for MB. NYD, Philadelphia, Pa. SCOTT, Willis O., at Vallejo, 7-5-30, for MB. NYD, Mare Island, Calif. JESTER, Joseph A., at Shanghai, China, 6-17-30, for Ser. Co. 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

#### LIST OF QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY. QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from last month)

NAME	DATE OF RANK
117. McDONALD, James H.	January 15, 1925
118. CAIN, Byron B.	February 10, 1926
119. PUCKETT, James C.	February 25, 1926
120. THRAILKILL, Joseph E.	April 12, 1926
121. STONE, Richard J.	July 15, 1926
122. OSTROM, Avard W.	July 23, 1926
123. KNOX, John W.	November 3, 1926
124. KNIGHT, Charles H.	November 16, 1926
125. BROWN, James R.	January 18, 1927
126. YOUNG, Lucian S.	February 10, 1927
127. WRIGHT, Frank W.	March 2, 1927
128. CROSS, Howard	April 4, 1927
129. BARGER, Noble J.	April 27, 1927
130. FEUSTEL, Charles D.	September 26, 1927
131. MCKINNEY, Howard D.	October 21, 1927
132. CASPERS, Frank X.	December 15, 1927
133. LONG, Clyde H.	December 29, 1927
134. DUSTAN, Ralph E.	January 24, 1928
135. PICKERING, Ray W.	February 27, 1928
136. MASSEY, Maurice	March 23, 1928
137. MOORE, Frederick H.	April 18, 1928
138. FINLAY, Albert W.	April 19, 1928
139. HUBBARD, Walter J., Jr.	May 24, 1928
140. BARTLEY, Harry D.	July 6, 1928
141. PETRINGLO, Carmon	August 6, 1928
142. GRAVELLE, Homer J.	August 23, 1928
143. BEAVERS, Ernesto R.	October 4, 1928
144. CHANDLER, Paul G.	October 4, 1928
145. NEIDLE, Barnett	October 4, 1928
146. RIGGS, Charles L.	October 10, 1928
147. DYKSTRA, Frederick	December 13, 1928
148. McDONOUGH, Patrick J.	January 1, 1929
149. TRAPNELL, Alton P.	April 4, 1929
150. FORAN, Daniel E.	April 12, 1929
151. JAMESON, Edward K.	May 10, 1929
152. WILGUS, Peter J.	May 13, 1929
153. STAHL, John J.	June 13, 1929
154. ANDERSON, Godfrey N.	July 2, 1929

155. DETWILER, Harry "E"	August 16, 1929
156. TENNY, James W.	August 16, 1929
157. TEXLER, Martin W.	October 26, 1929
158. WILSON, James L.	November 11, 1929
159. STYER, Kenneth P.	November 14, 1929
160. HOFFMAN, Robert C.	November 15, 1929
161. STONE, Rupert E.	January 21, 1930
162. GREENLAW, Elmer E.	February 1, 1930
163. HOFFMASTER, Frank W.	May 3, 1930
164. MCCARTHY, Cornelius J.	May 20, 1930
165. CLARK, Harry	June 3, 1930
166. JONES, Sidney W.	June 3, 1930

#### OFFICE OF THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT AND THE ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT

1. WILSON, Noble J.	August 16, 1917
2. WEBB, Percy	October 9, 1917
3. MOORE, Frederick J.	December 19, 1917
4. MILLER, Frank N.	February 19, 1918
5. FISHER, Frank L.	August 10, 1918
6. DARR, Gilbert C.	November 25, 1918
7. GILL, Reginald H.	February 28, 1919
8. KELLER, William R.	May 23, 1919
9. MILLER, Thomas L.	October 1, 1919
10. CUMMINGS, George C.	July 31, 1926
11. RAMBERG, William T.	October 26, 1926
12. THOMAS, Wesley J.	October 26, 1926
13. KRAH, Joseph E.	October 26, 1926
14. SINOPOLI, Jack	June 2, 1930

#### LIST OF MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

NAME	DATE OF RANK
1. ORTHOBER, Frank, QM	December 8, 1916
2. STEINSDORFER, Joseph G., QM	Feb. 8, 1919
3. MCCANN, William, QM	Feb. 6, 1920
4. KALE, Herman J., QM	Sept. 1, 1924
5. BELCHER, Benjamin F., Aviation	Sept. 1, 1924
6. BOYLE, George J., Aviation	Sept. 1, 1924
7. HENDERSON, Norman G., Aviation	Sept. 1, 1924
8. ESTERBROOK, Paul B., Aviation	Sept. 1, 1924
9. BLACKWELL, Harry L., Aviation	Sept. 1, 1924
10. KOOL, Sava, QM	Aug. 5, 1926
11. BURKE, William J., QM	Nov. 27, 1926
12. VAN RHEE, Peter P., QM	Jan. 18, 1927
13. BARKS, Howard C., QM	Feb. 5, 1927
14. TURNER, Fred, QM	April 23, 1927
15. O'BRIEN, William J., QM	May 10, 1927
16. NILSON, Edwin N., QM	Sept. 19, 1927
17. ADAMS, James S., QM	Oct. 18, 1927
18. RHINESMITH, Samuel, QM	Nov. 5, 1927
19. BEKOSKE, Peter, QM	Dec. 27, 1927
20. MILAM, Fred D., QM	April 10, 1928
21. MCCOOK, Robert E., QM	June 29, 1928
22. CZEKA, Victor H.	July 2, 1929
23. KUEBEL, Edward P., Aviation	Sept. 5, 1929
24. SHEPARD, Millard T., Aviation	Oct. 4, 1929
25. MUNSCH, Albert S., Aviation	Oct. 4, 1929
26. MCCULLOUGH, Thos. L., Aviation	Dec. 12, 1929
27. BUGBEE, Alvin R., Aviation	March 10, 1930
28. ADAMS, Omer C., Aviation	July 1, 1930
29. TURNER, John C., Aviation	July 1, 1930
30. GOULD, Cyril A., Aviation	July 1, 1930
31. ZALANKA, Earl J., Aviation	July 1, 1930
32. GEORGE, Oscar L., Aviation	July 1, 1930
33. KYLE, Clarence B., Aviation	July 1, 1930
34. REYNOLDS, Charles, Aviation	July 1, 1930
35. THURMAN, Roscoe V., Aviation	July 1, 1930
36. TOBIN, Patrick H., Aviation	July 1, 1930
37. GURTT, Morris K., Aviation	July 1, 1930
38. PARRICK, Scottie E., Aviation	July 1, 1930
39. STEWART, Carl E., Aviation	July 1, 1930
40. MORGAN, George C., Aviation	July 1, 1930

#### LIST OF FIRST SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

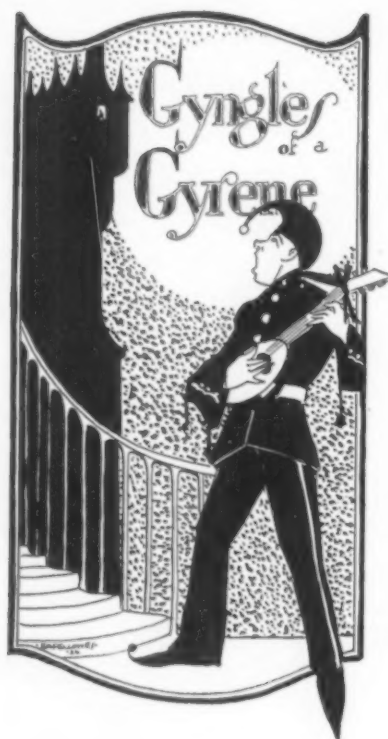
NAME	DATE OF RANK
1. ARNOLD, Ernest	November 16, 1916
2. BROWN, James W.	April 12, 1917
3. SHOWMAN, Charles S.	May 21, 1917
4. ERVIN, Harry A.	August 28, 1917
5. LAYMAN, Joseph McB.	October 1, 1917
6. WRIGHT, Claude	December 21, 1917
7. NOBLE, Stewart W.	April 15, 1918
8. BOWEN, Lee T.	May 4, 1918
9. BLACK, Jere	May 7, 1918
10. SHADBOLT, Gordon L.	May 15, 1918
11. MANNING, Joseph E.	July 1, 1918
12. SIEGRIEST, Norman B.	August 2, 1918
13. DAVIS, Charles	August 29, 1918
14. McCUNE, Harry W.	October 19, 1918
15. SIEGENTHALER, Fred	October 25, 1918
16. STEELE, Edward E.	November 2, 1918
17. SKELTON, Paul R.	December 17, 1918
18. DARMOND, James M.	January 14, 1919
19. SCOTT, James R.	February 12, 1919
20. COLEMAN, Joseph L.	March 13, 1919
21. KLEHM, Charles G.	March 13, 1919
22. BAUST, Walter E.	April 12, 1919
23. BURNS, William	July 1, 1919
24. PALWICK, Joseph	July 6, 1919
25. DARRAH, Clyde R.	July 18, 1919
26. CONN, Ernest S.	September 2, 1919
27. POLAND, Otto	September 2, 1919
28. KINDIG, Boyd B.	December 1, 1919
29. GOBLE, Albert J.	December 9, 1919
30. BAILEY, Robert	January 6, 1920
31. STEPANOF, Charles A.	January 16, 1920
32. STEELE, Arthur H.	January 20, 1920
33. YANE, James R.	February 13, 1920

34. BALD, Edward	February 18, 1920
35. DICKERSON, Percy J.	March 1, 1920
36. SAPHLEY, William E.	March 9, 1920
37. MULLEN, Edward A.	April 6, 1920
38. NOVICK, Frank P.	May 1, 1920
39. GREEN, Dennis W.	May 12, 1920
40. EDMONS, Clarence	May 25, 1920
41. MCCHUGH, John	June 1, 1920
42. COOKE, Walter M.	June 11, 1920
43. CLAYTON, Raymond	June 12, 1920
44. BROSNAN, Daniel W.	July 1, 1920
45. BANTA, Sheffield M.	July 23, 1920
46. WILLIAMS, Donald E.	July 29, 1920
47. ABBOTT, Arthur E.	August 1, 1920
48. HURST, Harry E.	August 17, 1920
49. MEIBOS, Lynn	September 3, 1920
50. BARRICK, William B.	September 14, 1920
51. MACK, George F.	October 11, 1920
52. PINCE, William	October 15, 1920
53. MARTZ, Frank	October 21, 1920
54. PYNE, Harry M.	November 23, 1920
55. DIETZ, Cecil M.	December 1, 1920
56. KENNEY, Charles E.	December 10, 1920
57. McCULLOUGH, James J.	January 16, 1921
58. DUKE, Jesse D.	January 22, 1921
59. WATTS, Brent S.	March 6, 1921
60. CURCEY, Leonard	March 17, 1921
61. WELSHHANS, Nathan I.	March 18, 1921
62. VERDIER, Frank	April 7, 1921
63. HARTMANN, Peter W.	April 8, 1921
64. WOOD, Samuel H.	April 9, 1921
65. BERTOL, Louis N.	June 10, 1921
66. JORDAN, James J.	June 18, 1921
67. LOCKWOOD, Charles A.	June 21, 1921
68. DESSAU, Bertram J.	June 27, 1921
69. WALCUTT, Frank	July 13, 1921
70. LUFFE, Philip	February 15, 1922
71. WILKINS, Ford E.	May 10, 1922
72. HARKMAN, Charles W.	May 11, 1922
73. CROWELL, Harold I.	June 1, 1922
74. TWOHIG, Jeremiah	June 16, 1922
75. MORRELL, John M.	August 24, 1922
76. YOUNG, Matthew J.	October 10, 1922
77. WOLFRING, Leo T.	November 1, 1922
78. FRANCIS, Alfred F.	November 15, 1922
79. SMITH, George O.	December 7, 1922
80. ARMSTRONG, William H.	January 11, 1923
81. KAPSHAMER, Matthew	February 15, 1923
82. HANRAHAN, Frank M.	April 19, 1923
83. THOMAS, Frank	April 19, 1923
84. ROMER, John P., Jr.	May 1, 1923
85. WOODS, William H.	July 12, 1923
86. HARTKOPF, Albert C.	August 8, 1923
87. DONAGHY, Allen R.	August 14, 1923
88. CASE, Charles W.	August 18, 1923
89. BETKE, Bernard G.	October 16, 1923
90. STEPHENSON, Frank H.	December 1, 1923
91. DUDLEY, Russell H.	December 14, 1923
92. HARRMANN, William W.	April 5, 1924
93. JOHNSON, Josiah D.	April 24, 1924
94. WHITNEY, Curtis O.	May 19, 1924
95. CONNERS, Benjamin L.	July 22, 1924
96. MELSON, Charles F.	August 16, 1924
97. PAUL, William	September 22, 1924
98. NAGAZNYA, John J.	October 15, 1924
99. LUCK, Albert T.	October 16, 1924
100. NELSON, William	January 7, 1925
101. ROENNIGKE, Theodore L.	July 22, 1925
102. MACAULEY, William J.	July 28, 1925
103. MCGARVEY, Josiah T.	November 10, 1925
104. FITZGERALD-BROWN, John F.	Nov. 15, 1925
105. TEOREY, Robert W.	December 1, 1925
106. ROUSSEAU, Eugene	December 4, 1925
107. ROEHRIK, Archibald	January 1, 1926
108. RASMUSSEN, Hans O.	January 8, 1926
109. SZUMIGALSKI, Roman	June 4, 1926
110. GIFFORD, James	June 5, 1926
111. MOBERLY, Lee	June 5, 1926
112. SHAW, Merrill A.	June 5, 1926
113. COYLE, Joseph G.	June 15, 1926
114. BUCKEY, Harry M.	June 24, 1926
115. BARTON, Edward J., Jr.	June 30, 1926
116. CARBARY, James	July 15, 1926
117. STROUD, Homer C.	July 20, 1926
118. THEK, John R.	July 26, 1926
119. SCHULER, Carl G.	July 28, 1926
120. ALBERT, William E.	September 7, 1926
121. JONES, Raymond G.	September 18, 1926
122. STINSON, Fred	September 24, 1926
123. DAHLGREN, John G.	October 2, 1926
124. CARTMELL, Hall V.	November 17, 1926
125. KILEY, Thomas M.	November 18, 1926
126. MARTIN, Edwin L. E.	March 17, 1927
127. COCHRAN, Albert	April 12, 1927
128. SALESKY, Jack	April 12, 1927
129. SHAMBOUGH, Elmer R.	April 12, 1927
130. YORK, Joseph	April 12, 1927
131. KILLEN, Dewey	April 25, 1927
132. OWENS, Gilbert L.	April 25, 1927
133. WOODY, Tom	May 1, 1927
134. SYLVESTER, Alfred	May 18, 1927
135. FREDA, Leon	June 9, 1927
136. HUGHES, Edgar C.	July 1, 1927
137. REYNOLDS, Howard E.	July 1, 1927
138. COSTELLO, Philip J.	July 15, 1927
139. REITMEYER, Nicholas	July 15, 1927
140. WELZ, Mard	July 19, 1927
141. SHARP, Marmaduke	August 6, 1927
142. MARTS, Albert C.	September 10, 1927
143. WALOWITZ, Emanuel	September 12, 1927
144. HALSEY, William	September 14, 1927

145. HAGGARTY, Ira C.	September 15, 1927
146. BERNICA, Joseph A.	September 19, 1927
147. RIEWE, Fred	September 28, 1927
148. ALGUIRE, Percil M.	December 1, 1927
149. BRIGHAM, Leland L.	December 1, 1927
150. CARLSON, Earl O.	December 1, 1927
151. KNOWLES, Elwell P.	December 1, 1927
152. WILSON, Robert L.	December 1, 1927
153. BECK, Ernest W.	February 1, 1928
154. MILLER, Matthew H.	February 11, 1928
155. HILL, Felix W.	February 11, 1928
156. ROOS, Otto N.	February 11, 1928
157. TIVEY, Francis	February 11, 1928
158. VIETEN, Louis	February 11, 1928
159. FARLEY, William T.	February 13, 1928
160. GLASER, Elmer G.	February 13, 1928
161. BELLORA, John D.	February 14, 1928
162. VAN HORN, Joseph O.	March 22, 1928
163. CAIN, Ambrose J.	March 29, 1928
164. GARRIE, Ralph G.	March 29, 1928
165. FONGER, Oliver S.	April 3, 1928
166. HUFF, Melvin T.	July 2, 1928
167. LA GASSE, John	July 2, 1928
168. McCLAY, Irvin F.	July 2, 1928
169. BRADLEY, Charles C.	July 3, 1928
170. DANIEL, Earle E.	July 3, 1928
171. RICHARDSON, Morris C.	July 3, 1928
172. WARD, Ira M.	July 3, 1928
173. MYERS, Everett J.	July 9, 1928
174. KELLY, John B.	July 10, 1928
175. PARKER, Edwin F.	August 18, 1928
176. CHAMBERLAND, Van Lender	August 20, 1928
177. MEISNER, Harry G.	September 15, 1928
178. SCOTT, James W.	September 15, 1928
179. PAQUETTE, Cecil C.	October 17, 1928
180. FIELDS, Thomas G.	October 27, 1928
181. BURTON, Teresa C.	October 31, 1928
182. OLSON, Oscar P.	October 31, 1928
183. DIRKES, John F.	November 1, 1928
184. BROWNELL, Jerome C.	November 14, 1928
185. BURROWS, Leslie J.	November 14, 1928
186. OLAGUEZ, August A.	November 14, 1928
187. FRANK, Jacob	November 28, 1928
188. SNELL, Eward J.	November 28, 1928
189. GRAY, Charles H.	December 1, 1928
190. HUNT, William	December 3, 1928
191. VALLANDINGHAM, Maurice	January 14, 1929
192. CHRISTIAN, Wilbourn O.	January 30, 1929
193. FERGUSON, John C.	January 30, 1929
194. HESS, Charles	February 1, 1929
195. RUETSCH, William E.	February 21, 1929
196. RICHARDS, Edward	March 2, 1929
197. DEFFENBAUGH, Charles W.	March 6, 1929
198. GARFIELD, John N.	March 13, 1929
199. ROGERS, Horace M.	March 15, 1929
200. TILLMAN, Nolan	March 15, 1929
201. WATKINS, Harry	March 16, 1929
202. JORDAN, William A.	April 1, 1929
203. McBE, John A.	April 1, 1929
204. STONE, Liberty L.	April 1, 1929
205. BOOKER, Doris H.	April 19, 1929
206. PARKER, John C.	April 29, 1929
207. BARRON, William L.	May 1, 1929
208. LANDRY, Frederick A.	May 1, 1929
209. URBAN, Frank	June 27, 1929
210. KELLY, Thomas O.	July 5, 1929
211. GORMAN, Edwin M.	July 16, 1929
212. COSIER, Melvin	July 16, 1929
213. HENNRICH, Charles	July 26, 1929
214. WHITSEL, Thomas	July 27, 1929
215. GREEN, George T.	July 31, 1929
216. LINDBERG, Herman R.	August 1, 1929
217. MITCHELL, William E.	August 10, 1929
218. SAXTON, Lee L.	August 20, 1929
219. MITCHELL, William T.	August 23, 1929
220. PIERCE, Dorsey D.	September 4, 1929
221. TURPIN, J. Fred	September 18, 1929
222. SIRA, Walter A.	September 19, 1929
223. LARSEN, Charles	September 20, 1929
224. CRAWFORD, Robert G.	September 26, 1929
225. MURPHY, Thomas W. P.	September 26, 1929
226. SARTORIUS, Claude X.	September 26, 1929
227. KNAPP, Theodore	September 27, 1929
228. NOBLE, James C.	September 27, 1929
229. FINE, Irving	September 28, 1929
230. RUSSELL, Warren S.	October 1, 1929
231. KING, Harvey R.	October 8, 1929
232. BOREK, Albert S.	October 9, 1929
233. FITZGERALD, Glendell L.	October 9, 1929
234. MATSON, Edward G.	October 9, 1929
235. NALL, Russell E.	October 23, 1929
236. PFLAUM, Louis	December 31, 1929
237. BROWN, William	February 6, 1930
238. ASHBY, Benjamin F.	February 8, 1930
239. COCHRAN, David K.	February 15, 1930
240. BENJAMIN, Allen S.	February 19, 1930
241. GAINES, Arthur G.	February 20, 1930
242. GERMER, Carl F. A.	February 26, 1930
243. ROGERS, Thomas	February 26, 1930
244. CAFFEY, John E.	April 4, 1930
245. CASPERONIS, John P.	April 9, 1930
246. HUDSON, Howard D.	April 11, 1930
247. PATTERSON, William R.	May 7, 1930
248. COMER, John W.	May 10, 1930
249. CAMERON, Elbert E.	June 3, 1930
250. FREY, Wendell L.	June 3, 1930
251. DEAN, Alexander M.	July 1, 1930
252. LEONARD, David K.	July 1, 1930
253. SKWIRALSKI, Frank	July 1, 1930
254. DAVENPORT, Floyd T.	July 1, 1930
255. TAYLOR, Amos Walton	July 2, 1930
256. HINSON, Henry R.	July 2, 1930







### HOMECOMING

By William B. Edmondson

The weary footstep that leads the wanderer home to die  
Does not abate the heart's glad, joyous cry,  
Nor the hard-shed tears that wash the grimy dust

From withered cheeks sucked old and wan by Time's cruel lust.

To a soldier returning from the lonely wars

Where dreams of home are strong as iron bars

Against the awful gloom of blood-stained fields—

What a sanctuary home must be to him from Mars' red shields!

The most of us have been away from home

And with quickening hearts have climbed the last hill

From whence a glimpse of it among the new-plowed fields

Brought a momentary love and peace our souls to thrill.

Perhaps God in his wisdom made us so  
So that when the last triumphant bugles blow

We will quietly seek and find the hal-  
lowed road of death

That winds its pleasant way to Home.

### DECISION

By Alice

Perhaps we're only puppets on a stage  
And dance, and talk, and sing,  
Not of our own volition  
But just because a string  
Is pulled. I guess I'll stop this  
Grieving and think with all my might:  
"You fool, it isn't your heart that aches—  
Your string's been pulled too tight!"

### SONNET TO A BIRDMAN

By C. R. S.

When once a child has followed with his eyes  
A heron and has dreamed of great, strong wings  
Bound to his own young back, or once he swings  
In spirit with the gull across the sky  
He's lost to earth, and henceforth he belongs  
To that proud race inhabiting the air  
Adrift among the clouds to flocks that fare  
At will into uncharted space with song.  
Thereafter with the mallard and the lark  
He'll travel lanes and avenues more frail  
Than threads of cobweb flowing in the dark.  
And if by chance his borrowed pinions fail  
Some misty dawn, some lonely starlit night,  
He'll die as he would wish—a bird in flight.

### GARB

By Hazel L. Zimmerman

I always thought that Sorrow  
Wore a small brown hood,  
Sitting in a corner  
With a crust of food.

I always thought that Heart-break  
Wore a dismal shroud,  
Hung her head in silence,  
Never spoke aloud.

Now I know that Sorrow  
Wears a circus gown;  
Heart-break's empty laughter  
Echoes through the town.

### RAIDER

By MacKinlay Kantor

Morgan's come over the border to raid,  
Yipping a Tennessee cheer.

He's knotted rails round a furlong of trees—

Won't be a train for a year!  
Slashing across through the ferryboat waves,

Screaming in spray at the ford;  
Six hundred sabers are carving the wind.  
Six hundred . . . mercy, oh, Lord!

Run! To the meadows as quick as you can!

Fetch all the cows to the grove;  
Dump all the hams in a sheet in the well,  
Put out the coals in the stove . . .

Amy, Elvira and Lucy and Slade,  
Climb in the root cellar, Miss!  
(Six hundred splinter eyed, racketing  
Rebs

Wouldn't shy clear of a kiss).  
Raising a dust like a devil jawed gale,

Gashing the pike into smoke,  
Wheeling gray hats in a crimsoning mist  
(Home Guards don't think it's a joke).

Battering hoofs over bodies of Yanks,  
Crying a warning to hell!

Six hundred raiders from south of the line

Howling a Tennessee yell . . .

Over the border looms Morgan, tonight.  
Up in the pale of the moon,

Six hundred shadowy ghosts at his heels  
Whining a Tennessee tune;

Six hundred swords glinting silvery-keen  
In through the flowery glades . . .

Run! To the cellar as quick as you can—  
Morgan still rides on his raids!

### LEGEND OF THE AD-MEN

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Author Unknown

Hear the legend of the Ad-Men  
Ere they conquered all creation.

In the Prophylactic forest,  
On the shores of Coca Cola,  
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwams—  
Old Sapolio, the chieftain.  
Pebecco, the grizzled prophet,  
And the warriors, young and eager.

In the lodge of the old chieftain  
With Uneeda, more than Mother,  
And Victrola, old and feeble,  
Lived the warmest of the maidens,  
Musterole, Sapolio's daughter—  
Musterole, the Sunkist Chicklet.

All the young men sought her favor,  
Left their trophies at her wigwams,  
Brought Thermos skins for raiment,  
Brought her Tarvia for ointment;  
And sweet Musterole smiled on them—  
Smiled on Vaseline and Pointex,  
Smiled on Danderine and Jello,  
Smiled on Listerine and Valspar—  
Smiled, but left them unrequited,  
For her love she gave to no one—  
Frigidair she gave them.

Then from the Multibestos mountains,  
From the tribe of Texacos,  
Came the young chief, Instant Postum,  
Mightiest hunter of the forest,  
All superb in strength and beauty.  
He it was that trapped the Kodak,  
He who shot the great Sears-Roebuck,  
Eversharp his trusty hatchet,  
Every Arrow had a Hotpoint.  
On him gazed the Moxie maidens—  
Nujol poured her glowing glances,  
Bold Carbona sought to win him,  
Zonite brought him luscious Pyrene;  
But for Musterole yearned Postum.

Through the fields of ripe Wheatena  
Hand in hand the lovers wandered,  
Seated them upon the White Rock,  
By the rippling Cuticura,  
Safe beneath Palmolive shadows.  
From the boughs they picked the Grape  
Nuts.

There they saw the sun descending.

Naught cared Postum for the night winds  
Blowing through the Holeproof forest  
Musterole was there beside him,  
To his bosom quick he drew her,  
Held her to his manly breast—  
Whispered words of love a-burning,  
Told her how he caught the Sealpax,  
Told her how he had slain Bull Durham,  
Told her how he trapped Ampico—  
Boasted of his father's teepee,  
With its sides of Mentholatum,  
And its rugs of soft Socony.

To him Musterole aqiver  
Listened, and her heart gave answer.  
All the warmth of love she gave him,  
Gave her Rubberset affection,  
Gave her heart to Instant Postum,  
Thus he won her, thus he took her.

Passed the years in quick succession,  
Little Fairies came to bless them—  
Gold Dust twins, bright BVD,  
Little Beechnut, Wrigley, Spearmint,  
Vici Kid and Pluto Water  
Filled the wigwam with their laughter.

So they lived in happy union,  
Safe in peace and strong in warfare,  
And their progeny continues,  
Finds a place in town and hamlet,  
Known and loved by every mortal—  
All the tribes are held in honor.  
This is the legend I have told you.

# FORMER PLASTERER NOW MAKING \$12,000 A YEAR



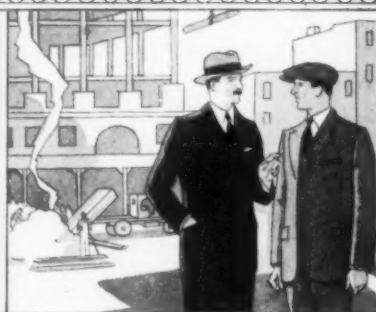
## Worked for Small Salary

Henry J. Beilman had little education and little opportunity to get ahead, but he refused to give up. Deep within him was the longing to make something of his life before it was too late—to build a building some day instead of tinkering around it as a plasterer or bricklayer.



## Resolves to Earn More Money

"If spare time study can help other men to get out of the rut," he said, "it can help me. I'm going to take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and study at home. It's the only way I can ever hope to put myself on a par with technically trained men."



## Gets Offer from Contractor

Beilman's friends laughed at him and said he was wasting his time, but he kept right on studying, for he could see how the course was helping him in his work. Soon one of the leading contractors heard about "this bright young man" and made him superintendent at a fine increase in salary.



## Secures Big Contract

Beilman went ahead so rapidly that he decided to start a business of his own. He met with unusual success from the very start and today his income is "more than \$12,000 a year." Recently he handled the contracting work of the new \$800,000 Chamber of Commerce building in Scranton.



## Glad He Studied at Home

"I give the International Correspondence Schools full credit for my success," Mr. Beilman writes. "There is nothing better for the man who has been deprived of the advantages of a college education. Many of my friends also give the I. C. S. full credit for their ability to do their work efficiently and well."



## The Secret of His Success

Henry J. Beilman is a successful man today because he had vision—ambition—and perseverance. He realized that he had to learn more before he could earn more. Instead of just drifting along, he picked a definite goal and then worked and strived until he made his dreams come true.

The success of Henry J. Beilman is just another indication of the practical value of the home study courses of the International Correspondence Schools.

For thirty-eight years these schools have been helping men to get ahead in business and in life and they will

help you too if you will only make the start. All you need to do is this: Mark the work you like best in the coupon printed below and mail it to Scranton.

It takes only a moment—it doesn't obligate you in any way—but it may be the means of changing your entire life.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Organization
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Complete Commercial

- ☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- ☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French

### BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Show Card Lettering
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Good English

### TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Railroad Positions

- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing and Heating
- ☐ Steam Engineering
- ☐ Radio

- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Blueprint Reading
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer

- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Grade School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning

- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Aviation Engines
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

Name..... Address.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal





### THE BISHOP'S DISCOVERY

"I never knew until I got a car," said the bishop, that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," replied the bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."—*Prairie Farmer*.

Mrs. Newlywed: "I'm going out to buy a book."

Her Friend: "A book!"

"Yes, my husband bought me the most adorable reading lamp yesterday."—*Pearsons*.

Conceited Poet: "My work is hailed as that of a genius."

The Other: "Really. What's his name?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Sailor: "Could you direct me to the best hotel in town?"

The Cop: "Yes, but I hate to."

Sailor: "Why?"

Copper: "After you've seen it you'll think I'm a liar."—*U. S. Navy Weekly*.

Visitor: "Do you see a doctor in this town before getting liquor?"

Native: "No—afterwards."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

The usual gloomy crowd was sitting around a dentist's room the other day, when one old boy looked up from the paper he had found on the table and said cheerily: "I see there's been a big battle off the coast of Jutland."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Wrecked motorist (opening his eyes): "I had the right of way, didn't I?"

Bystander: "Yeh, but the other fellow had a truck."—*Life*.

Patient (in hospital): "Are you a trained nurse?"

Nurse: "Yes."

Patient: "Well, let's see some of your tricks."—*Hurty-Peck*.

Young Boy Scout (to old lady)—May I accompany you across the street?

Old Lady—Yes, certainly, my dear boy, but how long have you been standing here, waiting for someone to take you over?—*Hurty-Peck*.

### GARDEN TRUCK

"I have a terrible rumbling in my stomach. It's like a wagon going over a bridge."

"It's most likely that truck you ate this morning for breakfast."

—*Motor Life*.



"Where's the balance of your rifle?"

"That's all they gave me, sir."

Mother: "Where does that child get his temper? Not from me, surely."

Father: "No; none of yours is missing."—*Newport Recruit*.

The court martial was about to open. The defendant leaned over and whispered to the J. A. G.: "How long will this affair last?"

The J. A. G. whispers back: "About two hours for me and about two years for you."—*A. & N. Journal*.

Mrs. Tite: Is your husband tight like mine?

Mrs. Titer: Is he? Say, every time he takes a penny out of his pocket the Indian blinks at the light.

—*Colorado Lookout*.

### A SERIOUS OVERSIGHT

The new hotel had just been opened and the first customer had been shown to his room. Suddenly the telephone rang. The clerk lifted the receiver.

"What kind of blankety blank hotel is this anyway?" demanded the customer.

"There isn't any bible in this room."

—*Judge*.

Professor: Always remember, boys and girls, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Coed (dreamily): Don't you mean "a boy forever?"—*Foreign Service*.

Connor: "Do you mean to tell me that Jack and Mary have got married?"

Denny: "Of course."

Connor: "Why, I thought Mary was one of those modern girls who didn't believe in marriage."

Denny: "Well, that's what Jack thought, too!"—*Le Parlez Vous*.

A lady was entertaining the small son of her married friend.

"Are you quite sure you can cut your meat, Willy?" she asked after watching him a moment.

"Oh, yessum," he replied without looking up. "We often have it as tough as this at home."—*The Lyre*.

She was visiting the Zoo and gathering as much information about the animals as possible in one short afternoon.

Eventually she came to the bears. "Are these animals carnivorous?" she asked the keeper.

He scratched his head and then smiled brightly.

"They was, ma'am," he answered. "But they're all right since we washed 'em in carbolic."—*Kablegram*.

"What a lot of automobiles one sees nowadays!" remarked the tall man.

"Yes, thank heaven!" returned his friend. "It's the ones we don't see that send us to the hospital."—*Hurty-Peck*.

"Did you test this stuff, Joe?"

"Yeh, I poured some in the ash-tray to burn it."

"Did it burn green?"

"I don't know, I can't find the ash tray."—*Hurty-Peck*.

## FOLLOWING ORDERS

The office manager of a large mine called up the salesman of a certain foundry in regard to an order for some articles. "Remember that order you took in yesterday and were to hold for future instructions?"

"Yes, I remember. What is your decision?"

"Well, I've been looking up prices and you may execute the order at once."

"All right if you say so," was the sad reply from the other end of the telephone.

"Say," he growled, "I gave your salesman an order for some stuff the other day and we've got to have it. What's the matter with your delivery?"

"Why, the salesman said you told him to kill the order," came the astonished answer.

"Kill nothing! I told him to execute it."—Kablegram.



He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Yeh. From what hotel?

Nervous Musician: "Madam, your cat has kept us awake two nights with its serenade."

Mrs. Nextdoor (tartly): "What do you want me to do, shoot the cat?"

Nervous Musician: "No, madam, but couldn't you have him tuned?"

—Spokane Ad Bulletin.

Supporters of the shorter skirt movement triumphantly cite statistics recently presented by a doctor to the effect that railway and street car accidents have decreased 50 per cent since the short skirt came into existence, thereby prompting a chorus of inquiry from the Ritz bar why dresses cannot be reduced in such a way that the accidents will decrease 100 per cent.—Women's Wear Daily.

The old lady was paying a visit to an asylum home which she had endowed. In the gardens she came across a youthful inmate fast asleep in a hammock.

"Why aren't you working with the rest, my boy?" she asked, tartly, after waking him up.

"I'm crazy," came the candid answer.

"But surely crazy people can work?" argued the other, pointing to some of the toilers.

"Maybe," was the reply, "but I ain't as crazy as that."—Kablegram.

## OF COURSE NOT

A League for the Protection of Hen-packed Husbands was once formed in a small Kansas town, and at the first meeting a chap named George Jones was elected president. George had just taken the chair and whacked the table for order with his gavel, when a tall, gaunt, raw-boned woman burst into the hall, rushed at George, and seized him by the collar.

"You come home!" she shouted, shaking him. "What business have you got in a league of this kind? You ain't hen-pecked!"—Kablegram.

The army doctor was a trifle puzzled at the black spot on the recruit's stomach.

"Where did you get that spot?" asked the doctor.

"That," answered the recruit, "is a tattoo mark."

"Tattoo mark?" questioned the doctor.

"What is it supposed to represent?"

"Oh, that's my girl's name," replied the recruit.

"What is your girl's name?" asked the doctor.

"Elizabeth," answered the recruit.

"But that spot does not spell Elizabeth," said the doctor.

"Well," answered the recruit, "It did when I was fat."—Exchange.

Professor: "I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read chapter twenty-five?"

(Nearly all the students raise their hands.)

Professor: "Good! You are the very group to which I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."—Hurty-Peck.



"Did you go to that 'rubber' ball last night?"

"What's a 'rubber' ball?"

"That's the kind where most of the guests arrive on a bender and end up needing a stretcher."

Judge: "Are you trying to show your contempt for this court?"

Accused: "No, your Honor, I'm trying to conceal it."—Selected.

Unfortunate motorist: "Madam, I fear your puppy is dead. If you will allow me I will replace the animal."

Owner (icily): "Sir, you flatter yourself."—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

Father (hoping to force a confession from 13-year-old son): "I'd like to know what young smart aleck with short pants dropped a cigarette on the upholstery of the new car."

Son: "Aw, dad, it was just an accident. Sis didn't mean to."—Motor Life.

## VOLUMINOUS CONTRIBUTOR

A certain English literary celebrity went to the United States on a lecturing tour. Unfortunately during the voyage he suffered acutely from mal de mer. On his arrival at New York he was met by a member of the staff of the Atlantic Monthly, who asked him to contribute to that distinguished periodical during his stay in America. "No, thank you," replied the author gravely, "I have already contributed to the Atlantic daily."

—Kablegram.

"What is your religion?" the recruit was asked.

Promptly and smartly came the answer, "Militia, sir."

"No, no, I said 'religion'."

"Oh, 'religion,' sir. I beg your pardon. I'm a plumber."

—Boston Transcript.

Guest (departing from Christmas party): "We've had a simply delightful time!"

Hostess: "I'm so glad. At the same time, I regret that the storm kept all of our best people away."—Kablegram.

Traveler—Do you call this a fast train?

Conductor—Yes, sir.

Traveler—Do you mind if I get off and see what it's fast to?—Hurty-Peck.

Doctor: "I'll sew the scalp wound for you for \$10.00."

Vogel: "Gee, Doc! I just want plain sewing, not hemstitching and embroidery."—Colorado Lookout.

"Dad, why was Adam made first?"

"To give him a chance to say a little something, I suppose."

—Newport Recruit.



He: "What kind of lipstick is that?"

She: "Kiss-proof."

He: "Well, rub it off, we got work to do."

A pretty young lady was being shown over a battleship by a junior officer. He was delighted with her. He thought he had never known such wit, such charm and intelligence embodied in one girl. And then she said: "I suppose when the tide rises you close the port holes."

—The Veteran.

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## THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER

(Continued from page 5)

infantry with dire effect. Gordon, being close to the tank, sheltered himself under its wing, so to speak, where he could hear the bark of its one-pounder and the voice of the men inside. It was not long before the turret door opened again.

"Come out, Colonel," called a voice. "Keep down behind the tank! It doesn't take us long to clear these places out, but they may come back again. May get a stray bullet!"

The colonel came up, and the turret swung so that the door was toward the colonel and away from the enemy.

"Major Flood's my name," said the man inside the tank, stretching out a greasy hand. He had on dungarees and a black helmet like a football player's.

"Glad to meet you, and I never meant it more sincerely. Phillips is mine," said the colonel. "By George, you just got here in time!"

"I did my best," replied the major, leaning on the sill of the turret, a satisfied expression on his grimy face. "We've been trying to get in to you people since daybreak. I knew I'd get in. When they told me I'd been detailed for the mission I couldn't help but feel they'd picked the right man! And do you know we had a hell of a fight! We cut our way right through the Boche army! The whole damned show, mind you! I've heard the Crown Prince was in command in person. They were all Prussian guards, anyway. Well, if he was there, I'll bet he knows by now that he had a fight with Major Flood."

"Hadh't you better continue the good work?" asked the colonel rather nervously. He crouched on his knees under the caterpillar tread and looked up at the man in the turret as though in prayer. "The woods are full of these krauts," he went on, "and they're liable to get back their courage. They're keen as hell on these counter attacks!"

"Ha-ha! Don't worry!" laughed Major Flood. He helped himself to a cigarette, then scratched the match on his thumb nail to light it.

"They're gone," he laughed again. "After all, it didn't take us long. We got the word at 4 a. m. that you'd been cut off, and it's only eleven-thirty now. And we had twelve kilometres to make first."

"You got the news at 4 a. m. that we'd been cut off?" gasped the colonel. "Well, I call that dam' good work. We didn't jump off until five!"

"How?" gasped the major.

"I said we didn't jump off until five."

"Five yesterday morning?"

"No, five this morning."

"You're crazy!" howled the major.

"Why, you men attacked from the Brioules road at sunset and were cut off an hour later. The report came in from four different places!"

"So you say," remarked the colonel, "but I joined up with this bunch at the Sawmill crossroads at four-thirty this morning, and if they were on the Brioules road at sunset the day before they can jump higher than a Mexican bean!"

"The outfit he means was the one I was with," whispered Gordon. "They attacked and were cut off. We all saw it."

"Are they the organization that General Lehman's aide brought the attack order to?" snapped the colonel.

"That's what I heard, sir," replied Gordon.

"Then he's probably still with them!"

"Uhuh!" coughed Gordon. "I hope not!"

"You hope not? Why?"

"Because they've been cut off!"

"Yes, of course," said the colonel, as though to himself, "but let's be getting on. You've hit the wrong outfit, Major. There's another one a couple of kilometres in front of us. Maybe farther. I didn't believe this kid last night, but I do now!"

"It can't be!" protested the major. "Why, I brought you food and everything. I've got eight tanks here with ammunition or emergency rations on the tail of every one."

"We can use the rations," said the colonel. "I haven't had any food but a hunk of chocolate since daybreak. Break out the emergency rations. They've got sugar and stuff in 'em, coffee that you add hot water to and serve! Let me have a second to reorganize, now!"

His irresolution seemed to leave him suddenly. His jaw tightened, and his orders barked. Off with the case of emergency rations. Off with the ammunition. Non-coms up to issue out both. Patrols to follow the other tanks and find out how far the enemy had fallen back and if their resistance had tightened again after the first panic caused by the sudden arrival of the Renaults.

The major raved helplessly from his turret.

The men, encouraged by the cessation of the deadly enemy fire more than by the appearance of the tanks, took breath, appeared from behind tree and bush and out of holes, and took on the semblance of a real organization once more. It was learned that the noise and tumult they had heard had been the tanks engaged with an enveloping German force, which had been driven off, but that the tanks had been wandering for some time in search of the commander of the Americans.

The rations were issued—sugar, condensed coffee, hardtack, hash, bully beef, compressed soup that was eaten as it was or spread on hardtack like butter.

They ate in peace, thankfully, for the report had come that the enemy had fallen back precipitately to the valley again. All took heart, for these men had not been fighting very long, and even the three machine gunners, once their stomachs were full and they had had time to smoke a few cigarettes made of borrowed tobacco, decided that life had a brighter outlook after all.

"About now," whispered O'Neil finally, "would be a good time to kind of do a strategic retreat into these bushes and disappear. They don't need us any more."

"Sure," agreed Droghan, his stolid face working as he chewed mightily on a canned beef and hardtack sandwich, "I was remarkin' we should go home this hour back."





"Furthermore," said O'Neil, "now that Mackintosh is well on his way to Berlin, I think you and I could stand a quiz about this bird in the white trench coat and get away with it cold. After all, he wanted us to shoot up our own troops! What if there was a counter attack afterward?"

"The old colonel wants us to stick around," said Gordon simply. "He wants us to guide him to where that other outfit is."

"What the hell does he want to do that for?"

"He wants to bury 'em," replied Gordon. "If they have been in behind the Boche all this time they'll never worry about pay day again. That outfit is kapoot!"

"Why didn't you tell him so?"

"I did. He said that I was going to take him there if he had to lead me with a Colt under the ear!"

"Take some of these cans in your poke, O'Neil," said Droghan. "We may be hungry before the morn's morning. What does he want with me, the old omad-haun? When I had the little mule I was useful. Sure he was a care, but he kept me mind from thinkin' of gettin' kilted. A man has too many thoughts if he has nothing to do here!"

"We'll give you something," grinned Gordon. "Carry a case of these emergency rations with you. We're likely to need 'em."

Meanwhile the colonel and the lieutenant, with two sergeants who were acting as officers, had been alternately eating and consulting a map a short distance away. A man in dungarees approached them and revealed himself as the major with the tanks.

"I suppose we might as well be getting along," he said humbly. "The fog is thinning out; we'll be able to see better."

"They'll be able to see us, too," said the colonel, fishing hash out of a can. "Well, let's confer and see how we do this thing. I'm not a combatant officer and don't know much about it."

They arranged, after some discussion, that what was left of each company should follow a brace of tanks, one to go directly down the slope, the others on the flanks; that close liaison was to be maintained and that if resistance too strong to be overcome was encountered by any unit, they should notify the others, who would then out-flank and destroy whatever was causing the trouble.

"It's a nice plan, anyway," remarked the lieutenant. "I would give for a guess that if Fritz fell back so neatly and surely as he did when these tanks first appeared he's got a defense position somewhere."

"But where could he have one?" demanded the major. "This is all open country. Look at the map."

The fire map he had spread before him was, like the colonel's, one of the September 19th edition, on which enemy positions were marked in blue. There were a few little fly specks to represent huts, the narrow-gauge railway, dotted lines to show used paths, but no sign of trench or strong point.

"Well, we'll know it when we come to it," said the lieutenant. "We won't need a map to tell us. If this fog clears off

they'll slam hell out of us from up the valley, too."

"Yes, yes," said the major sarcastically, "it's always very easy to find numbers of reasons why an advance should not be made, but Higher Authority doesn't care about alibis. They want the advance. I'm going. If you want to sort of tag along you can follow my tanks."

"Wait, wait," said the colonel hurriedly, "let's get off together. Your tanks ready? Well, all right, then. Lieutenant and you two sergeants, get the men ready to advance in five minutes. Two whistle blasts to stand by, a long one to go off on. How's that? Understand? Good! Go to it! Now, you machine gunners, come here. Listen to me. What's the terrain like out there? Any deep holes? Where do you think we'll hit the Boche?"

"There's no holes, sir," answered Gordon, going over to the colonel. "There's a grove down at the foot of the hill. There's a road down there, though, that's got a deep ditch. They'll be in there like coots in a seam!"

"All right. Stick around with us now, because we'll want you to tell us where you last saw any sign of this bunch, or heard firing, or anything. Want to ask this corporal anything, Major?"

The major did not. He lighted a cigarette, shook hands absent-mindedly and went back to his tank. He got in, the motor was cranked, then the driver mounted and the doors slammed shut. The tank lumbered away through the trees, wiggling a little flag from its turret.

Two blasts of the whistle, and men stood up from the ground and emerged from behind trees and bushes. Another long one and they were off, tiny groups flitting among the trees.

The three machine gunners went once more with the colonel. They followed a tank armed with a machine gun, while ten or eleven infantrymen trailed along behind its companion. They walked in single file and kept well behind the tank. It was necessary to move quite a distance to the flank, to get across the old anti-aircraft trench. Once they had crossed this, they had to go back again to regain their position.

The fog had indeed lifted, and once they had come out of the woods they could see almost to the bottom of the valley. They ran into resistance immediately, a fairly heavy fire from the flank. All lay down while the tank went off to extinguish the fire. It came back after a while and the infantry proceeded without casualties until they ran into more trouble.

Two men were suddenly shot through the legs. How come? These men had been right up close to the tanks, and they were very well protected. There was a rattle as though someone had hurled a handful of pebbles against the side of the tank. Wheeee! went a ricochet, and another glancing bullet went through Gordon's canteen and almost knocked him down.

"Hey!" exclaimed the colonel, "that came from behind! What dam' fool did that?"

"We left a machine gun behind us," muttered the men. Some started to run



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around the other side of the tank, but that was no help, for that was toward the enemy. Others yelled to the men in the tank, but from the grinding of the caterpillars and the thump of the motor the men inside could hear nothing.

"By God!" cried Gordon. "These tanks aren't all they're cracked up to be! Hey! Hold up in there! We've left one!"

The correctness of this was suddenly demonstrated by another burst that killed two men instantly and wounded a third. The howl of rage that went up must have penetrated the tank, for the turret was seen to turn, and the machine gun, after a few seconds, spat lustily toward the woods.

The infantry lay down, and the two tanks, as though they communicated with each other by invisible signs like animals, clattered back a little way and yapped and barked up and down the field exactly like a couple of dogs after a woodchuck in the wall.

"What'll you bet they were in our old trench?" Gordon could hear the colonel saying. "We're in too big a hurry! We'll never get down the hill if we hurry. Hey! What's that big Harp doing? Leave those wounded alone; the medical corps will look after them. We've got stretcher bearers; we aren't as shot to hell as all that!"

"What the hell has struck Droghan?" asked Gordon. "Where'd he go?"

"How do I know?" replied O'Neil. "Keep your head down! I wish they'd move on! I know every blade of grass in this field, I've crawled around it so often. What's this getting us? We should have gone back to the outfit long ago. I'd a hell of a lot rather be doing six months on the rock pile than fooling around this hill day after day!"

"Yeh, they feed yuh on the rock pile, too," remarked someone.

At that instant a tank returned and the gunner, opening the window in the turret the narrowest crack, yelled to the colonel:

"We got a bunch of prisoners up there! Eight of 'em. They was in the old trench, so we couldn't iron 'em out like we intended. What'll we do with 'em'?"

"Take the gun away from them and turn 'em loose!" yelled back the colonel. "I can't even spare one man to go back with 'em!"

"I got the gun on the back of the tank!"

"Well, to hell with 'em, then. Here, you two men, grab that gun off and let the tank run over it. Now, then, forward! You in that tank, don't go so dam' fast. This isn't any hundred-yard dash!"

Two hours later the advance had reached the foot of the hill and only a hundred yards of fairly level ground

separated them from the road. The colonel could not tell if the road was held in force or not, and after a conference with the lieutenant they decided to swing to the left and get into the grove where the dressing station had been. This would give them cover and would be a very fine place from which to launch a flanking attack. There were three tanks in that grove already moving about among the trees like feeding elephants.

The advance halted, the men sheltering themselves in shell holes or folds of the ground, while the colonel, the lieutenant, and the three machine gunners crawled over to the grove. They were under a brisk fire, but whether it was coming from the road or the country beyond was impossible to tell. Nobody, however, felt any apprehension. All the afternoon, wherever strong enemy resistance had been encountered, it had collapsed as soon as a tank had appeared. The men's confidence in their steel-clad allies was unshakable.

"Here's this clump of woods again," said Gordon, as they reached the first trees. "Mind you this morning when we tried to get down that hill I thought we'd said good-bye to any chance of ever getting this bit of France back from Fritz, and here we are again, almost to the road!"

"Umm," replied O'Neil, "and along about dark the kraut will pull off a counter attack and run us all out of here again!"

"Hey! where's Droghan?" demanded Gordon suddenly.

The mule driver had again disappeared. "What the hell has struck him anyway?" went on the corporal. "He's always fading away like that! I'll give him a bawling out!"

"He's gone off to frisk some stiff," said O'Neil calmly. "He was at it all the way down. Looking for chow or souvenirs or a gat or something!"

"Come up here, you men," called the lieutenant from some distance ahead. "Don't lag like that! Shove along! There's nobody in here; the tanks have cleaned it out!"

The two got to their feet and, bending double, ran forward to where they had heard the officer's voice. Signs of the former occupancy of the grove were plentiful. There were numbers of freshly dug holes, a stretcher with an olive-drab blanket thereon, an American cartridge belt, its pockets all unbuttoned, dark gray heaps that were either German overcoats or blankets, and numbers of opened corned-willie cans. They found the colonel and the lieutenant in a clump of fox holes.

"Here you are!" greeted the colonel. "Don't get so far behind! Tell me now, you've been in this road, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did our forces organize it at all?"



Did they dig any holes alongside it? In other words, where are we going to strike the toughest part of it?"

"No, sir, there's nothing there," answered O'Neil and Gordon together. "We just lay in the ditch. There's a ditch on the south side; it's quite deep. There's none on the north side."

"Here comes a tank!" interrupted the colonel hurriedly. "Signal him, somebody, before he runs over us!"

All leaped to their feet, regardless of danger from stray bullets, and waved their arms vigorously at the coming tank. It stopped, then, coming on more slowly, swung broadside to the fox holes, and the turret door opened. Gordon had already decided it was the major's tank from the flag it bore. Sure enough, it was the major whose face appeared in the turret.

"You're right, Colonel," he called. "I know where I am now. I had definite directions about how to get here, but with the fog and everything, I had some trouble. You can't see very much from inside one of these dam' things anyway. I know how the cork ball in a whistle feels. Listen, Colonel, this is the Brioules road. You know I had some instructions about this. If I ran into too tough resistance I was to call on the artillery for help. God knows what road I thought was the Brioules road this morning. Well, never mind, I didn't shoot off the flare, because I figured they'd never see it through the fog. I think the artillery could see it now. Want to shoot it now?"

"What do you think, Lieutenant?" asked the colonel doubtfully.

"Well, I'd try out what was in front of us first, sir, if the decision rested with me. We've had such good luck with the tanks so far I wouldn't think we needed any artillery. Where are these guns, Major?"

"I don't know. I wasn't told that. But, listen here, I'm only acting in cooperation with you, Colonel. Suppose I give you the pistol and the rockets." He fumbled in the tank for a second or two. "Here's the very pistol, sir, and the rockets. They're marked on the bottom, you see, what they are—well, of course you know that. I didn't have any code in case the enemy should get hold of it somehow, but there's only three rockets. Two of them for a barrage on the road, and the other to fire when we'd got in as far as this cut-off bunch. Well, now, we'll go out and see what's in this road."

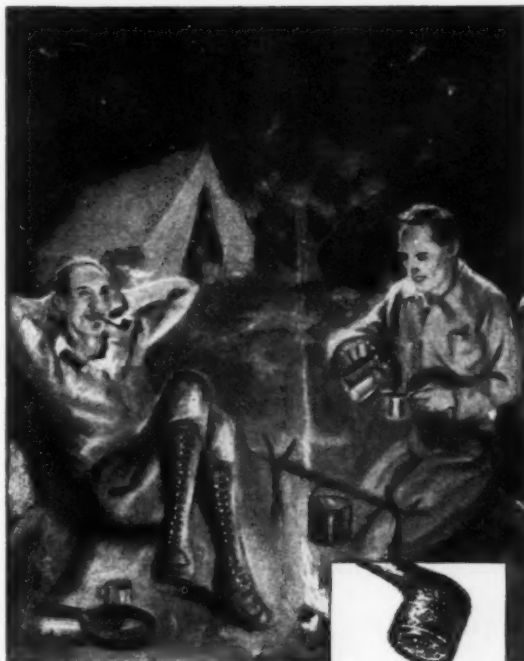
He pulled in his head like a turtle, and the doors slammed shut. As the tank clattered away, all were startled by hearing O'Neil yell loudly.

"What the hell is the matter with you, you wild crazy idiot?" demanded the colonel nervously.

"It's Droghan," said O'Neil, "he's lost. He was looking for us, and I just thought I'd let him know where we were."

"Well, don't yell like that! Make him keep up, Corporal, make your men keep up. Good God Almighty, I've got enough to worry me without you damned drunken fools screeching and yelling all the time! I thought the Boche were on top of us."

"Where have you been?" demanded Gordon, as Droghan's flat, tip-nosed face appeared above the edge of the fox hole. "What d'yuh mean going off like that, frisking? Looking for francs, huh?"



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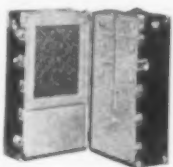


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"You got me a bawling out from the colonel, you Connemara bog trotter!" added O'Neil. "Believe me, the next time you can go right clear to Germany before I'll yell at you!"

"I come from Galway, an' you'd know it if it wasn't you're an expatriate informin' A. P. A. that doesn't know one county of his own country from the other," answered Droghan, unmoved. "Sure, I'm beginnin' to believe it's not Irish he is at all."

"Never mind that," said Gordon, "you keep up with us. That's twice you've gone off! Somebody'll put a bullet through you for plundering! There's orders out about that, you know. What the hell have these poor doughs got anyway that you're so crazy after?"

"It's like one of them might have another canteen full of poteen," said Droghan, smacking his lips.

"Corporal!" barked the colonel. "Come here!"

Gordon complied.

"You carry this rocket pistol," went on the colonel. "I don't want to be bothered with it. Here are the rockets. The two red ones are for a barrage, and the other one is a smoke. But now we aren't going to shoot them, understand? One of those red rockets will get a barrage right on this road, and then a creeper after it across the field to hell and gone. But we aren't going to fire it, you see, because we don't need it anyway, and also there are other troops here. We aren't alone in the sector by any means. Artillery's a little wild anyway, isn't it, Lieutenant? Suppose they thought they were shooting at the road and shot hell out of some flank unit of our own, huh?"

It occurred to Gordon that colonels do not explain at such lengths to corporals under ordinary circumstances; then it also occurred to him that the lieutenant might have counselled asking for the artillery after all, and that the colonel had refused, and that in talking about it to Gordon the colonel was either trying to convince himself of the wisdom of his own decision, or else he was taking this method to explain to the lieutenant, which he could not do directly without loss of dignity.

"But now we might have to fire it!" said the colonel suddenly. "That's why I don't throw it away. If I tell you to fire it, or the lieutenant tells you to fire it if I'm no longer in command, you fire it, and quickly!"

"You know how to shoot one of those?" asked the lieutenant.

"No, sir."

"Well, the best way is to lie down on your stomach, put your head on the ground, and then support the pistol on your helmet. They kick like a steer. But if you do it that way you can't help but get the rocket up properly. Half the rockets aren't fired at the proper angle, and hence the artillery, not being able to see them, gets blamed for not firing."

"Well, is that clear?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir."

"Good. Now, then, Lieutenant, skip out and signal those men to begin the advance."

Again the Germans welcomed the resumption of the advance with extreme warmth. It was so warm, in fact, that the advance bogged down at once. The tanks were hampered by being unable to get down into the road, and though they ran up and down the bank, they did not seem to be able to do much good. Finally they went away, some in one direction and some in another, to see if they could find some place to get down the steep bank. They were successful in this—at least one couple was, for in a short time the watching infantry heard the clattering of the machine gun, and the ping! of the one-pounder, and saw the smoke of the bursts boil up out of the roadway.

That ended the resistance in the road, and the infantry went forward in leaps. There were numbers of American wounded in the field, and despite the colonel's assertion that there were stretcher bearers to look after them there were none, and these wounded cried out against being left alone. There was one voice among them that was plainly audible, a lusty, high-noted crying.

"Who's that?" muttered Gordon in horror. "Hey, O'Neil, what d'yuh suppose is the matter with that guy?"

"Jesus, it's Droghan!" gasped O'Neil. "But he can't be hit bad or he wouldn't yell like that!"

"Where is he?"

They both raised up cautiously. Droghan was near by. He stood up at times, then knelt down and howled. The other two ran over to him, Gordon fumbling under his slicker for his first-aid packet, but as they came nearer they saw what the high grass had hidden from them before. It was a machine-gun cart—their machine-gun cart—gun and ammunition still in place, but the mule stretched before it in the shafts, dead.

"'Tis my little mule!" howled Droghan, at sight of them. "They've killed him! They murdered him in cold blood for the dirty scoundrels they are! Ah, the poor little felly! Ochone! Ochone!"

"He lay down on 'em and they shot him," said Gordon. "Shut up that damned squawking!"

"He's dead!" moaned Droghan. He blasphemed terribly, then suddenly stopped and, rushing to the cart, tore at a shovel that was strapped to it with such force that the leather burst. "The devil welcome the soul of the next German I meet!" he cried, and waving his shovel, started to run across the field.

"Chase him!" yelled Gordon. "They've got some prisoners in there and he'll butcher the lot of them! Hey, grab him!"

He hastily examined the gun.

"Let's go get him ourselves! After him, O'Neil!" said Gordon hurriedly.



"The gun's no good. They've let a slug through the water jacket."

He and O'Nail pursued Droghan.

The advancing infantry reached the road, poured into it, hastily reformed, and went out the other side. They had taken some twenty prisoners, and these were started back with a slightly wounded man to guard them. The tanks meanwhile had again climbed out of the road and were spread out, the eight of them, moving northward. Strangely enough, not a shot was being fired.

"Come on!" cried the colonel. "Forward! We've got 'em on the run! This is a break through!"

The sun broke through the clouds then, and for a minute or two shone palely upon the field. The infantry, running forward, intoxicated with success, raised a cheer.

A murderous fire was suddenly opened with the sound of a ripping sheet. Abruptly, from the hollow where the German counter attack had sheltered the day before, shot a cloud of smoke, long, black, oily, swelling in ever-increasing volume. It lifted itself like a fire hose, and as a fire hose drops spray this black cloud dropped fire.

The men stopped, horror-stricken. A flame thrower! It settled, as they watched it, upon the foremost tank, hissing, boiling, the grass under it already blazing, though it was wet with weeks of rain. The tank wobbled, turned about blindly, made a half circle, then went off at a tangent, running at full speed, until it struck the road, side on, into which it fell with a terrific crash.

The whole foot of the valley was covered with smoke now; more flame throwers must be at work. One tank halted and remained where it was, its sides blackened and scorched. The third, under two jets of flame, swung about and fled, the flame following it. It turned hither and yon, but it had a barrel of gasoline on its tail and this blew up with a soul-splitting crash, sending a fountain of burning gasoline into the air that fell again, widespread, upon German and American alike.

The infantry had had enough. All day they had kept on under the protection of these tanks, and now the tanks themselves were being destroyed. The men could not be blamed, for the effect of that spouting flame was terrible.

Two, three, a dozen infantrymen turned and began to run. The colonel stood up out of the grass and remonstrated. He swore terribly, but they pushed him aside. Farther away a whole platoon broke and, white faced, made for the road. Panic began to spread. The vicious fire from the hills continued.

"They've gone," choked O'Nail. "What did I tell you? Off again, on again, by God! Here come the Boche! I'm on my way! See you in Spain!"

"O'Nail!" yelled Gordon.

The other paid no heed. He was on his way to the rear.

"O'Nail!" Gordon shrieked.

Everywhere men began to rise up and run, some to fall again instantly. Again, thought Gordon, again! And all the labour, all the blood and hunger and sleeplessness of the long day and the long night and the day before in vain!

He got clumsily to his feet, and as he did the rocket pistol that he had thrust through his cartridge belt fell on his foot. A rocket! A call for a barrage! But the barrage would fall on the road, a hundred yards behind them! But even so, wouldn't it stop this growing panic, wouldn't it hold these men? But suppose it was late in coming and landed all amid this panic-stricken force just as they arrived in the road? That would be the end, and the Germans could go clear through to Verdun if they so desired.

Once more he saw the black flitting figures of the enemy infantry appear from the hollow, and to the west the flame throwers in pursuit of the tanks that there fled desparingly.

In front the colonel pleaded with the men, and someone that must be Droghan smote at invisible opponents with a shovel.

Gordon loaded the pistol and, throwing himself on his face, supported it on his helmet. Bang! He fired the rocket!

TO BE CONTINUED

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### TRAPPING A LEATHERNECK

(Continued from page 3)

A red flush swept over the big Lieutenant's face. "Cripes!" he said testily, "I'm not after that skirt. I'm tryin' to help th' big chief outta a hole—"

Another burst of arrows hurtled around the Mary Ann, and both Americans crouched low in the cockpits. Protected by the metal sides they were safe enough, but the silence was ominous. Gorman opened the side door a crack.

"Put on th' power, Shorty, quick!" he warned. "Th' devils are makin' for th' shore. Move lively, or they'll beat us to it!"

Holt started the engine again, and pushed his foot hard against the right rudder bar. The fleet plane swerved on its pontoons, and in a moment was pointing directly at the bark canoe.

"Give 'em hell!" Gorman barked. "Run 'em down—"

When almost alongside, the six frightened Indians deliberately dropped their weapons and leaped overboard, overturning the frail craft as they jumped. For a moment, the captive girl clung bewildered to the bottom of the treacherous canoe. She recognized the white men as friends, but their strange-looking ship was something else.



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With gun pointed toward a row of white bubbles where six naked savages had disappeared, Gorman stared angrily. Not a sign of a human body met his gaze. The glittering bubbles floated calmly away, while the sluggish river flowed along as ever.

"Cripes!" he grumbled, "don't those black devils ever come up to breathe?"

The dripping girl couldn't understand the American's language, but she guessed what the big man was looking for. With one hand released from the slippery canoe bottom, she eagerly pointed. Holt followed her eyes, and spied a ripple on the water's surface a quarter of a mile away. Then more ripples where dark shadows flickered for a moment on the surface and disappeared.

"There they are, Big Boy!" Shorty cried. "But don't waste yuh'r lead. We got th' gal. Now it's up to you to pull her in and entertain her—"

Gorman absently holstered his gun, then cast a calculating glance in the direction of the half submerged maiden.

Somehow the chief's daughter didn't look half as badly frightened as a girl should, under such circumstances. By this time she had crawled upon one end of the water-filled canoe and, with one lithe brown leg straddling the uncertain affair, cleverly balanced herself while she shook the water from her streaming black hair. Her breast rose and fell tumultuously. That alone showed her emotion.

Gorman settled obstinately back in his seat. "Nothin' doing on that stuff!" he mumbled. "I'll take th' controls. You climb out on the wing and bring her aboard."

Shorty tried to look serious, but couldn't. He had the woman hater now just where he wanted him. This moment was worth all the hardships of the whole South American trip. "Sorry, Big Boy," he shot back, "but really this is a critical situation. I'm more accustomed to handling the Mary Ann than you are. . . . Now you better get right out on the wing, and don't keep the young lady waiting. You want to remember she hasn't any too many clothes on. . . . She needs protection—especially above the waist. Gosh, she's liable to catch cold—"

As Holt finished this speel, he started the plane slowly, and worked the wide white wing around until it almost touched the over-turned canoe. The chieftain's daughter was trembling now. She knew these white men were supposed to be friends. . . . But this noisy, crazy acting contraption with the roaring whirlwind on front! . . .

Every muscle tense, the girl poised herself like a frightened deer that's ready to dart away. Big Gorman gingerly made his way out on the wing. "All right, little girl," he coaxed. "Come right over here. . . . You damned lit-

tle trouble maker. . . . Come on! Now what in blue blazes are you waiting for?"

The half persuaded maiden looked approvingly first at the tall lieutenant, then back to the forward cockpit of the plane where the other white man stood grinning, one hand on the coaming. Holt enjoyed the drama. Knowing that the jungle girl couldn't understand English, he taunted his embarrassed companion some more.

"Want some salt, Big Boy? Say, why don't you just untangle those long arms of yours, and clasp her to your loving breast? . . . You know you'd like to. . . . Come on, be a sport an' try it. You'll find it a great an' glorious feeling. . . . Honest, you will—"

Without turning, or changing the expression of his face, the tall lieutenant hurled back an oath at his tormenter. "Damn you!" he chattered evenly, "wait till I get this minx cornered, I'll attend to your case. . . . Come on, little gal, I'm not going to hurt you. . . ."

The maiden's dark eyes widened. She shrank back, then stared hopefully at the native dugouts which were gradually coming nearer. Gorman beckoned, then coaxed some more. Suddenly the chief's daughter made a sudden leap to the wing tip, and with a little cry settled into Gorman's outstretched arms.

Back at the river edge, the white men met with a noisy welcome. They were heroes now—white gods which had descended to help the savage tribe. The chief uttered a joyous cry as he welcomed his daughter back again. Tom-toms began a wild thumping, while the young men and girls went into a frenzied dance of rejoicing.

As the two Americans stepped from the plane to the river bank, the interpreter touched Gorman on the shoulder. "The big chief wants you two men to come to his hut," he explained soberly. "He is very grateful for what you have done."

At the chief's hut, the crowd gathered expectantly, and Gorman glanced moodily toward his pal's face. "What th' devil do you s'pose that chief is concocting now, Shorty?" he rumbled in an undertone.

Holt's face sobered, but a wicked glint lingered in his usually honest eyes. "I dunno, Big Boy. Guess they're starving us, thinking we'll cut up better before eating. They are cannibals down this way, you know—"

Gorman released a growl from the lower part of his throat. Instinctively his grimy hand slipped to the black butt of his automatic. "They're going to eat some cold lead if they start anything crooked with me!" he said savagely.

"Looks bad, all right," Holt continued. "Gosh, see th' knife that fellow is toting; must be he's the head butcher, or something . . ."



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Just then the gibbering natives parted from about the door of the chief's hut. The interpreter beckoned the white men to follow him. They brushed between a row of half-naked women and girls, who grinned knowingly as the whites mopped the sweat from their nervous faces.

Holt touched his companion's sleeve. "Better say your prayers, Big Boy," he whispered hoarsely. "This is the end, and I know it. . . . You probably committed sacrilege in the eyes of the natives, when you handled the girl the way you did—"

Gorman lifted the helmet from his sweltering head, and muttered a curse out of the corner of his mouth. "Quit your kidding, Shorty. I'm getting all nerved up. I'm liable to shoot somebody in another minute!"

By this time the two Americans were inside the bleak, one-room hut. Squatting on the floor were a row of natives, apparently sub-chiefs. Three dark-skinned men, each wearing a peculiar belt of jaguar skin ornamented with horn rings, sat facing the big chief. All were puffing at long-stemmed pipes, and the interior of the room was blue with a peculiar fragrance.

Chief Oolshu turned slowly, glanced calculatingly at the white men, then mumbled a few words in the native language to the interpreter. With a grin, the latter faced the Americans. "Chief Oolshu wishes me to tell you he is very grateful for saving his daughter's life. . . . As a reward he wishes to make you each a sub-chief. . . ."

Gorman glanced apprehensively toward his companion. "What th' devil'll we do, Shorty?" he whispered. "We don't want to insult the black cuss, but, hell, we're not going to stick around this dump all ways!"

Holt managed to look serious. "I guess we're in for it, Big Boy," he assured glumly. "We'll have to accept the honors—"

The little brown interpreter interrupted. "Step up closer to the chief," he directed anxiously. "You will each smoke a pipe now as a token. It is what you call the 'oath'; it will signify that you are much willing to obey the chief."

Gingerly the two whites edged over to the group of solemn faced sub-chiefs, and each was handed a freshly filled pipe by Chief Oolshu, who lighted it from his own. Gorman puffed suspiciously at his long, awkward feeling pipe, then muttered to his companion out of the corner of his mouth:

"Tastes bum, Shorty. 'Tain't half as good as a cigarette. Gosh, how long do you s'pose we'll have to pull at these things?"

As Holt was about to reply, a row of smiling young native women filed through the door of the chief's hut. Apparently between the ages of 14 and 18, they were dressed in their smartest grass-skirt costumes, with bone bracelets on their bare arms and ankles. Finally fifteen of the dusky skinned damsels stood lined up at one side of the hut.

The big chief grunted and looked meaningfully at the interpreter. The latter touched the hand of Lieutenant Gorman, who on account of his robust figure seemed most admired by the chieftains.

"Chief Oolshu wishes you to pick four of these girls to be your wives," the interpreter instructed in an awed tone. "And after you have made your choice, your companion may chose four from the



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remaining. . . . This is a great honor, and one never before bestowed upon white men."

Gorman stepped backward and gazed at his companion helplessly. His eyes glittered, his lips worked convulsively. "Cripes!" he groaned. "Now what'll we do, Shorty? Do yuh realize what this means? thunderation!"

Lieutenant Harry Holt turned with a grin. This was one of the happiest moments of his life; in all his wildest dreams he had never thought to see his woman-hating pal trapped in such a sweet predicament as this. Pretending to have a severe coughing spell, he doubled over. Finally he managed to meet his disgusted pal's eyes.

"Why, what's th' matter, Big Boy?" he asked innocently. "We're sure falling into a bed of roses. Think of it. . . . Four of those sweet young things all your own. They'll cook fer you, sleep with you—"

"Go t' hell!" Gorman rumbled under his breath. Red-faced and beads of sweat rolling from his forehead, he turned disgustedly toward the waiting young maidens.

Holt edged nearer his suffering companion, and soberly offered whispered suggestions. "That one on the end, Big Boy," he urged. "Gee, just imagine layin' your tired head on that bosom—"

Gorman muttered a curse under his breath. The chief didn't understand English, but the tone of the white man's voice caused him to scowl, so Holt said no more. But when the big lieutenant recklessly chose a short, plump girl with over-developed busts, he couldn't hold in any longer.

"Are yuh pickin' out pillows, Big Boy, or what?" he queried wickedly. "Say, when you get back to civilization and try to cover that upholstery with rayon, you'll need that month's salary that you've lost—"

"You go straight to th' devil!" Gorman husked in a whisper without turning his head. Recklessly he stepped forward and touched a tall slight-built maiden on the shoulder. That made three. He hesitated, and his moody eyes roamed speculatively over the waiting line of brown-skinned, expectant aspirants. "Hell, who'll I take next?" he muttered to himself.

Lieutenant Holt stepped nearer. "Take another plump one," he advised soberly. "They don't eat so much. Look nice in silk stockin's, too—"

Gorman's face flushed embarrassedly as he recklessly picked one more, and caught the enraptured glance of this last bride's face. Apparently this was her idea of bliss.

But although it gave the native maiden a quickened pulse, the effect was quite the opposite upon the newly appointed sub-chief. Gorman turned with a wicked

grin and watched narrowly as his companion in misery started making his selection.

"Now damn you," he muttered through the corner of his mouth, "let's see what you pick for life partners."

Shorty Holt was not at all certain as to how this little drama was coming out; but he was determined to see it through for the sake of persecuting his disgruntled comrade. In a moment or two, he had picked four from the remaining girls. As he finished, the chief got to his feet, and a tense silence came over the room.

After making a little speech to his sub-chiefs, Chief Oolshu clapped his hands. Immediately a commotion was heard at the hut door, and the chief's daughter glided into the room. She showed no signs of her recent struggle in the river. Dressed in a scant grass-skirt of green, her only ornaments were bracelets of bone over her ankles and wrists. Her dark eyes riveted for a long moment upon Gorman, then she turned and made a little curtsy for her father.

The chief spoke in the native language to the interpreter, then the latter turned and addressed the tall lieutenant. "Chief Oolshu wishes to reward you still further for your valuable services; he is giving you his daughter to be your favorite wife. These other four shall be what you call . . . servants . . . but there is one condition—"

As the interpreter whispered again to Chief Oolshu, Gorman leaned toward his grinning pal. "For Cripes sake!" he husked in an undertone. "Shorty, what th' devil'll we do? . . . This is gettin' worse an' worse!"

Holt glanced furtively toward the muttering chief and the interpreter, who were still in earnest conference. "Don't get excited, Big Boy," he said carelessly. "We'll only need to stick it out for a week or so, then we can beat it in the Mary Ann—"

Gorman glared like an angry bull at his complacent companion. "A week, or two!" he said disgustedly. "If yuh think I'm goin' to stick around here one whole night with these dark-skinned parasites—"

Just then the big chief and his squatting companions got to their feet. The chief's daughter faced her prospective white husband, then bent until her head was about level with the lieutenant's waist. Gorman stared curiously at the queer acting maiden, then turned questioningly to the interpreter.

"What th' devil do I do now?" he queried.

The little brown man grinned. "You will bow so as to place your head against the girl's," he explained. "That is a token which signifies that all your children shall be chieftains, or brides of chieftains . . ."



A red flush crept over the big lieutenant's face. A deep throated rumble came from his lips, but he bent as required.

Gorman straightened up suddenly. A commotion was heard outside. Natives were shouting. Tom-toms began their weird beating noise, then a flight of arrows slithered through the thin sides of the thatch-roofed hut, and the chief rolled to the hut floor with an arrow sticking in his side.

The two white men crouched and edged toward the door, guns in hand. A spear hurtled close to Gorman's head. He seized Holt by the arm. Both men instinctively hurled themselves to the ground, and their guns began to bark.

"It's those damned river scuts!" Gorman mumbled, as he aimed his automatic toward a naked Indian half hidden in the underbrush. "They've come back after th' gal!"

Already, the native merry-makers had turned into grim fighters. Women and children had faded away into the jungle, while from some source the men of Chief Oolshu's tribe had obtained weapons of war. Arrows and spears slithered wickedly back and forth. Men shouted, or groaned as they surged between the huts and tried to kill the marauders.

It might have been a serious predicament for the jungle tribe, except for the able assistance of the white men, for they had been taken unawares by the up-river Indians. Crude bows and arrows were no match for the modern guns of the two Leathernecks. Both dead shots, and in their element, they quickly made a shambles of the attackers. In a few moments, not a river Indian was to be seen. Dead and wounded had somehow been dragged away into the bushes. The white men noted an ominous silence.

Gorman glanced furtively back into the chief's hut. The daughter was frantically bandaging her father's wound, while the other young women stood helplessly around wide-eyed and apprehensive. This day's events would undoubtedly give them something to talk about for years to come.

A gleam came to the Lieutenant's dark eyes. "Come on, Shorty!" he cried. "Let's beat it. We'll pretend we're chasing the Indians up the river."

Holt absently reloaded his smoking automatic. "You aren't going to desert those five brides, are you, Big Boy?" he asked in mocked surprise.

It was several minutes later when the two adventurers looked down from their cockpits at the jungle a thousand feet below. Purposely Holt had headed the Mary Ann in a direction to bring it directly over the village of Chief Oolshu. For an instant, as they glided over the cluster of thatch-roofed houses, both had a glimpse of eager, upturned faces. A huddled group of brown-skinned brides shaded their eyes with cupped hands and stared with disappointed eyes . . .

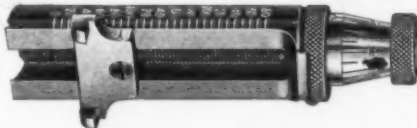
As the amphibian swerved and pointed northward, Holt cut the power and turned with a taunting grin to his companion in the rear seat. "Tough luck, Big Boy. I know how to sympathize with you. . . . Only, of course, you had five, while I had only four. . . . Want to go back?"

Lieutenant Harry Holt crouched low, while a fusillade made up of a No. ten shoe, an iron wrench, and an empty can-teen flew harmlessly over his head.

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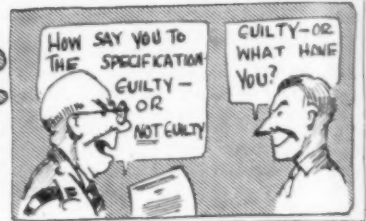
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